

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1845

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TO OUR READERS

THE "Revelations of London" will be discontinued in this Magazine

We are gratified to announce that we shall in future have the opportunity of offering to our readers the works of several of the most distinguished Authors of the day, whose writings have not hitherto appeared in our pages

This arrangement, it is believed, will materially elevate the character, and add to the popularity, of this Magazine

TO CORRESPONDENTS

IT is requested that all communications will in future be addressed to "The Editor of Ainsworth's Magazine, Adelaide-street," and such as are not accepted will be left at the office of the Publisher

.. In preparation, a new Historical Romance by the Author of "Whitefriars," which will appear in this Magazine, with Illustrations



AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

E H R E N S T E I N

BY G P R JAMES, ESQ.



CHAPTER I

It was an awfully dark and tempestuous night the wind howled in fury through the trees and round the towers, the large drops of rain dashed against the casements, the small lozenges of glass rattled and clattered in their leaden frames, and the thick boards of the oaken floor heaved and shivered under the force of the tempest. From time to time a keen, blue streak of lightning crossed the descending deluge, and for an instant the great black masses of the forest, and the high and broken rocks around, appeared like spectres of a gone-by world, and sunk into Egyptian darkness again almost as soon as seen, and then the roar of the thunder was added to the scream of the blast, seeming to shake the whole building to its foundation.

In the midst of this storm, and towards one o'clock in the morning, a young man, of about one-and-twenty years of age, took his way silently, and with a stealthy step, through the large old halls and long passages of the Castle of Ehrenstein. His dress was that of one moving in the higher ranks of society, but poor for his class, and though the times were unusually peaceful, he wore a heavy sword by his side, and a poniard hanging by a ring from his girdle. Gracefully yet powerfully formed, his frame afforded the promise of great future strength, and his face, frank and handsome, without being strictly beautiful, owed perhaps more to the expression than to the features. He carried a small brazen lamp in his hand, and seemed bound upon some grave and important errand, for his countenance was serious and thoughtful, his eyes generally bent down, and his step quick, although, as we have said, light and cautious.

The room that he quitted was high up in the building, and descending by a narrow and steep staircase, formed of large square blocks of oak, with nothing but a rope to steady the

steps, he entered a long, wide corridor below, flanked on one side by tall windows like those of a church, and on the other by numerous small doors. The darkness was so profound, that at first the rays of the lamp only served to dissipate the obscurity immediately around it, while the rest of the corridor beyond, looked like the mouth of a yawning, interminable vault, filled with gloom and shadows. The next moment, however, as he advanced, a blazing sheet of electric flame glanced over the windows, displaying their long line upon the right, and the whole interior of the corridor. Here and there an old suit of armour caught the light, and the grotesque figures on two large antique stone benches seemed to grin and gibber in the flame. Still the young man walked on, pausing only for one moment at a door on the left, and looking up at it with a smile somewhat melancholy.

At the end of the corridor, on the left, he came to a larger staircase than that which he had before descended, and going cautiously down, and through some other passages, he found himself in a small vestibule, with two doors on either hand. They were of various dimensions, but all studded with large nails, and secured by thick bands of iron, and turning to the largest of the four, he quietly lifted the latch and pushed it open. The wind, as he did so, had nearly blown out the lamp, and in suddenly shading it with his hand, he let slip the ponderous mass of wood-work, which was blown back against its lintels with a dull clang, which echoed far away through the vaulted passages of the castle.

The young man paused and listened, apparently fearful that his proceedings might be noticed, but then, as all was silent, till a loud peal of thunder again shook the ear of night, he opened the door once more, carefully shading the lamp with his cloak. Then, closing the door gently behind him, he turned a large key that was in the lock, seemingly to ensure that he should not be followed. He was now in a vast old hall, which appeared to have been long unused, for there were manifold green stains upon the stone pavement, no customary rushes strewn the floor, no benches stood at the sides, and the table, at which many a merry meal had passed, was no longer to be seen. A number of torn and dusty banners and pennons, on the lances which had borne them to the field, waved overhead, as the wind, which found its way through many a broken lozenge in the casements, played amongst these shreds of departed glories. A whispering sound came from them likewise, and to an imaginative mind like that of the youth who walked on beneath them, some of the rustling banners seemed to ask, "Whither, whither?" and others to answer, "To dust—to dust!"

In the middle of the hall he paused and thought. A degree of hesitation appeared to come over him, and then murmuring,

"It must be all nonsense—but, true or not, I have promised, and I will go," he walked forward to another door at the far end of the hall, much smaller than that by which he had entered. Apparently it had not been opened for a long time, as a pile of dust lay thick against it. There was no key in the lock, and it seemed fastened from the other side. After pushing it, however, to see if it would give way, the young man drew forth a key, saying to himself, "Perhaps this opens all," and applying it, after some examination of the keyhole, he turned it and threw back the door. Then holding up the lamp ere he entered, he gazed into the space before him. It was a low, narrow passage in the stone-work, with no windows, or even loopholes, perceptible, but yet the damp found its way in, for the walls were glistening all over with unwholesome slime. The pavement, too, if pavement indeed there was at all, was covered thickly with a coating of black mould, from which every here and there sprung up a crop of pale, sickly fungi, covered with noxious dew, spreading a sort of faint, unpleasant odour around.

So foul, and damp, and gloomy looked the place, that it evidently required an effort of resolution on the young man's part to enter, but after pausing for a moment he did so, and closed and locked the door behind him. Then turning round, he looked on, still holding up the lamp, as if he expected to see some fearful object in the way. All was vacant, however, and as the faint rays of light dispersed the darkness, he could perceive another door at the end of the passage, some twenty yards in advance. It, when he reached it, was found unfastened, and on drawing it back, for it opened inwards, the top of a flight of stone steps was before him, descending apparently into a well.

It was no faint heart that beat within his bosom, but those were days in which existed a belief, almost universal, in things which our more material times reject as visionary, or, which, at least, are only credited by a few, who can see no reason why, in the scheme of creation, there should not be means of communication between the spiritual and the corporeal, or why, the bond of mortal life once dissolved, the immortal tenant of the fleshly body should not still feel some interest in the things of earth amongst which it moved so long, and have the power and the permission to make its presence felt for warning and for guidance. It is very different to feel an awe and a dread in any undertaking, and to shrink from executing it. The young man did feel awe, for he was going, in solitude and the midst of night, into places where mortal foot rarely trod, where every association and every object was connected with dark and dreary memories, and with still more gloomy anticipations—the memorials of the dead, the mouldering ruins of fellow-men, the records of the tomb, the picture of all that warm existence

comes to in the end. He stopped for a moment there, and gazed down into the dark void below, but the next instant, with a slow and careful foot upon the wet and slippery steps, he began the descent. The air, which was sultry above, felt cold and chilling as he descended, and the lamp burned dim, with a diminished flame, from the impure vapours that seemed congregated in the place. Each step, too, produced a hollow echo, ringing round, and decreasing gradually in sound, both above and below, till it seemed as if voices were whispering behind him and before him. Twice he paused to listen, scarcely able to persuade himself that he did not hear tongues speaking, but as he stopped, the sound ceased, and again he proceeded on his way. The square-cut stones forming the shaft in which the staircase turned, with the jointing only more clearly discernible from the mortar having dropped out, soon gave way to the more solid masonry of nature, and the rude rock, roughly hewn, was all that was left around him, with the stairs still descending in the midst. A hundred and seventeen steps, some of them perilous from decay, brought him at length to the termination, with a door ajar at the foot. All was darkness beyond, and though there seemed a freer air as he pulled the door back, and the lamp burned up somewhat more clearly, yet the vast gloomy expanse before him lost scarcely a particle of its gloom, as he advanced with a beating heart, bearing the light in his hand. He was unconscious of touching the door as he passed, but the moment he had entered, it swung slowly to, and a solemn clang echoed through the vault.

Laying his left hand on his dagger, he turned suddenly and looked behind him, but there was no one there, and he saw nothing but the heavy stone walls and low groined arches, which seemed spreading out interminably on either side. The next moment a bat fluttered across, and swept his face with its cold dewy wing, nearly extinguishing the lamp as it passed, and then, as he took a few steps forward, a low voice asked, "Who is he?"

"Who, who?" several other voices seemed to say, and then another cried, "Hush!"

The young man caught the lamp in his left hand and half drew his sword with his right, demanding aloud, "Who spoke?" There was no reply but the echo of his own voice amidst the arches, and holding the lamp before him, he turned to the side from which the first question seemed to proceed, and thought he saw a figure standing in the dim obscurity, at a few paces' distance. "Who are you?" he cried, stepping forward, but there the figure stood, grew more defined as the rays fell upon it, and the eyeless grinning head, and long mouldy bones of a skeleton, appeared bound with a rusty chain to a thick column. Instinctively he started back, when he first discovered what the object was, and as he did so, a low, wild,

echoing laugh rang round through the arches on every side, as if mocking the horror which his countenance expressed. Nothing showed itself, however, and ashamed of his own sensations, he drew his sword out of the sheath, and walked quickly on. His path soon became encumbered, and first he stumbled over a slimy skull, then trod upon some bones that crunched under his feet, while strange whisperings seemed to spread around him, till with no light joy he saw the further wall of the vault, with an open arch, leading out into some place beyond. When he had passed it, however, the scene was no less sad and gloomy, for he seemed now in a vast building like a chapel, where, ranged on either hand, were sepulchral monuments covered with dust, and between them long piles of mouldering coffins, with, overhead, a banner here and there, gauntlets, and swords, and tattered surcoats, the hues of which could scarcely be distinguished through the deep stains and mildew that covered them. Here frowned the figure of a warrior in black marble—there lay another hewn in plain stone. Here stood a pile of coffins, with the velvet which once covered them, and the gold with which they were fringed, all mouldering in shreds, and offering a stern comment on the grossest of human vanities, that tries to deck the grave with splendour, and serves up the banquet of the worm in tinsel. When he had half passed along the solemn avenue, he thought he heard a sound behind, and turned to look, but there was nothing near except three small coffins, and the marble effigy of a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer. When he turned round again, a sudden light, blue and pale, like that of the unconfirmed dawn, shone through the long arcades, wavered and flickered round, as if moving from place to place, though whence it proceeded he could not see, but as he strode on it served to show him a large snake that darted from under the crumbling base of one of the monuments, and glided on along the path before him, as if guiding him on his way.

"By Heaven, this is all very strange and horrible!" he exclaimed aloud, and instantly there was a wild "whoop," coming from several parts of the chapel. The pale light that shone around was extinguished, and nought remained but the dim lamp in his own hand.

He would not be turned back, however, but hurried only the more quickly forward, till he reached a door at the opposite side. It was bolted within, but not locked, and pulling back the iron bar from the staple, he rushed out, the strong gust of the night air, and the pattering drops of rain, instantly extinguishing the lamp. A shrill scream met his ear as the door swung to behind him, but nevertheless he paused and put his hand to his brows, with sensations in his bosom which he had never felt before, and which he was ashamed to feel.

While he thus stood, a fierce flash of lightning blazed around,

dazzling his eyes for a moment, but serving to show him the exact point of the rocky hill which he had now reached, and a path winding on down the woody descent, narrow, rough, and stony, looking more as if it had been traced by some torrent pouring down the side of the slope, than by the foot of man. Along it he turned his steps, guided by the trees and bushes, which rendered it impossible that he should miss his way, till, nearly at the bottom of the hill, a faint light shone before him, from the window of what appeared a little chapel.

"The good priest is watching for me," the young man said to himself, and, hurrying on, he lifted the latch and went in.

CHAPTER II

THE interior of the building into which the young man now entered, afforded a strange contrast to the wild and fearful scenes through which he had just passed. It was like life and death side by side—the world and the grave, and the change struck him as much, or perhaps more, than if the particulars had been reversed. It was a little cell, dependent upon the neighbouring monastery, with a chapel attached to it, dedicated to Our Lady, but the room into which the door immediately led was one of the two dwelling-chambers of the priests, who came up there in weekly turn to officiate at the chapel. It was low-roofed and small, but, nevertheless, it had an air of comfort and cheerfulness about it, and the large well-trimmed lamp showed the whole extent, and left not one corner in obscurity. A little table stood in the midst, with the good priest seated at it, a book open before him, and another closed at his side, but besides these objects of study or devotion, the table bore several things connected with our corporeal comfort, which showed that, at all events, the chapel was not a hermitage. There was a well-roasted capon, and two or three rolls, or small loaves of white bread—a rarity in that part of the country, and at that time—and besides these, there appeared two or three neat glasses, with twisted stalks, and a capacious green bottle, large in the bulb, flattened at the sides, and with a neck towering like a minaret. It was a very promising vessel, indeed, for its peculiar shape, form, and thickness were too expensive to be in general bestowed upon bad wine, and the monks were supposed in those days, as at present, to be very accurate judges of what was really good.

Amongst the most cheerful things in the place, however, was the countenance of the priest himself. He was a man of somewhat more than sixty years of age, but fresh, firm, and unbroken, with a complexion which, originally fair and smooth, seemed only to have grown fairer and more smooth with years,

and though the untousured part of his hair was as white as driven snow, his blue eye was as clear and bright as in youth. His features were high and somewhat aquiline, his eyebrows long and white, but that which denoted age more than aught else was, the falling-in of the lips, by the sad ravages of time upon those incessant plagues of life, the teeth. His countenance was a cheerful and contented one, not without lines of thought, and perhaps of care, but to the eye of one accustomed to read the character upon the face, the expression would have indicated a temperament and disposition naturally easy and good-humoured, without any want of mental energy and activity.

"Ah, Ferdinand!" he said, as soon as he beheld his visitor, "you have kept me long, my son, but that matters not, it is a terrible night, and the way somewhat troublesome to find. But, all good angels! what makes you look so pale, boy? Yours is not a cheek to turn white at a flash of lightning. Sit down, sit down, my son, and refresh yourself! See, I have provided for your entertainment."

"The way is a terrible one, good father," replied the young man, seating himself, and resting his arm upon the table, "and it is one I will never tread willingly again, unless it be to return home this night, though that I would not do, if there were any way of avoiding it."

"Why, how now—how now?" asked the priest. "Never let it be said that you have been frightened by a score of old monuments, and a few dry bones."

"That's not all, good father—that's not all," answered the young man, and he proceeded to relate in a low voice all that he had heard and seen as he came thither.

"Fantasms of the imagination," exclaimed the priest. "Voices in the serfs' burying-place, lights in the chapel-vaults! No, no, good youth, such things are quite impossible. These are but tales of the castle-hall, told in the winter's evening round the fire, which have so filled your imagination, that you realize them to yourself in a dark stormy night and a gloomy place. I have gone up there a hundred times, by night and day, and never yet saw aught but old crumbling stones, and mouldy arches, and fleshless bones, here and there, things fitted surely to produce solemn thoughts of the mortality of man's frame, of the vanity of all his works, and the emptiness of his glory, but not to fill your head with fancies such as these."

"But, father, I tell you I heard the voices as distinctly as I hear you speak," the youth rejoined, in a half-angry tone, "that I saw the light as plainly as I see this before me."

"A flash of lightning," replied the priest.

"No, no," answered his companion, "I never saw a flash of lightning that lasted uninterrupted, calm and quiet, for five minutes, nor you either, father. Nor did I ever hear the thunder ask 'Who is he?' nor laugh and hoot like a devil."

I would not have believed it myself, had I not had eyes and ears to witness, and so I cannot blame you for doubting it. I never was a believer in ghosts or phantoms, or spirits visiting the earth, till now. I thought them but old women's tales, as you do."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the priest, eagerly, "I did not say that," and he fell into a deep fit of thought, before he proceeded farther. At length, he continued, in a grave tone, saying, "You must not suppose, Ferdinand, that I doubt, in any degree, that spirits are at times permitted to visit or revisit this world. We have the warrant of Scripture for it, and many facts of the kind are testified by fathers of the church, and holy men, whom it would be a sin to suspect of falsehood, and a presumption to accuse of foolishness. But I do think that in thousands of instances, where such apparitions are supposed to have taken place, especially in the present day, there is much more either of folly or deception than of truth. In this case, although I have heard the women and some of the boors declare that they have seen strange sights about the castle, I have always fancied the report mere nonsense, as I never beheld anything of the kind myself, but there certainly was something odd and unaccountable in the Graff suddenly shutting up the great hall, where his brother used always to feast with his retainers, and people did say that he had seen a sight there which had made him dread to enter it again, yet I have passed through the vaults and the hall many a time since, without ever beholding aught to scare me—But take some food, my son, ay, and some wine too. It will refresh and revive you."

The young man did not object, for, to say truth, he much needed refreshment—the agitation of the mind being always much more exhausting than mere corporeal fatigue. The good priest joined in his supper with moderation, but with evident satisfaction, for—alas, that it should be so!—yet nevertheless it is a fact, that as we advance in life, losing pleasure after pleasure, discovering the delusions of the imagination which are mixed up with so many of our joys, and the deceitful character of not a few even of our intellectual delights, there is a strong tendency to repose upon the scanty remnant of mere material gratifications that are left to us by the infirmities of the body. He helped himself and his guest to a glass of the good wine, took another without hesitation, and then insisted upon Ferdinand replenishing his glass, and, encouraging him to do so, bore him company. The young man's spirits rose, the scenes he had just passed through were partially forgotten, and the feelings and impressions which he had felt before he set out, and which, indeed, had brought him thither, once more became predominant. Finishing his meal, he wiped his dagger, and thrust it back into the sheath, and then, turning to the

monk, he said, "Well, good Father George, I have come at your bidding, and would come farther to please you, though I know not well what you want, even if I suspect a little. There was nothing very wrong, though I saw you gave me a frown."

"I never thought there was anything wrong, my son," replied the priest, gravely, "I saw the lady's hand in yours, it is true, I saw her eyes turned up to yours with a very beaming look, I saw yours bent down on her as if your knee would have soon bent also, but I never thought there was anything wrong—of course not."

His tone was perfectly serious, but whether it was conscience, or a knowledge that Father George did not altogether dislike a jest, even upon grave matters, Ferdinand could not help suspecting that his companion spoke ironically. He did not feel quite sure of it, however, and after considering for a moment, he replied, "Well, whatever you may think, father, it was all very simple. Her horse had fallen with her in the morning, I had not seen her since I had added to raise her, and I was only asking how she had fared after the accident."

"Nothing more, I doubt not," replied the priest, in the same tone.

"On my life—on my honour!" exclaimed the young man.

"And yet you love her, and she loves you, Ferdinand," rejoined Father George, with a quiet smile. "Deny it not, my boy, for it is a fact."

"Well," answered the youth, with a glowing cheek, "it may be true that I love her, but I love without hope, and I do trust—though perhaps you may not believe me when I say so—I do trust that she does not love me, for I would not for my right hand that she should ever know the bitterness of such hopeless passion."

"But why hopeless?" demanded the priest, and paused for an answer.

The young man gazed upon him in surprise, almost amounting to irritation, for deep feeling, except when it is so intense as to lose all sense of external things, will not bear to be trifled with, and he thought the old man was jesting with his passion.

"Why hopeless?" he exclaimed, at length, "by difference of station, by difference of wealth, by all the cold respects and icy mandates of the world. Who am I, father, that I should dare to lift my eyes to the daughter of a high and mighty lord like this? Noble I may be—you have told me so—but—"

"As noble as herself," replied the priest, "nay, if blood be all, higher in station. True, fortune has not befriended you, but that same goddess was ever a fickle and capricious dame, and those she raises high one day, she sinks low the next, to lift up others in their stead. How many a mighty lord has been pulled from his chair of state to end his days in dungeons! We have heard of emperors confined to a poor cell, and of princes and

heroes begging their bread. The time may come, boy, when upon your arm may hang the fortunes of that lady's house—when to you she may cling for protection and support, and the sun that now shines for her father may shine for you."

Ferdinand shook his head with a desponding smile, as if it were well nigh a mockery to talk of such things. "Whence should those golden days come, father?" he asked, "even opportunity, the great touchstone of the heart and mind, the gate of all success, the pathway of ambition, love, and hope, is closed and barred to me. But yesterday—it seems but yesterday—I was her father's page; and a day earlier, a boy running through the abbey-grounds under your kind care and good instruction—the object of your bounty, of your charity, I do believe——"

"Nay, not so," exclaimed the priest, quickly, "you had your little store of wealth when you fell to my charge, Ferdinand. I have doled it out as I thought best in your nurture and education, but I have still some remaining, which I have invested for you in land near the abbey, and am ready to account for all. But still, even if all were as you say, I see not why you should be in so hopeless a mood, all ladies may be won, all difficulties overcome. There is a chance given to every man in life, his be the fault if he do not seize it."

"The distance is too far, father," answered the young man, "I have often, when I was a boy, stood and looked at the sun rising through the clouds, and, when a bright broad ray has travelled forth, like a pall laid for some emperor's tread, stretching from the golden canopy hung over the ascending monarch of the day, and reaching well-nigh to my feet, I have almost thought that I could tread upon it, and wend my way to heaven. But such fancies have passed now, father, such suns no longer shine for me, and in the broad harsh noonday of manhood, I dream such dreams no more."

"But you dream others no less bright, Ferdinand," replied the priest, "visions of triumph in the field, and mighty deeds, and great renown, and service to the state, and beauty's smile, fame, happiness, and joy, float even now before your eyes, and those visions may prove true. Did I want proof that such things still are busy in your heart, your very gay and flowery words would show them to me. I am the last to bid you banish them, my son; when well directed, and kept within reasonable bounds, they are often the harbingers of great success."

"But who shall direct them for me?" asked his young companion, who had heard encouragement so little expected with evident marks of surprise, "who shall fix the bounds to be called reasonable? To me most of those dreams seem foolish, —especially that which is sweetest."

"I will direct, if you will let me," answered the priest, "I

will fix the bounds, and to begin, I tell you that the hope you fancy the most visionary is the least so. But leave the matter to me, my dear Ferdinand, follow my counsel, and Adelaide shall be yours, and that speedily."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the young man, stretching forth his hand, and grasping that of the priest, "do not—do not, I beseech you, raise in me such hopes, if there be a probability of their failure."

"There is none," replied Father George, "pursue the course before you boldly, seek her resolutely, though calmly and secretly, tell her of your love, win her confidence, gain whatever ascendancy you can over her mind, and leave all the rest to me."

"But, father, what will be said of my honour when all is discovered, as it must be?" rejoined the young man, "what torrents of reproach will fall upon me—what disgrace, what indignity will not be heaped upon me! Danger I do not fear—death itself I would encounter, but for the chance of possessing her, but shame—I cannot bear shame, father."

"Think you, my son," asked the priest, somewhat sternly, "that I would counsel you to anything that is disgraceful? I only advise you to caution and secrecy, because you would meet with opposition in the outset. Have no fear, however, as to the result, I will justify you fully. I have told you that you are her equal in birth, if not at present in wealth, that you have a right to seek her hand—nay, more, that if your heart goes with it, it is expedient both for you and her that you should do so."

"This is all a mystery to me," replied the young man, thoughtfully.

"Ay," answered the priest, "but there are many mysteries in this life, which it is well not to scan. However, if there be blame, your blame be upon me. Still it is right that you should be able to show that you have not yielded to mere passion, and before you go, I will give you, under my hand, authority for what you do, for you must neither doubt nor hesitate."

"I do not hesitate, father," said Ferdinand with a smile, "Heaven knows that my heart prompts me only too eagerly to follow such pleasant counsel. I will go on, then, but you must be ever ready to advise and assist me, for, remember, I am working in the dark, and may need aid and direction in a thousand difficult circumstances, which neither I nor you now foresee."

"Advice shall be ever at your command," answered Father George, "and aid, stronger and better than perhaps you expect, only pursue implicitly the course I point out, and I will be answerable for the end. Now let us talk of other things. How goes the party at the castle—well and cheerfully?"

"Nay," replied the young man, "never very cheerful, good

father The count,* you know, is not of a merry disposition."

"No, indeed," said the priest, "he never was so, even from a youth, a dark, stern heart throws its shadow far around, as a bright and benevolent one casts light on everything. He is a very different man from his brother, the last count, who was cheerfulness itself, full of gay jest and merry happiness, looking lightly and mirthfully upon all indifferent things, yet not without deep reverence and feeling for the essential duties of a Catholic Christian and a man. Ah, those were merry days at the old castle, then. The board was always well filled in the great hall, good meat, good wine, gay guests, and pleasant talk—in which the noble lord himself still led others on to enjoy, and seemed to find a pleasure in their pleasure—those were things always to be found, where there is now nothing but gloom and state, and cold service. There were no ghosts then, Ferdinand, no spirits but cheerful ones haunted hall or bower." And the old man fell into a fit of thought, seeming to ponder pleasantly upon the times past, though they might contrast themselves in his mind with the darker aspect of the present.

Ferdinand also remained thoughtful for several minutes, but then rose, saying, "I must be wending my way homeward, father, though I doubt I shall hardly find it, as I have now no lamp, and those vaults are intricate."

"Stay a while, stay a while," answered Father George, "the storm will not last long, and I will go with you. No spirits will show themselves in my presence, I am sure."

"Oh, I fear them not now," replied Ferdinand, "such hopes as you have given me to-night, father, will be a spell to lay them."

The old man smiled, well knowing that, notwithstanding the boast, his young companion would not at all object to his company, but he merely replied, "I will take my lantern, youth, for without a light you might lose yourself in the caves, as some have done before you. Look out and see how the sky appears. The thunder has ceased, I think."

The young man opened the door, and took a step forth, and then returning, said, "It lightens still, but faintly, and it rains a little. It will soon be over, though, I think," and seating himself again, he spent about half an hour more in conversation with the priest. At the end of that time, the rain having ceased, they set out together for the castle, while the faint flashes of the electric fluid, with which the air was still loaded, gleamed over the sky from time to time, and a distant roar to the westward told that the storm was visiting other lands. It was a toilsome journey up the steep ascent, rendered slippery by the wet, for

* I shall adopt the word "count," instead of "graff," as the English translation of the German title, and shall also follow throughout the same course with regard to other honorary designations, as more convenient.

a man of Father George's years, but he bore up stoutly, and at length they reached the entrance of the crypt below the chapel. Pushing the door open boldly, the old man went in, and advancing some twenty or thirty steps, held up the lantern and looked round. Nothing was to be seen, however, and no sound but the fall of their own footsteps reached the ear of either of the two wanderers, as they pursued their way through the chapel-vaults and the excavations in the rock against which the building was raised. In the midst of what was called the Serfs' Burying Place, however, close by the spot where the skeleton was chained to the column, Father George paused, and gazed for an instant at the sad sight which it presented. "Ah, poor fellow!" he said, "they bound him there, and strangled him against the pillar for murdering his master, the last count, when fighting far away, but to the last he declared that whatever hand had done it, it was not his act, and I believed him, for he loved the count well, and the count loved him. 'Tis twenty years ago, and yet see how the bones hold together. Come on, my son, I will see you to the hall-door, and then leave you."

Ferdinand, who was not at all partial to a prolonged stay in the vaults, readily followed, and when they reached the little door that led into the hall, the good priest remarked, with a quiet smile, "We have seen no ghosts, my son, nor heard them either."

"True, father, true," replied the young man, "but those who have heard and seen must believe. I trust that you may pass back as unmolested as we came."

"I fear not, Ferdinand," answered Father George, "and what is more, you must also shake off all apprehensions, for in order to win her you love, you may have often to tread these same paths."

"If there were a devil in every niche, father," replied Ferdinand, "I would face them all for her sake."

"Well, well, good night," said the priest, shaking his head. "Love's the religion of a young man, and if it lead him not to wrong, it may lead him to things higher than itself. Keep the key as a treasure, good youth, for it may prove one to you in case of need."

Thus saying, the old man suffered him to light his lamp at the lantern, which was not done without difficulty, as the drops of rain had somewhat wetted the wick, and ere Ferdinand had reached the opposite end of the hall, after leaving the priest, his light was extinguished again, and he had to feel his way to his own chamber, along the dark corridors and staircases of the building. He was wet and tired, but he felt no inclination to sleep, even though darkness continued for more than one hour after he had returned to the castle. There was a brighter light in his heart than that of morning, and in it the new-born hopes sported like gay children at their play.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning rose bright and beautiful after the storm, shining down the valley, glittering on the stream, and illuminating the castle high on its rock, from the base of which, steep and rugged as it was, stretched forth about a mile of more gradual descent, broken and undulating, thickly covered with trees, and here and there presenting a large mass of fallen stone, looking like the wall of some outwork, decayed by time, and garmented with moss. The whole surface on the summit of the hill was crowned with walls and towers, and such was the commanding situation which they occupied, that, in days when the science of warfare, though often practised, was but little known, it might well seem a hopeless task to attempt to take that castle by any means but famine. On a lower point, or what may be called a step in the rock, appeared a very beautiful and graceful building, the lower part of which displayed strong masonry, and manifold round arches, filled up with stone, while in the upper, the lighter architecture of a later period was seen, in thin buttresses and tall pointed windows, pinnacles, and mouldings, and fret-work. Built against the steep side of the cliff, below the castle, there seemed, at first sight, no path to this chapel but from the fortress above, with which it was connected by a few steps flanked by a low square tower, but to the eye of a traveller, riding or walking along the ridge of hills on the opposite side of the valley, glimpses of a path displayed themselves, winding in and out amongst the wood, and somewhat more than half-way down the hill, appeared a small edifice, in the same style of architecture as the upper story of the castle-chapel.

On that opposite ridge of hills was another stronghold, or rather, what had been so, for, at the time I speak of, it was already in ruins, and down below, on either hand, swept an ocean of green boughs, covering the declivities of the hills, and leaving a narrow track of little more than half a mile in breadth, for verdant meadows, hamlets, and a small but beautiful stream. Following the course of the little river, the eye rested, at about two miles' distance, upon the towers and pinnacles of a large building, half concealed in wood, and from the walls thereof, at the hours appointed for the various services of the Roman Catholic Church, might be heard the great bell of the abbey swinging slow upon the breeze the call to prayer.

Beyond the abbey and the woods that surrounded it, a world of hill and valley was descried, with rocks tossed in wild confusion here and there, taking every different variety of form. Now like a giant sitting on the side of a hill, now like the ruined wall of some old fortress, now like a column raised to commemorate some great event, now like the crest of a warrior's

helmet plumed with feathery trees, they offered to imagination infinite materials for the sport of fancy. All the hollows, too, except those directly facing the east, were filled with mists and shadows, while the tops of the mountains, the higher crags, the old runs, and the steeple of a distant church, rose as if from the bosom of a dim and gloomy ocean.

Such was the aspect of the scene about an hour after day-break, and all was yet in the stillness of the early morning, not a sound was heard save the whistle of one of the peasantry going to his work in the fields, or the lowing of the cattle driven down to the stream to drink,—when suddenly the whole valley rang with a wild and peculiar clang. The sound of horns winded loud and clear, the trampling of horses' feet in full career, the loud tongues of dogs, the shouts and calls of huntsmen, echoed along the steep opposite to Ehrenstein, sweeping on fiercely through the woods, apparently from the dilapidated walls of the old stronghold towards the abbey below. On, on went the sounds unceasingly, as if some beast had made its burst from the wood and was hotly pursued by the hounds, but nothing appeared beyond the green branches. Neither dogs, nor huntsmen, nor horses were visible to the watcher on the walls of the castle, though many a break in the forest, and an open piece of road, ought to have given him glimpses of the chase, if it took the course which the sounds seemed to indicate.

There were two peasants, however, wending their way from the hamlet near the abbey towards a vineyard which lay on the other side of the hills, and as their road lay through the wood, they soon heard the noise come rushing on towards them. Both stopped at once, and drew a little out of the direct path, the one saying, "The count is hunting early in the year," the other exclaiming, "Come away, man—come away! This is not the count!"

The next instant the whole hunt swept by, and the two men drew back in terror, for, instead of the forest green or the gay philmot, the dresses of the hunters were all as black as night, and at their head rode a horseman, magnified by their fancy to gigantic stature, clothed from head to heel in arms of the same sombre hue. The men fell down upon their knees, and scarcely dared to raise their eyes, and when one of them did so, he saw the strange leader of that dark array, shaking his gauntlet at him with a menacing gesture.

In a few seconds all were gone, and the two peasants stood trembling, while the sounds died away in the distance.

"We shall have war within the twelvemonth," said the one.

"Ay, that we shall," answered the other, "I never thought to see the Black Huntsmen with my own eyes. Let us go and tell the count, for he will need to prepare. The castle is getting

rumours, and there is neither much wine nor much corn in the neighbourhood."

"No, no, to the abbey—to the abbey, man," rejoined his companion. "It's there we owe our duty, we are not the count's men."

"Ay, but the count may give us a crown for the news," answered the other, "from the monks we shall have nothing but a benedicite."

"Well, wait a little—wait a little," was the reply. "You know it is dangerous to follow him too close."

"Ay, that's true," replied the first speaker, "and he shook his fist at me as he passed, for just daring to look up at him. Let us sit down here for awhile."

The other agreed, and the two men, seating themselves, continued to converse for about a quarter of an hour. The one, to make himself agreeable, prophesying that his friend, to whom the Black Huntsman had given so menacing a sign of notice, would be forced to go to the wars, and never return alive, the other, though in no little dread, endeavouring to persuade himself and his comrade that no such result would or could ensue.

"I will never be killed in the wars," he said, "for I won't go. I would sooner shave my head, sell all I have got, and become a serving-brother in the abbey."

"Then they'll pillage the abbey, and you'll be killed," rejoined his companion, who was determined, it would seem, that the other should not take any false hope to his bosom. "Hark, here they are coming again!"

Both started up, and were about to plunge into the wood, when, spurring on at fiery speed, and followed by two or three soldiers half-armed, appeared a young cavalier, with his eyes so eagerly bent forward, that he did not seem to perceive the two peasants, till one of them exclaimed, "It's no use following, Master Ferdinand, he's gone far enough now."

"He?" exclaimed the young man, "who is he, boor—do you know him? Who is it dares to hunt in our lord's lands? If I caught him, he should pay dearly."

"Ah, Master Ferdinand of Altenburg, he is one who would make you pay more likely, but, luckily for you, you can neither cross nor catch him—it was the Black Huntsman and his train. We saw him with our own eyes. And you may go back, and tell the count to prepare for war. Twelve months will not pass from this day before there are armies warring here. Tell him that old Werner says so, and I have lived years enough to know what I am talking about."

"The Black Huntsman!" exclaimed Ferdinand, holding in his horse, which was struggling forward. "And did you see him, say you—both of you?"

"Ay, both of us," answered the old man. "And he shook his fist at Wettstein here, just because he looked at him a little too sharply."

"The Black Huntsman!" cried Ferdinand again "I never before knew any one who saw him What was he like, Werner?"

"He seemed to me ten foot high," exclaimed Wettstein, joining in, "and his horse big enough to bear him"

"Nay, nay, not ten foot," cried Werner, "eight he might be, or eight and a half—and all in black from head to heel I did not see a white spot about him or his horse either Did you, Wettstein?"

"Not a freckle as big as a pea," replied his comrade

"Here's a mighty great horse's footmark, to be sure," said one of the soldiers, who had dismounted, and was examining the ground "I think, sir, you had better go back and tell our lord, for he'll be glad to know of this"

The young man mused, without reply, for a moment or two, and then turning his horse, rode back towards the castle, halting from time to time to listen for the sounds of the hunt All had now ceased, however, the valley had returned to its stillness, and nothing but the breeze sighing through the trees was heard as Ferdinand and his followers rode up the opposite hill

A number of men were collected under the arched gateway of the castle, and several horses stood ready saddled near, but before them all appeared a tall, dark-looking personage, somewhat past the middle age, but still in full vigour, with a stern and somewhat forbidding countenance The expression was sharp, but not lofty, morose rather than firm, and as Ferdinand rode up, and sprang to the ground, he exclaimed, "Ha, who are they, boy? Or have you turned back, from laziness or fear, without having found them?"

Ferdinand's cheek grew red, and he replied, "If I had been fearful or lazy, my lord, I should have waited for orders ere I went to seek them, but when we reached the road leading to Lindcnau, the sounds were scarcely to be heard, and we met Werner and Wettstein in the wood, who told us that it was the Black Huntsman"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the count, moodily, "doubtless the Black Huntsman! There is never a cry of hounds across the land, but, if you believe the peasants, it is the Black Huntsman They are in league with the robbers of my deer and boars The swine-fed rascals have their share, no doubt"

"But, my lord count," replied one of the soldiers who had accompanied Ferdinand, "this time the men saw him, and he shook his fist at Wettstein for daring to look at him too close Besides, old Werner is not a man to lie about it"

"Werner and Wettstein!" said the count "Who are they? We have a hundred of such hogs in the valley"

"They are men of the abbey, my good lord," replied Ferdinand, "and at all events they were both in the same story, and

told it at once. One of our men, too—it was you, Karl, was it not?—saw hoof-marks much larger than the common size.”

“Ay, that I did,” replied the man, “as big as any two in the stable. My lord can see them too, if he doubts it.”

“I will,” replied the count, sternly, and without more ado he turned into the castle, leaving the rest to follow to the morning meal.

Contrary to a very common practice of the day, when most of those who were qualified to bear arms were considered fit to sit at the table of their lords, the Count of Ehrenstein usually admitted none but two or three of his chosen followers to take part in the meal at the same board with himself and his daughter. The large hall, of which we have already spoken, had been long disused, and a smaller one, fully large enough, indeed, for the diminished number of retainers which the castle now contained, was divided into two unequal parts by a step, which raised the table of the lord above that of his vassals. It was to this hall he now took his way, moving slowly onward with a heavy step and eyes fixed upon the ground, till, opening the door, he gazed round it for a moment, and his face lighted up with the first look of pleasure it had displayed that day, as his eyes rested on a group at the farther end of the chamber. From the midst of that group, with a light, bounding step, was even then coming forward to meet him, as beautiful a form as was ever beheld, even by a father's eyes, and what father in his heart has never said, when gazing on his child—

“Du nun als ein Engel schon?”

Young she was, very young, in the first early bloom of youth, and wonderfully fair, for no marble that was ever hewn by the most fastidious sculptor's hands was whiter, clearer, softer than her skin, and yet there was a glow of health therein, not seeming in the skin itself, but shining through it, like the rosy light of morning pouring into the pale sky. Her eyes could hardly be called blue, for there was a shade of some other colour in them, but the long black lashes, together with the strong contrast afforded by the fairness of her face, made them look dark, though soft, till one approached her very near. Her dark brown hair, too, full to profusion, looked almost black where it fell upon her neck, notwithstanding the bright golden gleams that shone upon the wavy clusters. Round, yet tapering, every limb was moulded in the most beautiful symmetry, which even the long line of floating garments from the hip to the heel shadowed without concealing, and as almost always happens, perfection of form produced grace of movement, though that grace is in some degree dependent also upon the spirit within, where it is natural and not acquired. Even in the light, quick, bounding step with which she sprang to meet her father, there

was a world of beauty, though it was simply the unstudied impulse of filial affection and for an instant, as I have said, the very sight of her bright countenance dispelled the gloom upon her father's face, and brought a momentary gleam of sunshine over it, but the grave, hard look soon returned, and taking her hand in his, he led her on to the upper table, calling to him two of his old ritters or knights, and seated them beside himself and his child.

Ferdinand of Altenburg was about to take his place as usual at the other board, not judging that he stood at all high in the graces of his lord, but after a moment's consideration, the count beckoned him up, saying, "Sit there, Ferdinand," and then commenced the meal in silence. Adelaide of Ehrenstein looked down, but yet a momentary light shone in her eyes, and a well-pleased smile, before she could check it, played round her lip, and then, as if afraid that the pleasure she felt should be marked by too watchful eyes, the colour glowed warm in her cheek, and even tinged her fair brow. Oh, those traitorous blushes, how often they hang out the flag of surrender, when the garrison would fain hold firm! The young lover saw the look, and judged it rightly, but no one else seemed to remark it, and while he was thinking what could be the count's motive in thus honouring him, his lord raised his eyes heavily, saying, "And do you really believe this story of the Wild Huntsman, Ferdinand?"

"Nay, my lord, I know not what to think," replied the youth. "The men seemed so frightened themselves, and spoke so naturally, that I could not doubt that they believed it. Nevertheless, if I could have heard the sounds any more, I should have followed to see this Black Huntsman with my own eyes, but the noise was by that time done."

"Would you not have feared to meet him?" asked the count, with a smile.

"Not I, sir," answered Ferdinand. "If I find any one hunting on my lord's lands, I will stop him and ask his right, be he black or white. But we could never catch the noise again, and there was another reason, too, that made me think it best to return, the old man Werner bade me tell you there would be war here within a year."

"And so there will," replied the count, "if it be truly the Black Huntsman."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Ferdinand, "there will be some chance of honour and distinction then."

The count's brow grew dark. "Ay, foolish youth," he answered, "and what sums of gold will have to be spent, what fair fields ruined, what crops swept away!"

"And what bloodshed!" said Adelaide, in a low tone, "oh, my father, I hope it will not be!"

"Bloodshed, that's but a small matter," replied her father,

with a grim smile "It does good to these hot youths to bleed them Is it not so, Sickendorf?"

"Ay, my lord," answered the old knight to whom he spoke, "and as to the gold and the crops, that's no great matter either, money must be spent, soldiers must live, and it's a pleasant sight to see a troop of bold fellows in a vineyard, swilling the fat boor's grapes I don't let them burn the houses, unless there's resistance, for there's no good in that, if the knaves give up their money and their food"

Adelaide was silent, but as she gazed down, with her beautiful eyes full of deep thought, many a dark image of spoliation and cruelty presented itself to fancy as approaching in the train of war Her father was silent, too, for he knew that his somewhat unknighly love of gold was not likely to raise him in the opinion of his followers, but at length he said, "Well, then, we must prepare, at all events, Sickendorf, if this be the Black Huntsman"

"Ay, that we must, my good lord," replied the old man "He never comes out without being sure of what he's about I remember when I was in the Odenwalde, with the lord of Erlach, looking at the book in which is written down each time he has gone forth for these two hundred years——"

"And you couldn't read it, if you did look," said the other knight, who was at the same table

"Ay, I know that," replied Sickendorf, "no one better, so I made the sacristan read to me, and it never failed once, when that black horseman went forth, or when the cry of his dogs was heard, that there was war within a twelvemonth But it is right to be sure that this was he, for it would not do to sit here with the place cooped full of men, fretting ourselves for a year with the thought of a brave war coming, and then for none to come after all We should be obliged to have a feud with some friend, just to give the men something to do"

"True, true," answered the count, with quick assent, "that would not do at all, Sickendorf I will go, after meat, and inquire more into the affair"

"You had better see the two men, my lord count," said Ferdinand "I will fetch them up from the abbey in an hour, and you can question them yourself"

"No, you will stay where you are, sir," replied his lord, sharply, "I can question them myself without your help I will see these hoof-marks, too But tell me more, from the sounds I heard, as I hurried from my bed, there must have been a whole host of followers with this Black Huntsman What said the men?"

In return, Ferdinand gave as good an account as he could of all that had occurred, though he had little to add to what he had told before He neither exaggerated nor coloured his narrative, but, with the vice of youth, he indulged in many a

figure to express his meaning, as was indeed somewhat customary with him, drawing freely upon imagination for the language, though not for the facts. This mode, however, of telling his tale, did not altogether please his lord, upon whose brow an impatient frown gathered fast. But Adelaide paid his flights of fancy with a smile, and her father's anger was averted by a man coming in hastily from the walls to announce that some one, who seemed a messenger, was riding up at full speed towards the castle.

"Let him be brought in," replied the count, and he added, with a laugh, "perhaps this may be news of the Black Huntsman."

Expectation is ever a silent mood, and the meal continued, even the wine circulated without anything more being said, till at length a man, dirty with hard riding through a country still wet with the storm of the preceding night, was brought in, with formal ceremony, by two of the count's attendants, and led to the table at which he sat. The stranger seemed a simple messenger, in the garb of peace, and in his hand he bore one of the large folded letters of the day, inscribed with the innumerable titles then and still given to every German nobleman of rank, and sealed with a broad seal of yellow wax.

"Who come you from?" demanded the count, before he opened the letter which the messenger presented.

"From the high and mighty prince, Count Frederick of Lemingen," replied the man, "who bade me bear this letter to the noble and excellent lord, the Count of Ehrenstein, his old and valued friend, and bring him back an answer speedily."

"Ah, where is the count?" exclaimed the lord of Ehrenstein, "when came he back?" "Tis many a year since we have met."

"He stopped last night, noble sir, at an abbey some ten miles beyond Zweibrücken, and he will reach that place this day," replied the messenger, answering only one of the count's questions. "I pray you read the letter, and let me have my answer."

The count cut the silk, and, unfolding the paper, read, while Sickendorf commented in a low tone, with words of admiration, but with something like a sneer upon his lip, at his lord's learning, which enabled him to gather easily the contents of what seemed a somewhat lengthy epistle.

"Ah, this is good news indeed!" exclaimed the count, at length, "first, that I should see again and embrace my old friend and comrade, Count Frederick," and he bowed his head, not ungracefully, to the messenger. "Next, that your lord has, after so many years, collected together some of my poor brother's wealth, which he went to cast away with his life upon a foreign shore. It will come well, Sickendorf, if the Black Huntsman make his promise of war good.—You, sir, take some refreshment, while I go to write the safe-conduct which your

lord requires. Then you shall spur on, as hastily as may be, for, if not, I shall overtake you on the road. Tell the mighty count, that I will not answer his letter till I've held my old friend in my arms, and that he shall see me at once at Zweibrücken, ere two hours past noon." Thus saying, he rose and left the hall, and while Sickendorf and the other knight made the messenger sit down at the lower table, furnished him with food and wine, and questioned him eagerly as to Count Frederick's journey, and when he had returned from eastern lands, Ferdinand of Altenburg leaned across the table, and spoke a few low words to Adelaide of Ehrenstein, which made the colour come and go in her cheek, as if some strong emotions were busy in her heart. Whatever he said, indeed, was very brief, for he feared to draw the notice of those around upon them both, and in a moment after he had ceased, the count returned, with a paper in his hand. The messenger would not wait to finish his meal, but retired from the hall, remounted his horse, and spurred on his way back.

As soon as he was gone, the tables were cleared, and orders given for instant preparation, that the count might set out to meet his friend with all the state and display which befitted his station. Before he went, he whispered to Sickendorf to bring up, during his absence, all the vassals from the neighbouring estates, to swell the number of retainers in the castle, against the following day, to sweep the country round of its poultry, eggs, and fruit—a pleasant mark of paternal affection which the peasantry of that period not unfrequently received from their lords, and to prepare everything for one of those scenes of festivity which occasionally checked the monotony of feudal life in peaceful times.

Ferdinand of Altenburg stood ready to accompany his lord, with his horse saddled, and his gayest garment displayed, never doubting for a moment that he was to form one of the train. No sooner, however, had the count done speaking to the old knight, than he turned towards the youth, saying, sharply, "Did I not tell you that you were not to go? You will stay and guard the castle while Sickendorf is absent, and go no farther from it, till I return, than the stream on one side or the hamlet on the other."

The tone was haughty and imperious, and Ferdinand felt his heart burn, but he merely bowed, and took a step back—the count fancying that he had mortified him by leaving him behind, and feeling that sort of bitter pleasure which harsh men find in giving pain, though, in truth, if he had sought to consult the youth's most anxious wishes, he would have acted just as he did act. What was to Ferdinand, Count Frederick of Leiningen? What cared he for the meeting of two haughty lords? In the castle of Ehrenstein remained Adelaide, and where she

was, even though he might not see her, there was festival for him

Adelaide had left the hall while the preparations for her father's journey were being made, and was not present when he departed. Old Sickendorf bustled about for nearly half an hour after the count was gone, choosing out men, from those left in the castle, to accompany him upon what was neither more nor less than a marauding expedition, and he then set out with right good will to perform a part of his duty which he loved the best. Ferdinand of Altenburg watched from the battlements of one of the towers the train of his lord, as it crossed the valley and mounted the opposite hill, and then fixing his eyes on the spot where the road, emerging from the wood again, wound on through the distant country, continued to gaze till the last horseman disappeared on the road to Zweibrücken. He then paced up and down till Sickendorf and his people also were gone, and then paused, leaning thoughtfully against the wall, as if considering what was next to be done.

The world is full of thin partitions, moral and physical, so slight, so feeble in appearance, that one would think they would fall with a touch, but often more strong than doors of brass or iron, and like the airy limits of two hostile countries, they are full of dangers to those who pass them. There, in the same dwelling, with nought between him and her but a door that would at once yield to his hand, was she whom he loved. His heart beat to go and join her, hers he fondly hoped would flutter gladly to have him near, but yet he dared not go. Surrounded by her women, as he believed she was, he knew that the risk of such a step would be great to all his future hopes, and yet he asked himself, again and again, if he must lose so bright an opportunity. It might never return, all the manifold chances of human fate presented themselves to his mind, and he would have been less than a lover if he had not resolved to find some means of drawing sweet advantage from the golden present. How? was the only question, and after long thought, he descended slowly by the steps that led to the battlements beneath the lady's window, and there seating himself, with his eyes turned over the distant country, as if simply whiling away an idle hour, he sat and sung

SONG

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
Wander with me, where none can see,
Through the wood,
By the flood,
Under the greenwood tree
Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
Wander with me where none can hear,
Where none is nigh,
But the birds that fly,
And the timid and silent deer

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
 Wander with me where none can mark,
 Where the leaves green
 Our love shall screen
 In their bower 'twixt light and dark

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
 And a tale to thee I'll tell,
 Which, if thy heart
 With mine takes part,
 Shall please thine ear right well

As he ended, the casement, which was partly open, was drawn fully back, and the head of a gay, light-hearted girl, one of Adelaide's attendants, was thrust forth with a laughing countenance, exclaiming, "Get ye gone, you vile singer! no one can rest in peace for your harsh voice. Methought it was a raven or a daw cawing on the battlements, and our lady cannot read her missal for hearing thee talk of thy 'loved one, loved one'."

"Nay, let him alone," said Adelaide, advancing to the window, "I love music, Bertha. 'tis that thou canst not sing a note thyself that makes thee jealous. Sing on, if thou wilt, Ferdinand. I would listen to you with right good will, but that I promised Father George to come down to the shrine to-day, and I must read before I go."

She said no more, and did not even look at him while she spoke, but her gay girl Bertha's eyes twinkled, with an arch smile upon her lip, as if she guessed more than either the lady or her lover suspected. Ferdinand replied little, but slowly moved away; and, in about ten minutes after, he might be seen going forth from the castle-gates, and taking the road which led away in a different direction from the chapel in the wood

Hope

BY EDMUND OLLIER

HOPE is an angel born of deepest pain,
 A sun-bright glory hovering over woe
 Even as that bird which few but seamen know,
 Cradles its calm breast on the frantic main —
 Hope loves to come unto a care sick brain
 When least expected, as, with welcome glow,
 On some cloud-laden eve, the moonbeams flow
 With sudden light into the skiey plain.

Oh steadfast friend in all we undergo,
 While through this wearying world we fight and strain!
 All-gladdening goddess that, like Spring, doth strow
 Life's path with flowers, and soft, refreshful rain,
 Let Fate's sky blacker and still blacker grow,
 If to stay by me Thou dost not disdain *

* In the above an attempt has been made to give the 'Sonnet' a greater air of uniformity, by continuing the rhymes of the major system in the minor

RUN FOR THE DOCTOR!"

BY GEORGE RAYMOND

DR. LAST "How! tell you my secret! A bookseller offered me a thousand pounds for it

DR. SKELETON "Brother Coffin, shall I trouble you for a pinch of your snuff?"

DR. LAST, in his *Chqruot*.

WITHOUT occupying our moments on surmises respecting the therapeutic expedients of either Machaon or Iapix, or whether the patients they slaughtered in their beds might not have outnumbered their victims in the field (for in those days men confessed to the double trade of war and physic, and honestly confessed it, too)—or without stopping to inquire by how many more than three hundred volumes, Galen is said to have outwritten Hippocrates, or without caring to settle any fiery objection taken by Paracelsus to the expositions of Roger Bacon, we may be permitted the term "time out of mind," as applied to one of the most potential secrets in the alchemy of the physician's renown—one ingredient, without which, all his compounds of toil and experience will be mingled but to little purpose, but in the possession of which (like Prudence, in whose good company the whole family of the gods is to be found) he is fortified against the possibility of defeat—namely, the grand *mystique* of manner!

GESTUS—that physiological plumage by which ignorance perches on the topmost round, and wanting which, wisdom itself is but naked as an ostrich—that quaint setting, by which we heed not whether the embedded substance be a diamond or a Bristol stone, has been the long-discovered talisman which has rarely failed the sincere approver of its power, and has singularly crowned the sons of Apollo with something more substantial than the leaves of Petrarch. To look wise, is far wiser than to be wise—a shadow which transcends the substance—and as to look wise, is but to look unlike anything which nature in her own wisdom has designed, a man must be indeed a fool who is without wisdom. Let the pharmaceutic journeyman be thus observant, and he may use the world as a shop of tools.

A marked characteristic—a kind of moral *alto relievo*—has been the medico-practitioner's stock in trade, from the days of Jack Adams and Valentine Greatraks,* to the present hour. It is far better to set up a manner than to set up a coach—nay, by starting the one in a market town, he may drive the other through every city in Europe. Though it be his profession to study the physical economy common to all men, yet in his own temperament some violent contradiction must be discovered. From the body of the community he must be sequestered, if with the bodies of individuals he would meddle. He must neither hunger nor thirst, nor be glad nor sorrowful with his neighbours. He must live an antithetical life—an eccentric from the orbit of motion. From the whole world he must differ, but with himself he must be scrupulously consistent, and having taken the monastic vow of some

* Valentine Greatraks lived in the reign of Charles II. He pretended to cure persons of distempers by mysteriously stroking their faces with his hands. How far does this differ from the modern science, called *Mesmerism*?

Trappist anomaly, he must never again presume to enter the convention of the world's habit *

—Nescience or obscurity are no let nor hindrance to his advancement—
—if he be a tailor, no matter, so long as he be a John Boccold, and by some sudden stroke paralyze the imaginations of the crowd. He is safe from detection in the very occultation of his art, and if hunted by the insolence of inquiry, like the cuttle-fish he turns the waters around him into ink, and escapes exposure in the muddiness of mystification. "The physician," says an observant writer, "has this great vantage-ground, the sun gives light to his successes and the earth covers all his miscarriages." He enjoys that enviable converse to the poet's words,

"The evil which men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

He is followed by the benisons of the stone-cutter, who prophetically prepares the marble, from the first hour the patient passes into the doctor's keeping, well knowing if he be at death's door, the practitioner will hospitably let him in, and the monumental tablet be wanting to a dead certainty. But if nature, in her very good nature, should suffer not the physician to do his worst, and gently steps in to remove for awhile the poor wretch's name from the gloomy register, the doctor pockets the renown, as a bonus to his fees, and though vanquished in his present attempt to kill, receives no less than the rewards of victory.

The Chinese, whom we have long affected to despise, manage these things, at least, better than we do. Their language is, "No cure, no pay," but then they keep their words. Unlike the doctors of smoky chimneys, in our own murky land, who though advertising the same terms, get, at least, the soot, if they fail, but poor Foh-Foh, the Chinaman, is rewarded with the bastinado, or pays the penalty of his tail. In like manner, with an admirable sense of justice and some notion of self-preservation, a certain princess—Austregilda, consort to a king of Burgundy—on being sick, desired, if she were not cured, her physician should be strangled forthwith and inhumed with her own royal person. She died, and the queen's retribution was accomplished. Her doctor, like the fiery Tybalt, "was buried in a triumphant grave," and received that favour in death, which would have been high treason to have dreamt of while living.

But to pursue these triumphs a little further, how often is it that, whatever way the question may go with the client, it looks in the right direction for the doctor. We have somewhere heard of a physician, who having drugged a far humbler patient than a Burgundian princess, namely, a citizen's wife in Aldermanbury, who died, the doctor, to his astonishment, received no less a fee than one hundred guineas!—"Alas!" cried he, "what should I not have profited, had I but saved the lady?"—"Be not distressed," replied the husband, "I should not have given thee a farthing."

Cozenage is peculiar neither to country nor age—it is an animal, to use the language of naturalists, found in nearly all parts of the world, and as successful imposture must necessarily be the more creditable of the

* Sir John Elliot—a physician, who flourished in the middle of the last century, acquired great notoriety and practice by a *Death's Head!* painted on his chariot.

two, we take medicine, on the whole, to present the most striking specimens. The Pharmacopœia offers certainly the easiest terms of success, because the traffic depends as much on the faith of one party, as the skill of the other—it is partly revealed and partly in mystery, and therefore the professor has to win the credulity of mankind as well as their judgment, and if he must give the preference to one, he had far better stick to the former. Apply where he will, he is sure to find a certain quantity of *this* material to work upon, but if he wait for the fine-grain texture of solid judgment, he may perhaps be frequently out of work, while the commodity itself, when found, might turn the edge of his chisel. Besides, there is no doubt that a concurrence of credulity and cunning, like the mingling of an alkali with an acid, will produce a moral draught healthful to the body itself. For instance, Granger has the following story: "There was an old woman in the workhouse of Yeovil who had long been a cripple, and was induced to drink the famous Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside her crutches, which, like trophies of victory, were suspended on the walls. The man, however, confessed he had juggled her, having imported the water from a neighbouring duck-pond."

But how shall we sufficiently sympathise with the touching narrative of "*Hermippus Redivivus*," who compassed the prolongation of life, by a potion sweeter than a philter, namely, inhaling the sighs of damsels as they slept, and of a certain physician too, who was so enamoured of the prescription (as no doubt our readers equally are) that he secured lodgings at a ladies school, as a parlour boarder, for the express purpose of taking his medicine regularly—an experiment which might have roused Dioscorides from his sepulchre, who is said to have tried the hazard of cures first upon himself, before offering them to the sick. "*Hermippus Redivivus*" was founded on the following inscription, said to be preserved by Remesius, a German physician

Æsculapio et Sanitati
L. Clodius Hermippus
Qui vixit annos CXV
Puellarum anhelitu!

This verily was purchasing life on no hard or tyrannic terms. Who would not willingly have paid down the century, in one round sum, for the acquisition of the saccharine fifteen?

But let us turn our eyes for a moment to that eternity denominated "the long robe." Your lawyer, for instance, who should jeopardize a cause committed to his skill, can in vain explain away the pitiful up-shot, otherwise than by at once confessing that, like necessity, he had no law, and if his client be cast in damages, he will have a hard matter to persuade him he is the better for the trial. But if the sick man dies, the doctor has as many escapes as water from a sieve—nay, if he should really die, such are the good turns which fortune sometimes concedes to the agent of the grave, that he may produce the very evidence of his shame to his own glorification. We have heard of a notable in physic who was in the habit, once a month, of exposing to the multitude a diseased man, who probably in a few days died, but within a fortnight from the event, the physician exhibited as perfectly healthy a ruffian as any in the ten tithings, impudently avowing he

was the identical sufferer who had been miraculously cured, on which the athletic vagabond made ready oath before the assembly, and pocketed half a crown for his part of the ceremony!

The *Spectator* amuses us with a certain doctor in Mouse-alley, Wapping, who by "compliment extern," had so fascinated the wits of the good citizens, that he set up for curing cataracts on the sole credit of having lost an eye in the Emperor's service!—a humorous piece of inconsequence, which reminds us of the sign at the Bohemian inn, as recorded by the late Mr James Smith, "Put your trust in God, for this is the Black Boar!" Had, however, these good natives of Wapping travelled somewhat further to the East, they might have heard of a certain Oriental law, salutary to all nations, that whenever a cure was made, the whole secret both of the disease and remedy was publicly proclaimed in the market-place.

About the year 1730, a cunning fellow from Lancashire, with just enough acquaintance with drugs to have been the death of about one-tenth of his fellow townsfolk, found his way to London. Being perfectly aware that he carried no letter of recommendation in his countenance, and that his dialect would do as little for his advancement in political ailments, he hit upon the following expedient.—Having procured a kind of Turkish costume, and secured as great a rascal as himself for a confederate, he boldly advertised his pretensions as the celebrated doctor from Moldavia, and chief physician to the Sultan! Assuming total ignorance of the English language (the least part of his imposition) he was consulted through his confederate as interpreter, whose duty it was to mix the drugs during the patient's consultation with his master, and receive the fees. The fraud succeeded to a considerable extent—the doctor was visited by patients in their own carriages, while many with no other disease upon them than curiosity, put on an ailment for the occasion, and paid handsomely for a visit to the Turk. How long the imposture would have lasted there is no ascertaining, but the two rogues quarrelled, and there was an end of the business.

But well indeed might England be denominated "The Paradise of Quacks," when even philosophers became willing devotees in their conventicles. Who would believe that Hartley himself could be persuaded to eat 200 lbs of soap, which verily he did—a scouring, with a vengeance, or that Meyer would swallow 1200 lbs of crabs' eyes, yet this he did—and without seeing his folly.

But to return to the talismanic influences of Gestus, so emphatically denominated an *imposing* manner. It behoves the physician to adopt some absolute oneness of external, by which he may be better acknowledged than by either his patronymic or his merits. It is related, that in 1749 an action of trover was brought against a certain accoucheur,—as great a rogue as Cock Lorall himself,—for two dead infants, of which a poor woman had just been delivered. The infants were curiously united, like the Siamese birth lately exhibited in London. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, and the children were, of course, recovered. This event, however, was the very talisman of the doctor's prosperity. Suddenly, he found himself in immense business by the notoriety he had acquired, taking advantage of which, he caused a representation of the baby-biune to be painted in the centre window glass of his parlour—which became henceforward the sign of his calling, and the zodiacal figure of his fortune.

Of this *manner*, however—this "goodly outside"—the choice may be left entirely to the adventurer himself. He is at liberty to choose it as a coquette her colours, but unlike a coquette, he must be constant to his choice. He may change the treatment of his patient's interior a hundred times, but the habit of his own exterior must be unalterable. Like one, who having broken his leg, on being put to bed, may declare whether he will lie on this side, on that, or on his back,—but having once made his election he must keep to his position, or he will never be a man again. So, let him alter but a letter, and he becomes at once a cancelled deed, and all that can be said of him is, that he has outlived his funeral. In the words of an old play—

"Choose now your part, there is no after choice,
By that you must abide through weal or woe,
Therefore, bethink you well ere you decide
Upon the venture that shall form your fortunes,
Or leave you bankrupt quite."

For instance, should it be "the silent system" he would take up, let him hold to it, and maintain that Delphic mysteriousness of aspect, which, like Juliet's eye, may speak though it says nothing. The taciturn is a safe and easy assumption—a diploma gained without any arduous examination—but the observance, like the rest, must be a diuturnity, remembering the account of one, who on visiting Apelles in his studies, sat still for some time, without speaking a word, but at last having the rashness to utter something, the painter observed, "While you were silent you passed for a man of some account, as objects are magnified by mist, but now I have heard you speak, the cloud is altogether removed, and I see clearly you are little better than an idiot."

Should verbosity be the line of his assumption, he may be equally safe from detection, if he take good heed never to be intelligible. He will probably meet with an opponent who protects himself after the same manner,—and in the common confusion, each may lay claim to victory.

"So when the chimney sweep and barber fight,
The barber beats the chimney sweep white,
The chimney-sweeper heaves his ponderous sack,
And big with vengeance beats the barber black.
In comes the scavenger with brick-dust spread,
And beats the sweep and the barber red.
Black white, and red, in various shapes are tost,
'Till in the cloud the combatants are lost."

This *manner* may also be either gravity or humour, but whichever may be selected, the one must be firm and proof against the other, for these, like rat and ferret, are natural enemies. It was a doctrine of an ancient sage (Gorgias *Leontinus*), that humour was the hardest test to which gravity could be put, and that gravity was the severest trial that humour could undergo. A grave adventurer who could not bear railery must inevitably be soon exposed, and a jester who could not sustain a serious attack would speedily be rewarded with kicks.

Of successful peculiarities, a recent writer has noticed, that the *Thee* and *Thou* of the famous Dr Fothergill were worth, at least, two thousand pounds a-year to him, and which we are not inclined to disbelieve, but we beg leave to speak of this great physician in the

language of unfeigned respect, and with those sentiments which are due to virtue and valuable acquirements. The *Idler* tells us of a certain strange squire, who was in the habit of throwing open the window of his sleeping apartment every morning, thrusting his head into the open air, and roaring aloud a certain number of Greek verses, to the very pitch of his lungs. It was an amusement with the villagers, who were acquainted with his peculiarity, to assemble under his eaves at the appointed hour, and grin a chorus to his iambic lines. Had this said squire set up for a curer of diseases, he would in due time have been lord of a principality.

No man is a prophet in his own country, so that he who would be a prophet at all, if he will not travel into another, must at least put on the garb of a foreigner at home,—and this, perhaps, will be pretty nearly the same thing. An astrological aspect is most potential, "*medicus sine cœli peritiâ nihil est*"—and although no one in these days may profess positively to consult the stars, yet he must ever be in the clouds if he would rise. For let it be received of a truth, that the more the people understand the less they will believe, and the words of Lucretius will apply equally to our own generations as to the days of the poet.

"*Cicero ob obscuram linguam magis inter inanes
(Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur, amantque
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt.)*"

Swift gives us humorously a remarkable example. In relating the conversion of Edmund Curll to Judaism, he says, "They spoke to him in the Hebrew language, which he not understanding, it was observed had considerable weight with him." "*Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis quæ non intelligunt*." So great a charm have mysteriousness of manner and eccentricity of deportment, that we follow such a man with the same interest that we pursue a charade—we can think of nothing else so long as he remains a puzzle, but he is no sooner disclosed than our wonder is turned against our own blindness. "Every man," observes also the above author, "is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors—a farmer will tell you in two words that he has broken his leg, but a surgeon after a lengthy discourse will leave you as ignorant as you were before."*

We are informed that no Roman till Pliny's time ever presumed to practise physic, that office being performed by foreigners. "If the nations," says Montaigne, "whence we obtain guaiacum, sarsaparilla, and China wood, have any physicians, how great a value would they set upon our cabbage and parsley, for who would not esteem a thing so far fetched?" A clear and reasonable proposition may convince some people, but it has no chance with the multitude against an unknown tongue, for when once a fact becomes a naked truth, they run away from it with that becoming alarm, which should ever attend an object so exposed.

Experience has shown to us that the state of the mind has a powerful influence over the economy of the body—Confidence in the physician must necessarily be no inconsiderable ingredient in the

* The above observation may remind the reader of the surgeon's visit to Tom Jones, who had been wounded by Ensign Northerton, at the inn on the Bristol road.

patient's medicine, but where reason and confidence is found once, credulity is met with a hundred times, and it is upon this fattening oil-cake imposture delights to fasten. By imposture, we do not now mean an entire ignorance of the healing art, only that it is not quite necessary to labour like Haller or Linnæus, but more after the manner of Apollonius—a dash of philosophy and a strong mixture of hocus pocus. The patient who makes an offering of his credulity to the doctor, invests him with a magic far surpassing the diploma of any other corporation whatever.

When Scipio Africanus was anxious for victory, (which we may take for granted was about as often as he entered the field,) he made his soldiers believe he was inspired by the gods, and that physician might have as many patients as Scipio fighting men, if he would only throw a certain quantity of the Apollo mystification into his aspect, or if he cannot put on the lineaments of a god, to divest himself as much as possible of the traces of a human being.

Mr Wadd tells us, in his pleasant "Mems, Maxims, and Memonis," that the Siamse were in the habit of deciding important questions which came into court, by means of emetic pills! The stomach of the suitor—plaintiff or defendant—that retained them the longer time, gained the cause, whilst he who too suddenly cast them up again, was himself cast in damages, kicked out of court, and had to pay both costs and pills. We certainly have heard of many people who have had no stomach for law, and here, clearly, the strongest had the best chance in the struggle, whilst the loser may be said most emphatically to *be brought up* for judgment.

No physician ever approved of another's prescription any more than one woman assents to the beauty of another, and if, therefore, every practising doctor should profess to have a separate remedy for each known disease, the patient would have a woful chance indeed,—but the fact is (to be merciful) their nostrums, for the most part, are harmless enough, and he who effects the cure, does it by the spell he throws around the imagination of the patient, with the friendly connivance of that good old nurse, dame nature, who just happens to wake up at the identical moment she is needed.

We remember somewhere to have heard of a hard-toiling disciple of Apollo,—who had been vainly watering the growth of his prosperity, like a tender flower, for many a season,—having studied pyramids of books, and astonished the very schools of Padua with his erudition. He had taken his *Agreco*, but had taken little else, and the only fees he had ever touched were those which he himself had parted with for his licence to starve. No patients anxiously articulated his name, and his knocker enjoyed that repose which was denied to his heart. Suddenly, however, a new light broke on his meditations, and like the lady miraculously restored to sight by the art of her lover, he exclaimed, "I see! I see!" The truth was, he suffered his beard to grow! In a month he had an influx of sick, "yon fever, gout, and all the rest,"—as his beard descended his customers increased, and by the time it had reached his bosom, he had as many patients at his gate as hairs upon his chin.

A lean practitioner of Leyden was nearly reduced by poverty to his grave, and being so near to it, he purchased his own coffin, which

accidental whimsey was the prologue to the swelling act" of his fatness and restoration. Most of his worldly effects had been taken in execution, and the "beggary account" would scarce pay the commission. But his creditors, with a kind of superstitious sense of humanity, left him his couch to lie on—his coffin—"his bed by night, his chest of drawers by day." The eccentricity of his pallet was the very cradle of his fortune—like a phoenix he sprang again from his own ashes—his very coffin was the saffron rising of his life. He was now a great physician, performing more wonders than the relics of St. Martin—and became at once the averter of death by the diploma he had picked from the grave.

But if the faculty (to use a permitted term) "practise" on the credulity as well as on the organic parts of mankind, we confess to have heard of some patients who have played the cheat in their own turn. A certain wealthy burgomaster was violently possessed with an affection for the pharmaceutic mysteries, and began very properly to dig up all the dead languages in pursuance of his study. He, however, made but slow progress, and like the poor girl, who after a long schooling was advanced in nothing but a misfortune, so had he but little else than his labour for his pains. But being a rich and powerful man, he had his true believers about him, and amongst them, a poor poet, who having in vain sought remuneration for his "panegyric," which would have done credit to the venal muse of Waller himself, he at last feigned himself sick of a palsy, and was carried under a piteous attack of this pseudonosos to the doors of the equally false physician. Supplying his client, forthwith, with drugs and elixirs, the burgomaster promised him relief within three days—nor was the promise made in vain. On the third day the poet jumped on his legs, and running as fast as they could carry him to his good patron, presented himself hearty and sound. The Batavian now loaded him with presents—paid liberally for the neglected panegyric, and the poet was not only cured of the palsy, but became sleek and idle as a courtier.

"Many years ago," says Dr. Millingen, in his interesting 'Curiosities of Medical Experience,' "the jaw-breaking words Tetrachymagogon and Fellino Guffino Cardimo Cardimac Frames, were chalked all over London, as two miracle-working doctors," and who, like the genius from Lancashire, were long enough in repute to swell their pockets.

Some eccentricity—some violent anomaly, therefore, is necessary for success amongst a class, in which the least ambitious must have a dash of empiricism for there are, "in every village," says Burton, "so many mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, Paracelsians, wizards, alchymists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers and goodwives, professing great skill, that I make doubt how they shall be maintained, or who shall be their patients." The reader may be reminded, in conclusion, of a certain antique fable—Whilst a quack was exposing his pills and nostrums in a market town, a great bear, with a ring through his snout, was led through the street, and presently drew all the attention and wonderment to himself—"Harkee! my friends," said Bruin to the crowd, "you appear mightily merry at my being led by the nose, now let us laugh at one another, for such is the manner in which this Jack Pudding has treated you ever since he has been a visitor amongst you."

THE MERRY WIVES OF STAMBOUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PROHIBITED COMEDY,

"RICHELIEU IN LOVE"

"*Quand j'étois*—it is thus that the great traveller Von Humboldt commences nearly all his relations, especially those anent the Isthmus of Panama, and as *anch'io son viaggiatore*, I see not why I should not begin my story in the same manner

"*Quand j'étois*, then, in Stamboul—vulgò, Constantinople—I collected a pretty sight of stories which are *not* to be found in the 'Arabian Nights,' at least in that volume of the four which is generally known in Europe by that title. Here is one of them—not a bad specimen of oriental humour—which you can read or not, according to the weather. And don't imagine that has nothing to do with the matter—do you think Boccaccio calculated his stories for the meridian of London?"

IN the reign of the Sultan Solyman the Great (to his memory be glory!) there lived in Grand Cairo a merchant, who, being blessed with more children than an ant, without a proportional increase of wealth, found himself wonderfully puzzled how to dispose of them all. One he made a boatman, another a woodcutter, a third a ropemaker, but it was remarkable that misfortunes seemed to hunt the whole family. The boatman was drowned, the ropemaker hanged himself in a cord of his own twisting, the woodcutter struck off his left hand, instead of a branch at which he aimed. Amazed at these various mischances, the merchant could only resolve not to devote any of his remaining sons to these disastrous occupations, without being able to select others not exposed to similar accidents. In this perplexity it chanced that one of the merchant's friends, intending to take a voyage to Stamboul with some merchandise, proposed that he should furnish one of his sons with some articles of light sale to accompany him. The old man assented to the proposal with great joy, which he kept carefully concealed, that his friend might not imagine he had any great claim on his gratitude, then selecting the youngest of his sons, partly because he was the least likely to do better, and partly because he was the son of a mother whose tongue was more virulent than the fiercest cur's, he prepared several bales of rich stuff of a novel pattern as his merchandise. Abdool himself, a young man more renowned for a good heart than a wise head, leaped with joy at the prospect of emancipation from the tedious restraints of the harem. Accordingly, having listened to the sage counsels which his father gave him against the dangers and deceptions of the world, much as a sieve receives water, he bade all a kind farewell, and set forth on his voyage, with all the impatience of a youth who has seen only the bright side of the future.

A pleasant voyage accomplished, Abdool found himself in the capital of the world, the gorgeous Stamboul, where happiness and splendour are reflected in a million different forms. Transported at finding himself his own master, and not slightly vain of a well-filled purse, and a very handsome, though somewhat simple visage, the young merchant, despising the remonstrances of his elder companion, hired a splendid stall in the bezestein, furnished it handsomely, and displayed his stuffs for sale. Nor had he long to wait for customers

The public, charmed with the acquisition of so easy a dupe, thronged his shop morning, noon, and night. Some openly robbed him, and while he was occupied in pursuing them, others followed the example, some few condescended to employ a little artifice in their frauds, but whether by downright theft, or underhand deception, Abdool was plundered incessantly right and left, until finally his very despoilers gave him the surname of the Simple, and his fame, spreading over the whole city, invited the sharks and crocodiles in still greater numbers.

One morning, Abdool the Simple opened his last bale of merchandise, and, as he hung it abroad, beat his brains to discover how the former had disappeared, without leaving any of those golden fruits which his father had taught him to expect on the tree of industry. Scarcely had he completed his arrangements, when a cry of "Make room, make room, true believers!" rung through the bezestein, and a lady, riding on a mule, and surrounded by about forty blacks with naked sabres, entered the market. She was richly habited, closely veiled, and, by her numerous train, evidently of rank, which being observed by the young merchant, he was surprised to see her stop and dismount at his threshold, where of late he had beheld only knavish dealers, and rogues of a more declared sort. To show his sense of the honour thus unexpectedly conferred, Abdool the Simple instantly rolled out a piece of flowered silk to make a path for the lady in the dust. But she kicked it carelessly aside as she dismounted, and holding her veil firmly to her waist, requested the merchant, in a voice sweet as the bulbul's complaining of the rose's inconstancy, to show her some of his finest stuffs, such as those of which they make the caftan.

Abdool flew to obey the orders of that honied voice, his richest wares, those most remarkable for the beauty of workmanship or dye, and exquisitely scented, were displayed in profusion. But rich and beautiful as they might be, the lady seemed not satisfied: some were too bright, others too dull. Every disappointment seemed only to increase the zeal of Abdool, and at length, the lady, tired of her own fastidiousness, selected as many as she thought proper, and inquired the price. Abdool the Simple, enchanted with the sweetness of her voice, replied, in some lines from Hafiz, that the sight of her lovely face would be a sufficient recompense for the loss of a throne.

"It is certainly, then, ample payment for these stuffs?" said the lady, with a slight laugh, "and I take you at your word. But there are too many persons about us at present—look to hear farther from me, and that ere long." She then beckoned to a slave, bade him take the stuffs on his head, turned to the merchant, nodded gravely, and set off, followed by her attendants.

Abdool was so intoxicated with the sweetness of her voice, that for some minutes he remained immovable, bending forward in an attitude of profound acknowledgment. Abdool the Simple, indeed, looked pre-eminently so, and, as he recovered from his fit of enthusiasm, he began to consider that a glance even in a hooiri's face was a very inadequate barter for six fine stuffs. And when, moreover, he recollected that even this happiness he had not obtained, and possessed never would, he felt inclined to knock out the few brains he possessed against the wall, but considering more deeply, he resolved not to add so signally to his folly. Accordingly, he rolled up what remained to him of the merchandise, lighted a pipe, and in a short time filled his

shop with smoke, and emptied his heart of care, to the great merriment of his surrounding friends, who declared that Abdool the Simple was wasting all that he had obtained in trade—namely, smoke—at a sitting. The young merchant was not in the least troubled at the observations of his fellow-merchants, which he ascribed to envy, and continuing to await customers with perfect coolness during the whole day, he waited in vain.

On the following day, Abdool awaited with great impatience the return of the beautiful purchaser of stuffs, for he had not the least doubt she would keep her word. But evening came on, and Abdool was both surprised and displeased with her non-arrival, yet after indulging for some time in a reverie on the falsehood and deceit of women, he resolved to think no more about her. Next day, at noon, when he opened his wares, he had regained all his natural cheerfulness, and he expressed the serenity of his heart by singing almost incessantly the whole day. His old customers immediately flocked around him to purchase at their former easy rates, but Abdool, out of humour with treachery in general, drove them off like flies, and suffered no one to approach his stall so that it was speedily deserted by all but himself. Abdool was astonished at this. He expected that when he had driven away the rogues, honest men would come in abundance, but he seemed to have driven away all the world.

In the course of another day, Abdool the Simple had as nearly forgotten the lady as she seemed to have forgotten him. One evening, however, when he had closed a shop which might as well never have been opened, and was about to sally forth to procure himself some melons for supper, he beheld two figures approaching towards him. One was a powerful Nubian, not quite black, but of a dusky leaden complexion, habited richly in scarlet and blue stuffs, with a yellow shawl on his turban. He carried a basket on one arm, and a sabre tucked under the other, and with him came a young female slave, in the Persian garb, and very closely veiled.

This pair approached to Abdool, and the black, halting opposite his stall, made three profound reverences, and inquired if he had the happiness of speaking to the most liberal of men, Abdool the Egyptian. On his reply in the affirmative, the Nubian whispered in his ear, that having heard the renown of his exceeding wealth and generosity, and having a most beautiful Persian slave to sell, he had taken the liberty to bring her for purchase to his magnificence.

Confounded by the splendid eulogiums passed on his riches and liberality, Abdool the Simple had not the courage to deny such flattering imputations. He thought, too, that by finding fault with the person of the slave, he could at once demonstrate the refinement of his own taste, and get rid of a bargain which he was not in a condition to accept. He therefore pompously invited them to enter, and escorted them into a saloon, spread with a rich carpet, and cushions of purple silk.

Devising the least offensive expressions of the dissatisfaction which he meant to express at the appearance of the slave, Abdool lighted a lamp, and informed the Nubian that he was willing to inspect his merchandise. The latter immediately commanded his slave to unveil, and bending submissively she threw aside her thick muffles, and with downcast eyes stood before the amazed Abdool—a miracle of beauty!

So transported was he with her perfection, both of form and countenance, that he threw himself, in an ecstasy of admiration, on his knees, and kissed the gilded point of her slippers, exclaiming, "If I had paradise, beautiful slave, I would sell it to buy you!"

"She is not dear, then, at three thousand gold pieces, and as many bales of silk?" said the Nubian, rubbing his hands.

These words suddenly restored Abdool to his senses, he arose with an obvious change of complexion. "Let us see her walk," he said, in a hesitating manner. "I hate women that walk like camels."

"Walk, Zuhma!" said the Nubian.

"Alas! she moves like the breath of music on the flowers!" said poor Abdool, much perplexed, and still more enamoured. "But she may have something disagreeable in her way of eating, or her voice may be displeasing. I have very delicate ears."

"Let my lord himself judge my voice!" returned the slave, and Abdool thought, as the clear rich tones fell on his sense, that it was not for the first time he had listened to them.

"She can sing men into paradise!" said the merchant, somewhat warmly, "and has more variety in her song than the bulbul! And for eating, if you will give us something to eat, you shall soon discern if that small red mouth munches like a ghoul!"

"It is a pomegranate slightly cleft!" said Abdool, mournfully. "It is crimson at the edges—it gushes with sweetness—and you may see the white pips within!"

"Give us something to eat!" reiterated the Nubian, much excited by the suspicions entertained as to his beautiful slave's manner of masticating.

"First of slave merchants! I would only be convinced that she is not a per, for she is more beautiful and fair than those which the prophet made of the rose-coloured light of paradise!" said Abdool. "Name your supper, and the ring of Solomon is on your finger to command me."

He spoke without reflecting that he had neither money to purchase eatables, nor a slave to cook them if he had. Remembering the fact, immediately after he had made this invitation, the face of the unfortunate youth imbibed the deep tints of shame, which the fair slave seemed to notice, for she smiled and glanced at the black.

"Nay, we will not have your large retinue, Abdool the Rich, brought in to stare and gape, and in case you do not purchase the goods, to give out that she is not worth the money—for your exquisite taste is known," replied the Nubian. "We bring our supper with us, which Zuhma will spread, that you may observe how handy she will be in preparing your meals."

The merchant squatted down on the carpet, according to his country's fashion, on his heels, while Abdool seated himself pompously beside him, and Zuhma, removing her upper garment, appeared in white muslin, richly bespangled with gold dust, with a caftan of yellow silk. She opened the basket and produced a clean cloth, which she spread on the carpet before them, and covered with delicate sweetmeats, fruit, wines, and some golden cups, with dates and filberts of the finest quality. Abdool's surprise during these preparations was great, but he dissembled it under an air of stately indifference, although his admiration every moment increased with observing the

grace and sprightliness of the young slave's movements When she had concluded her arrangements she crossed her arms on her bosom, and stood in the attitude of a slave when he waits on his master

"Zuhma may retire, and when we have done, shall eat in her turn," said the merchant

"Not so, for I am to see her eat—let her even sit beside me, that I may take what notice it shall please me of her manners," replied Abdool, graciously

"A bargain is a bargain, but ours is not yet concluded," replied the Nubian, significantly "Zuhma may sit on the other side of the cloth, and while you watch how she eats, I will take care she does not eat too much, for women and children never know when they have enough, and her complexion is of consequence to me when I meet with a customer who, like your magnificence, prefers a blonde"

The fair slave obeyed her master, and the merchant, observing that the table was not very broad, seated himself in the middle, combed his beard, and took the opportunity to feel that his sabre was easy in the scabbard He then began talking in an agreeable manner, for he was a professed wit, and but that it would let the reader too much into the secret, we would tell him that to this day a Mustapha (which was the Nubian's name) answers exactly in the East to that interesting species of anecdote which in the West is called a Joe Miller

Abdool secretly noticed what his witty guest said, although he took care to laugh continually, his soul and eyes were lost in contemplating the beauty before him, inasmuch that he totally forgot his professed object, and never once noticed whether she ate like a peri or a ghoul But every moment his trouble increased, for he perceived, from the fascinations which the fair slave lavished upon him, that she took a personal interest in bringing about the bargain between her owner and the handsome young Egyptian To thaw the ice of a first conversation, to melt it into that charming flow and sparkle which form the delight of society, seemed a natural talent of her own But the more he felt himself subdued, the more did Abdool feel the necessity of hiding his pleasure, lest he should leave himself no means of extrication from a bargain which he could not conclude

The charming slave observed his uneasiness, and roguishly increased it by all the means in her power, for she seemed resolved, if possible, to be bought by Abdool She complimented him on his personal charms, the vivacity of his wit, the gaiety and grace of his manner, though with little reason, for Abdool was lost in thought and perplexity Meanwhile, the merchant assiduously pointed out all the beauties of his slave to eyes that needed, alas! but little directing to find them out

"You observe her cheeks like the ripe plum, with the sun-bloom still upon it!—her eyes like those flowers of heaven, the stars!—her hair dark as the cypresses of Galata!—her bosom soft and undulating, as a white cloud floating past the sun!" he exclaimed "Can she be dear at—said I three thousand gold pieces? She is cheap at ten!"

"But—if I am not mistaken," said Abdool, tremulously, "she drinks wine Holy prophet! what is that she is taking to her lips, and of which she has poured us each a cup?"

"It is no more wine than the Mufti's beard!" said the Nubian, passionately "Taste it yourself, it is only rose-water, or, if it be, the sin is mine"

Abdool tasted—and he tasted again—and he thought it tasted very like wine, and of the richest sort, but was it for him to dispute the assurances of a man so much older and more experienced than himself, and the laughing pledge of the bright eyes of Zuluma, as she drained her cup, and chucked the drops into her mouth, as if unwilling to lose the least portion

The melancholy position in which he found himself, prevented Abdool from enjoying the pleasure which such charming society was likely to produce, if he avowed his delight, what excuse could he make to the merchant for not concluding the purchase? He sighed repeatedly, and sometimes looked absently into the gardens of a rich emir, his neighbour, which bloomed below Zuluma, mistaking the nature of his emotion, redoubled all her alluring artifices, she selected the finest viands for his plate, smiled, glanced, blushed—all in vain. The merchant himself obviously grew uneasy, though frequently provoked to hearty laughter at the extreme coldness and serenity of Abdool's assumed manner

Meanwhile time wore on, and Abdool felt the expediency of coming to some decision, to save his credit. After musing on a variety of faults appropriate to women, none of which he could by possibility find in Zuluma, "Excellent Mustapha!" he said at length, "I cannot but agree with you that the slave is well worth the trifle you ask for her. But it is not beauty I require at present, my harem is a flower-garden, comparable to those of Giamschid! I want a slave who can sing me to sleep when I lie down at noonday, some voices are too sweet, and are rather of an awakening influence, disturbing the serenity of the heart."

"Can you sing my lord to sleep, slave?" said Mustapha, laughing, till the tears ran down his black cheeks like pearls.

The fair slave pouted, and looked disdainfully down, till her long black eyelashes shone with the angry sparkle in her eyes. Abdool secretly repented, but observed, with a lofty air, "Let me hear the slave."

At a signal from the merchant, Zuluma began to sing, but she obviously took no pains to put Abdool to sleep. To the contrary, she sung some ironical verses, which she improvisated, representing the rose entreating the nightingale to sing her to sleep, informing her that a certain sultan had bought one of the most beautiful slaves in the world for the purpose—

"My soul of perfume, dear bulbul,
Henceforth in dew I'll weep,
And all I ask of you bulbul,
Is—lull me, love, to sleep!"

So enchanted was Abdool the Simple, that, in sheer compassion, he feigned to fall asleep, and lay back on the divan, in reality lost in a delicious reverie. He heard the Nubian and his slave exchange some murmured observations, not unmingled with laughter, and, apparently at a signal from the former, Zuluma crept softly towards him, and, after a moment's hesitation, kissed the sleeper softly and balmily as a rose-bud falling on his lips, but Abdool could no longer feign, and he started as if from sleep, intending to retahate on the beauteous slave, but, slipping from his arms, and sinking prostrate at his feet, Zuluma exclaimed—"Can I not put my lord to sleep?"

"No more of this! Will you buy her or not? I will not have my figs handled!" said the merchant, sternly advancing, with his hand on his sabre

"Oh, Mustapha! owner of paradise! if I were you I would not sell her for all the treasures of Solomon ben David!" sighed Abdool, turning crimson as a poppy. The Nubian laughed hoarsely. "I offer her for a very small portion of yours, magnificent Abdool!" he replied, in a tone of astonishment

"Take all I have! I have half a bale of the richest silks and cashmere shawls, and when the lady pays me who bought the other half yesterday, you shall have——"

"What is she to give you for them?" said the Nubian, attentively

"Alas!" said Abdool, colouring at the recollection of his folly, "only a look at her face!"

"The prophet has given this man's brains to a butterfly!" said the merchant, in a tone of mingled rage and contempt, and tossing the unfinished viands from his platters, emptying the bottles on the floor, without reference to the injury thereby inflicted on the carpet, he folded the cloth, and pushed them all in a pet into his basket. The fair slave, meanwhile, huddled on her upper garments, and tremblingly obeying the behests of her master, followed him to the door. Mustapha tucked her arm in his own, but he paused for an instant on the threshold, to observe that no one noticed his appearance, which at that hour might have excited suspicion. Convinced then that he was about to lose sight of that divine beauty for ever, and completely vanquished by love and grief, Abdool threw himself at the slave-merchant's feet, and exclaimed—"Since I cannot purchase her, let me sell myself, and become your slave, merely for the happiness of serving the same master!"

"If I buy such a simpleton, I must have something in with you," said the merchant, disdainfully. "When the lady pays you for her stuffs, bring the money into the bargain, and I may perhaps accept you as a slave." And, laughing hoarsely, he stepped forth, dragging the fair slave with him, who seemed touched with this last strong mark of affection—for she looked back repeatedly as she crossed the bazaar with her master. The despairing Abdool gazed after them until they were fairly out of sight, and then, with a profound sigh, re-entered his dwelling. His pleasant saloon, however, which he immediately revisited, had, in some inexplicable manner, lost all its attractions, so true it is, that the qualities of all things are in the mind, and not in the objects we survey, and that solitude exists nowhere but in the heart of man.

Milk is insipid after drinking rich wines, and the common life which succeeds a few sparkling moments is equally so. Abdool saw morning and night succeed each other with an indifference perfectly astonishing. Anybody robbed him that pleased, he spent hours on hours musing on the recollection of the fascinations of the fair slave. Outwardly he sat on his stall in a state of dead calm, and the neighbours, peeping at him with laughing curiosity, indulged themselves in the most cutting reflections, without disturbing the equanimity of the love-lost merchant.

But suddenly the surmises of the curious were excited on another occasion. Abdool had nearly forgotten all about the lady who had

apparently cheated him out of his stuffs, when one noonday a porter, carrying a heavy casket, made his appearance. "Be pleased to count the contents," he said, "and give me a receipt. It is from the lady who bought your stuffs, and she is so delighted with your civility in trusting her, that she has doubled the sum for which she purchased them." Abdool was so stupid with grief, that he contented himself with merely emptying the casket into his lap, and giving the porter a handful of pieces, he left him once more to his meditations. What was to him all this wealth? Who could doubt that so charming a slave must, ere now, be disposed of, and, if not, where was he to find the merchant to renew the treaty, for he knew that he was a stranger, and had in vain described him to some merchants to discover who he might be.

In the midst of this despairing reverie, a shadow suddenly darkened his downcast eye-lids, and the loud, lusty voice of the Nubian saluted him. "Wealth makes wants, but satisfies none. Has the richest of men repented that he did not rather gather the real fruits of beauty, than the painted glass of the gnomes of gold?"

Abdool started up in a flutter of delight. "I have repented of nothing," he said. "The lady has paid me for my stuffs, and I am now in a condition, as I imagine, to buy the hooi, your slave."

"Let us see," replied the merchant, deliberately, and with a calm and calculating look, he began counting the pieces, carefully separating the different kinds of coin from each other, while Abdool's heart bounded in his bosom, like a gazelle's, when it has reached some shelter from the hunter, but is still doubtful of its safety.

"Here are seven hundred pieces of gold, and half as many of silver," said the Nubian. "Do you dream to purchase that priceless slave with this beggarly sum, which is scarcely sufficient for an only negress of Ethiopia?"

"Let me purchase then, at least, the right to be your slave, along with the adored Zulima!" returned Abdool.

"I keep my slaves in good order, they seldom see me without the chibouk," said the Nubian, and, as if elated with the recollection of the sufferings he had inflicted, he began singing a comic air. In vain did Abdool strive repeatedly to interrupt him, he sang imperturbably on, until at last, when the young man's agitation ceased to give him any pleasure, he informed him that he had sold the slave to a rich emir. Abdool immediately threw himself upon his face, and wept with such vigour that the merchant seemed somewhat moved. "If it will be any consolation for you to see her again, and you will give me this trifle you have received for my pains, I think I can contrive it," he said, at last.

Abdool looked up sorrowfully, but attentively, and instantly threw the money over to him in a turban.

"Can you play on any instrument?" continued the merchant, thoughtfully.

"On the theorbo," replied Abdool.

"Very well. I am a dealer also in the musical cattle supplied for the entertainment of seraghos, you shall accompany me to that of the nobleman of whom I speak, and if you play your part well, your head will be in very little danger, and I will find some excuse not to sell you, whether they approve your performance or not."

Danger and difficulties are the incentives of youth to enterprise, and Abdool the Simple was not in the least discouraged by the prospect of the thorns on the rose of pleasure "You may sell me if you like, and I shall thank you heartily!" he replied, ingenuously

"Here are some pieces to purchase the garb of a slave, be in readiness in two hours," replied Mustapha, demurely, and without waiting for any reply, he stalked away

The two hours passed, and the Nubian faithfully returned, with a whip in his hand, and after duly surveying Abdool from head to foot, he commanded him to stand in an attitude of obedience before him Abdool, who had never been a slave before, forgot to clasp his hands on his head, and, to the contrary, crossed them on his breast, and bent forward, as is usual among gentlemen The Nubian instantly lashed him severely, and inquired if that was the way for a slave to stand before his master Abdool recollected himself, and, although smarting severely, obeyed Such is the mighty power of love!

Satisfied with his submission, the Nubian commanded his new slave to follow, and led the way to the sea-shore, where he embarked in a little boat, rowed by two mutes, which he himself steered The waters were of a beautiful green, and so perfectly transparent, that you could see down them to a great depth, as into waves of liquid emerald After a time, Abdool observed at a distance a palace of vast extent, ornamented with innumerable towers and minarets, with flights of steps descending to the water of the sea, and so richly carved and glittering in the sun, that it seemed as if the vast edifice were built of the purest silver, fretted with goldsmiths' work This effect was increased by the vast number of tall dark cypresses, which towered, like black giants, among the innumerable gardens of the palace

"To whom belongs this magnificent structure?—to some genie?" said Abdool, in great admiration

"To a vizier, and favourite of the sultan, a man so exceedingly jealous and ferocious, that, notwithstanding the character in which you go, were he not absent, I should not dare to introduce you in his haum," replied the Nubian

Abdool was but little alarmed at this statement, for his thoughts were absorbed in the prospect of seeing Zulima again They landed at one of the stairs, and ascending it together, the Nubian halted in the midst of a large open dome, of white marble, supported on pillars of the same material, richly carved and silvered in the ornaments On one side was the sea, on all the others flights of steps, which descended into lovely gardens and orchards, from which peeped the gilded domes and spires of innumerable keosks The pavement was inlaid with blue and gold, and, at fitting intervals, were arranged sofas of silver damask, shaded by muslin curtains In the centre of the saloon was a fountain of white marble, the music of whose falling waters joined in perpetual harmony with the songs of the birds and the whispering murmurs of the green foliage

Abdool had scarcely satiated his gaze with the sight of all this splendour, when his ears were saluted with a soft flourish of dulcimers, and a great number of ladies appeared in various directions, ascending the steps towards the saloon They were all very brilliantly and variously attired, in the costumes of remote nations of the east, as well as those more immediately under the Sublime sceptre They

were all veiled, but as they came on laughing and chatting together, Abdool, alarmed at the sight of so many ladies, and so richly clad, would have retreated, but that the Nubian held him firmly by the arm. Abdool the Simple stared like one surrounded by enemies, who seeks some desperate means of escape. "Fool!" whispered the black, "stand firm, or you will cause both our ruins! And now tell me which is Zulma."

Looking up at the beloved name, Abdool, after an instant's scrutiny, perceived a figure which he did not for an instant doubt was that of the fair slave, and prostrating himself at her feet, as she advanced with a number of her companions, the Nubian introduced him as an Egyptian eunuch perfectly skilled in the theorbo, for whom he entreated their favour. The ladies laughed pleasantly, and Zulma exclaiming, "Let us unveil then, and take the air," threw off her veil, and the rest imitating her example, disclosed such a diversity of beauty, that Abdool believed he was transported among the hoores of paradise. From the white Greek to the night-coloured Indian, there were charms of every land and shade of tint, but the loveliest were undoubtedly the Persian Zulma, the Ionian Aphrodite, and the Indian girl, Nourmahal, so famous for her brilliant eyes.

"It is the same, Nourmahal, that would have bought me to sing him to sleep!" said Zulma, laughing satirically, but at the same moment she turned and whispered to Abdool, "I perceive your artifice, and applaud it, most faithful of lovers!"

Enraptured beyond measure at his reception, Abdool prostrated himself repeatedly, and the ladies, seating themselves on their sofas, Mustapha clapped his hands, and a number of little black mutes entered, bringing rose sherbet in snow, with perfumed sweetmeats, fruit, and other delicacies, especially peaches of Damascus. The delighted Abdool was invited to seat himself on a carpet of the finest Persian wool in the centre of the beautiful group, while the Nubian stood behind him. The most perfect good humour and pleasant raillery diversified the conversation, which was even heightened when the Indian girl desired Abdool to declare, in an extemporaneous song, which among them he considered the most lovely.

"Who can say, in a nosegay, which colour it is which charms him, which fragrance it is which intoxicates his sense with delight?" returned Abdool, very aptly. "In the rainbow there are innumerable colours, that only is loveliest which the eye esteems so—the eye, the window of the heart."

All the ladies admired this witty turn, and Aphrodite exclaimed—"They who call thee simple, give their own fault to thee!"

It was now proposed that they should have a dance, and Abdool was ordered to play to them on the theorbo. Intoxicated with joy, he seated himself on the rim of the fountain, while the ladies, joining hand in hand, formed in a circle—all their gorgeous habits, the white marble of the saloon, the fountain, the waters of the sea, and the distant hills of Asia turning fast to a rosy red in the setting sun. Zulma, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite took tambours in their hands, and merrily beat time to the music of Abdool, who played with much grace and expression. The beautiful visages were flushed with the exercise and pleasure, and that of the Indian girl became of the dusky crimson hue of torchlight in waves. But in the midst of all this jollity, a slave

suddenly appeared rushing up the steps, and calling as loudly as he could, for speed and exhaustion—"The vizier!—the vizier!"

At this cry, all stood aghast, and Abdool almost felt the stroke of a sabre on his neck, but Mustapha's presence of mind did not quite desert him. "Forget not, ladies, that I have incurred all the risk to oblige you!" he exclaimed. "The vizier will never believe my story, he knows the names and persons of all strangers, assist me to hide him, or we are both dead dogs!"

"Cover him in the carpet!" exclaimed Zulima, and at a signal from her white hand, four blacks rushed forward, seized Abdool, who made no resistance in his bewilderment, and among them they rolled him up in a mummy shape, and marched off with their burden at the moment when the clash of cymbals announced the arrival of the vizier.

Abdool was congratulating himself as he was carried away, though nearly smothered, when suddenly a dreadful voice called to the slaves to stop. Abdool's heart leaped as they obeyed, and still more when he heard the same voice command the blacks to return with their burden.

"What have we here?" continued the voice, which Abdool could not doubt was that of the vizier, as the blacks set him down in silent consternation.

But here, observed the story-teller, lest you should be too much alarmed, I must inform you that this panic was only part of a preconcerted plan. Although Abdool the Simple was very far from imagining himself guilty of so unspeakable a sacrilege, he was now in the seraglio of the magnificent Sultan Solymán, who was absent from his capital engaged in the extirpation of the misbelieving Guebbers of Persia, with his famous vizier, Ibrahim. Zulima was one of the Sultan's favourites, and the Nubian was no less a person than the chief of the eunuchs, Mustapha, so renowned for his facetious sayings. It was one of Mustapha's theories, that the only way to keep women out of mischief was to amuse them, and, struck with Zulima's extraordinary account of the stuff-merchant—for it was she who had purchased the bale of him—and being a personage exceedingly fond of practical jokes, he had, with rare imprudence, fallen into her plans of diverting herself, and the other ladies of the harem, at the expense of the simple Abdool.

"What are you hurrying from my sight?" again demanded the voice, which was, in truth, that of Mustapha Aga counterfeiting another. "Merely some flowers to deck the oda, may my lord be pleased!" replied the tremulous Zulima.

"Flowers!—flowers in a rug!" replied the vizier, angrily.

"They are to be put in the jars of dried leaves, so that, when the night wind breathes over our couches, we may dream pleasantly," replied Zulima.

"There are often noxious insects in flowers, let us carefully examine them before they are put in the jars," said the vizier, and Abdool shook like a flag on a windy day.

"Alas, my lord, we have sewed them into the carpet!" replied the soft, languishing voice of Nourmahal.

"I will rip it open, then, with my sabre!" said the vizier.

"Ah, stop, my lord!" exclaimed Aphrodite, "I will bring a pair of scissors."

While Aphrodite pretended to search about for those instruments, the supposed vizier advanced, and gave the bundle rather a hard kick "How is this, Zuhmal!" he exclaimed, "the flowers are as hard within as a rock"

"Let my lord forgive his slave!" returned Zulima, sinking on the ground at the vizier's feet "Since I must needs tell the truth, I will I have broken my theorbo in a fit of passion, because, being hung in a damp place, it was out of tune, and ashamed of my unreasonable violence, I desired Mustapha to send it to some musician of his acquaintance, who might put it again in order"

"Take it then, Mustapha, and let your friend repair the damage without loss of time, for I take much pleasure in hearing Zulima play, two of my gardengers shall help you" Abdool, who had listened to this dialogue in speechless terror, found himself lifted in the arms of two stout slaves, and carried along as a theorbo But having no doubt that Mustapha would provide for his liberation, he stiffened himself as much as possible to represent the instrument To add to his grievances, he heard loud peals of laughter follow his departure, and he imagined that although the ladies might pretend to be enjoying some witty observation of their master, they were in reality laughing at his extraordinary exit

The gardeners carried their burden swiftly along, jostling with every thing they met, scarcely deigning to take the least precaution against contact, but as they wore the uniform of the bostangis of the scraglio, no one dared to complain, but each swallowed his own bitterness

It seemed the unlucky theorbo was sent to a certain musician of the city to be repaired, an old, shrivelled man, like most of his tribe, very peevish, and absorbed in his pursuits He was in his shop, busily engaged in tuning the strings of a cittern, bent nearly double over it, with his ear to the opening, and tinkling the wires with his long yellow nails The bostangis, without the least respect to his anxiety, entered with their burden, and flung it carelessly down on the carpet "Haak you, mummy!" said the foremost, striking the musician familiarly on the back with his lance, "the vizier's lady has broken her theorbo, and you are to mend it before sunset, or you will find your neck in a bow-string"

"May the vizier's lady be saved eternally!" said the musician, shaking with indignation,—"and the messengers damned for the same period!" he added, as the bostangis quitted his doors, and then bending his back again nearly double, he resumed his eternal tink-tink-tink

All this time Abdool the Simple lay shaking with terror, the palpitations of his heart scarcely concealed by the thick carpet in which he was nearly choked, expecting every instant to be seized by the musician, and foreseeing the most disastrous exposure Still he hoped in Mustapha, whose interest was equally opposed with his own to such a catastrophe, and he patiently waited and hoped on His position became every moment more uneasy, not daring to move a muscle lest he should attract notice, and in this lamentable state, he cursed ten thousand times the foolish temerity which had placed him in it "What was it to thee, speechless fool, that the vizier's slave is more lovely than the full moon?" he exclaimed to himself "Caterpillar as thou art! why didst thou venture to gnaw the rose, to cause the gardener to crush thee? O man! why did not Providence make thee an ass?"

In melancholy reflections of this nature, which are sure to come with their wisdom too late, as when people bring a torch to light a man out of a ditch, Abdool expected every moment that Ebn Hadjee, as the musician was called, would seize upon him. But Ebn, absorbed in tuning the cittern, scarcely recollected the vizier's order until he had completed the task to his satisfaction. But suddenly recollecting the peremptory nature of the command, he cursed his forgetfulness aloud, and began searching for some tool which he appeared to have lost. Abdool fervently hoped that the search might lead him into another chamber, and was not disappointed in this one expectation, for the musician not being able to find his tool, went into a closet to look for another. The theorbo immediately took advantage of this movement, gliding out of his carpet, and hiding himself among some straw in which the musician usually slept.

He had scarcely concealed himself ere Ebn returned with his tools, and thoughtfully unrolled the carpet,—a sudden cry announced his discovery of the loss. The cry instantly attracted the notice of some passers-by, who entered the shop, and eagerly inquired the reason of the disturbance. Ebn Hadjee answered in terms of incoherent despair, that he had received a fine theorbo from a vizier's lady to repair, and that some thieves had stolen it during a few moments when he was absent looking for his tools. Some laughed at this statement, but others, with better feeling, aided the unfortunate musician, inquiring if he was certain he had not mislaid it any where in his chambers. Unluckily for Abdool, among the kind persons who ran in was a dog, which came with the rest to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and quickly snuffed him out in his straw. Abdool was dragged head-forcmost from his concealment, and stood aghast before a crowd, who saluted him as a robber.

"Where is the theorbo, abhorred by all men?" shouted Ebn, shaking his fist in a palsy of rage—a question which the throng around echoed in more tongues than were spoken at Babel. Abdool, bewildered and terrified, merely clasped his hands and called on Mahomet to help him, and declare his innocence by some miracle. But the circumstances in which he was found would have convinced the most impartial judge, and the crowd listened only to their own voices. Abdool the Simple was hurried off, without being heard a single word in justification, almost without attempting one, to the presence of the Cadi, saluted by the crowd with more execrations than would have been sufficient for them all together.

The Cadi was a venerable man with a long white beard, and great penetration of intellect, so that, after hearing the particulars of the case, conceiving it impossible that the prisoner could offer any justification, he turned to him and mildly inquired who were his accomplices, and what induced him to commit so great a crime. Abdool the Simple hung down his head and burst into tears. The judge, pitying his youth and affliction, renewed his question with greater mildness, but his compassion vanished when the young man protested his utter innocence, and that he had never stolen the value of a sequin in his life, nor anything, indeed, but some cakes from his mother. The Cadi calmly inquired how, then, and for what purpose, he was found concealed in the musician's bed. To this Abdool, unwilling to inculcate the fair slave, gave so prevaricating an answer, that the magistrate lost patience,

and the stern eyes he fixed on him so awed and confused the culprit, that he plunged deeper and deeper into contradictions, and finally put what seemed to be the crown on his absurdities, by declaring that he himself was the theorbo ! at which announcement the audience burst into a peal of laughter, from which the judge himself with difficulty refrained. Resuming his gravity instantly, and stroking his beard, "Do you know, friend," said the Cadi, "the punishment for this robbery, which shall certainly be executed, unless you confess who are your accomplices ?"

"But I am innocent, and God will do justice on all men !" exclaimed Abdool, with brimful eyes.

"Cut off his right hand, and throw him into the sea !" said the Cadi, justly enraged at this obstinacy. Abdool was immediately hurried out upon a stone balcony adjoining the Cadi's place of judgment, in the midst of which was a steel block, upon which lay a hatchet, a bow-string, and a knife to perform amputations. It was all covered with the gore of some recent sufferer, whose head lay in a basket, for the executioner, who was a negro, overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen fast asleep in the sun, after heaving the body into the sea, which rolled immediately below. The guards went to wake the negro to his task, execrating his laziness, Abdool glanced at the deep waters, then at the executioner, who, clad in a buffalo's skin, thickly dotted with blood, awoke grumblingly from his sweet sleep. The sight gave him courage, and while the guards were occupied in explaining their mission to the yawning negro, Abdool slung himself softly over a balustrade, slid down one of the pillars, and dived deeply and silently as a fish into the waves, taking care not to rise again until he was at too great a distance to be observed. The guards and the executioner suddenly looking round, perceived that the prisoner was gone, and had no doubt that he had effected his escape, but to conceal their carelessness, they agreed among themselves to declare that the sentence was executed, and fortunately there happened to be two or three dead bodies lying about, which the black had been too lazy to remove, from which they selected a suitable hand.

Meanwhile, the ladies in the seraglio were in high good humour, expecting to hear a laughable account of the scene between Ebn and his living theorbo, when Mustapha entered the harem with a very angry countenance. "My father and mother were undoubtedly both of them fools, and I am their son !" he exclaimed. "How else was I mad enough to grant your requests, women, without the least sense of propriety ?" A great deal more he said of equal severity, while the women, clinging about him, entreated him, for a long time in vain, to tell them what had happened. At last he complied, and the grief and compassion of those gentle creatures knew no bounds. Zulima protested that, when the Sultan returned, she would never rest until she had the old Cadi's head off, on some pretext or another, Aphrodite entreated Mustapha to hasten and console Abdool with their compassion, Nourmahal, more practically, set herself to work to prepare a balmy unguent for the severed limb.

Meanwhile, the object of all this kindness swam till his strength was nearly exhausted, but as he had now reached a part of the shore principally occupied by the gardens of wealthy citizens, he landed without much danger, in an olive grove. Considering that his wet

garb would excite attention, he prudently waited till evening came on before he ventured to return to the city, and then arriving safely at his own house, he firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with viziers and their slaves—in which wise resolution he remained till he altered it.

On the following morning, when Mustapha arrived with the consolations of the ladies, he perceived with great surprise that Abdool was in his usual seat, calling the prices of his articles, and using both his hands in moving them. “Mirror of merchants, and luckiest of men!” he said, saluting the young Egyptian, “with what potent magic art you acquainted, that when your limbs are severed one day, you regain them the next?”

“A sane man and one out of his senses cannot be said to be the same person, yesterday I was a madman,” replied Abdool.

Despite this discouraging reception, Mustapha pressed for an explanation of the circumstances by which he had escaped a punishment to which, with infinite grief, he had heard that he was subjected, arriving for the purpose of releasing him only in time to hear the disastrous intelligence. Finally Abdool told him all, and Mustapha, heartily congratulating him, returned to narrate the singular adventure to the ladies.

All united in praising the gallantry and courage of Abdool in suffering so much rather than implicate Zulima, and she herself was secretly touched. But so irresistible is the love of mischief among women, that they had scarcely done praising him, ere they were seized with the desire of inflicting some new jest on the hapless stuff-merchant. Mustapha, however, would not hear of it, until Nourmahal threatened, that if he did not consent, she would take care the Sultan should learn on his return all that had happened in his absence.

Accordingly, Mustapha returned to the Egyptian's stall, and having saluted Abdool, gave him a most extravagant description of the praises which the ladies bestowed on him. “So delighted are they, and in especial Zulima, with your whole behaviour, that they desire nothing so much as to see you again, and intend undoubtedly to confer on you some great reward!” He continued—“An excellent opportunity occurs, without the least danger, which is so often the wasp in the apple. To-night the vizier's wife has given orders for the marriage of one of her favourite attendants, a negress, to a negro of my acquaintance. If you will consent to disguise the bloom of your complexion with lamp-black, I will send you a proper habit, and you shall go as one of the attendants on the bridegroom.”

Abdool the Simple mused for some moments, but the hope of seeing Zulima again proved irresistible. Mustapha himself assisted at his toilet, and having smeared him over with oil and lamp-black, lent him a suit of garments, such as are worn by the frightful negroes of Malabar. Not satisfied with the hideousness of his appearance in this disguise, Mustapha dyed some sheep's wool, and stuck it under his turban for hair. Then pretending that the bridal party must have set forward, and that they were too late to join it, he conducted Abdool, by many winding lanes to confuse his recollection, until they came to a garden wall. A small wicket stood open, and Mustapha led the way into so beautiful a garden, that Abdool for some time could scarcely believe but that he had wandered into those of paradise.

The illusion was heightened, when, passing through a grove of flowering almond-trees, which descended into a valley, at the base of which leaped in cascades a broad and cooling stream, Abdool perceived, on the opposite side, a pavilion, which, from its splendour, was called the Golden Saloon. Although it was still daylight, a thousand wax tapers burned in as many alabaster lamps, scarcely diffusing a stronger radiance than that of the moon when visible at noonday. A thousand vases of the transparent porcelain of China, full of the richest flowers, were placed round the hall, and a sweet smell of ambergris scented the air to so great a distance, that the fishermen on the Asiatic shore distinguished it.

Entering this magnificent pavilion, Abdool perceived with surprise that the roof was supported by gilded palm-trees, around which lay, as if chiselled in stone, unnumbered blacks, all dressed in the purest white. But the moment he came in sight, a clash of military music startled them all, and leaping up, they joined hands, and danced a very grotesque movement around Abdool, frequently clasping him in their arms, and uttering their usual discordant cries expressive of joy. Abdool was much surprised, but he could not in politeness repulse this good fellowship, and his patience was rewarded, for the negroes concluded their dance, and conducted him, with marks of great distinction, to a musnud, which seemed prepared for him. Mustapha frequently admonished him to do as they desired him, and then, with an unintelligible wink at Abdool, informed him that he was going for the bride.

As soon as he was gone, the blacks produced some boiled rice from their turbans, and began eating, but although they very hospitably offered Abdool a share, he as courteously declined. In the midst of this interchange of civilities, the gardens seemed suddenly to swarm with the beauties whom Abdool had seen on a previous occasion. They came in a kind of procession, bringing along with them, under a canopy of pink silk, the negress who was to be married, and whom the fair Zulima herself led by the hand. She was of immense stature, with nostrils as wide as those of a horse, and altogether perfectly ugly. She wore a robe of fine striped calico, with a string of shells round her neck, and white beads round her ankles, which, as well as her arms and feet, were bare.

The innumerable smiles which greeted him from all these fair creatures bewildered Abdool, who felt like a butterfly in a fine garden, unable to fix his attention. But perceiving Zulima, at a signal from Mustapha, he advanced and prostrated himself at her feet.

"There were a thousand flowers in the garden!" he said, languishingly, "but the flower I loved was the loveliest of all."

"Your presence is that of the sun to the flowers, agreeable Abdool!" replied Zulima. "But now let us eat the wedding-feast." She then whispered in a low tone, "How shall I sufficiently thank thee, Abdool, falsely called the Simple? But be prudent, and as it is very possible the vizier may look in, be very cautious, for know that this marriage is merely an expedient contrived among us to see and thank you, and that these slaves imagine yourself to be the destined bridegroom."

Abdool was thunderstruck at this intelligence, but without allowing him any time to recover from his amazement, Zulima directed the bride and bridegroom to be seated beside each other on a rich mat in the

centre of the apartment. She then clapped her hands, and slaves entered, each bearing a dish of the most refined delicacies. The repast was eaten in profound silence. Abdool was devoured with chagrin at finding himself treated by the negress in a manner which showed she was not in the secret, but really looked upon him as her destined bridegroom. She asked what part of Africa he came from, and tried him in various dialects which she had known in her youth, for she was now pretty old. Zuluma and the other ladies laughed almost incessantly at the random replies which Abdool made, and his excessive confusion.

At last, observing that his ill humour increased so much as to threaten a discovery, Zuluma called for rose-sherbet, and proposed that they should all contribute something towards a present for the bride. Accordingly, a basket went round, and was soon nearly filled with little presents, including some pretty jewels from Zuluma, but as she put her contribution in the basket, with the usual "May it be lucky!" she suddenly started up, advanced a few paces, and prostrated herself at the feet of a tall figure which had glided unnoticed into the pavilion.

"Lord of hearts!" she exclaimed, "forgive thy slave's, if it presumes to discover you in this plain robe."

"Dahlia of beauty!" replied the figure, which was in reality that of a Kashgar slave, belonging to Mustapha, "I intended to have partaken of your diversions without the restraint which my presence imposes, but since you have discovered me, I will add to the felicity of these black lovers by marrying them myself, as I am also a mufti."

At these words, Abdool, who had prostrated himself with the other negroes on the discovery of the vizier, felt as if a crocodile were about to devour him. The vizier commanded Zuluma to bring forward the bride and bridegroom. The fair slave advanced to Abdool, in a voice full of sorrow ordered him to rise, and looking at him in the most tender manner, seemed to beseech him not to cause her ruin. Abdool, overcome by the sight, gave signs of submission, and a bright joy instantly dyed Zuluma's cheek as purple as a plum. With desperate resolution he dragged himself before the vizier, whither Mustapha had already brought the negress, and stretched out his hand as if to receive a serpent rather than a bride, which she eagerly seized, as if afraid that her victim might escape. Unfortunately, in his haste to equip him, Mustapha had forgotten to blacken Abdool's hands, which accordingly presented a singular contrast linked in the dark one of his bride. This phenomenon, which the pretended vizier could not in consistency avoid observing, immediately produced from him a remark, to the effect that we can never sufficiently wonder at the operations of nature, and that he would be glad to know the reason of this miracle.

"Light of desiring eyes!" replied the witty Nourmahal, "the slave of thy slave's mother, was a most beautiful negress of Dongola; but the rest of his parentage is more obscure."

Satisfied with this explanation, the vizier continued the solemn ceremony, and, after the usual promises, Abdool saluted that mighty negress as his bride, while the almond-fair Zuluma looked on, affecting to drop the tear of sensibility.

During the performance of the sacred rites, it was with difficulty the ladies refrained from laughter, when they saw Abdool make as many wry faces as if he were taking a measure of bitter verjuice.

Mustapha Aga looked mournfully on, but still his eyes twinkled with irrepressible mirth

‘How happily will they live together, though unequally matched in blackness!’ said the vizier “But I do not mean to send them beggars into the world, bring the basket of contributions to me, and afterwards let them parade the palace, and all my officers will contribute

The vizier flung a purse into the basket, containing a hundred sequins, Mustapha received his instructions, and the black slaves instantly surrounding their fortunate brother, began dancing and striking tambours with a hideous noise. Observing Abdool’s bewildered look, the chief of the eunuchs whispered to him that they were all lost if he hesitated, and Abdool submitted to everything. His hateful bride clasped him round the neck, and together they prostrated themselves three times before the vizier “May you be happy, amiable Abdool!” said a hundred of the sweetest lips, which opening breathed the air full of the scent of roses. Amidst the clash of the cymbals and the beating of drums, the wedded pair then took their departure, escorted by Mustapha and the blacks, and as they left the golden pavilion, either the genies of air made a mocking sound resembling it, or a peal of laughter echoed for several minutes after them, which was again and again renewed

Every one congratulated Abdool on his happiness, while he was nearly dead with vexation and grief. His sole idea was how to effect his escape, and at the same time to overwhelm his tormentors and his hideous bride with scorn. But Mustapha seemed not inclined to allow him any chance, nor was it likely that any insult to their countrywoman would be tolerated by the blacks. He was accordingly escorted amidst all this uproar and rejoicing to the apartment occupied by the black slaves, and there Mustapha, commending him to the care of the wedding-guests, returned to laugh with the ladies over the success of their plot.

The negroesses now came out of their lodgings, as the custom was, in their best clothes, and the bride retired with them while Abdool remained with the men. He took his opportunity at once, and informing the company that after the fatigues of the day it would be necessary for him to bathe, desired them to divide the sequins among them, while he went into the inner chambers for the purpose. The negroes, who are naturally very obliging, immediately showed him into a bath, where they left him to refresh himself. Abdool immediately washed all the black off his face and neck, turned his turban inside out, and fearlessly quitted the bath, certain not to be recognised. He even passed through the chamber in which the negroes were sitting around a huge fire, for they never find the sun hot enough, without their suspecting in the least that they beheld the bridegroom.

It may be imagined whether Abdool hesitated long when he had once reached the open air. Leaving the palace behind him, gleaming like the halls of Eblis in the fiery light of the setting sun, he plunged into a deep wood of pomegranates, the dense perfume of which nearly choked him. Soon he distinguished a loud hallooing, by which he knew that his absence was noticed, and rushing desperately on, he at length emerged on a smooth shore shaded by lofty cypresses, on which rippled with a gentle murmur the purple waves of the sea.

Most fortunately, although against the orders of the sultan, some fishermen, hearing the muezzin, had ventured to land here, and were at their devotions some way down the shore, leaving their boat tied to the stem of one of the trees. Abdool immediately jumped into it, and rowed out to a considerable distance, ere the fishermen, perceiving their loss, came tearing their hair, and shouting to him to bring their boat back. But Abdool was relentless with his own fears, and soon rowed himself out of hearing.

Abdool now discerned in what direction to row, for the golden dome of the Grand Mosque,* appeared above all the towers and slender minarets of the seraglio, as if hung by Solomon in the air. He skimmed rapidly down the shores, and, landing at a burying-ground, left the boat, and hid himself until morning in a tomb. But hearing a continual creeping in the grave, as if a vampire were within, he spent a very uncomfortable night, and with daylight returned to his house, completely exhausted, spiritless, and cursing his own folly.

All that day he spent in sleep, and Mustapha, having heard of his singular escape, when he came to ascertain what had become of him, was concerned to find the shop closed. Doubting that the adventure had ended disastrously, he returned with the tidings to the ladies, who were infinitely chagrined, more especially as they were already plotting another practical joke. They, therefore, prevailed on Mustapha to return at sunset, and ascertain if Abdool had not made his reappearance.

Gapping fearfully at the closed door, Mustapha was much gratified at finding it opened by Abdool, and all his love for sport and mischief returned when he observed the rueful visage of the merchant. He burst into a fit of laughter, which was only increased by the persevering solemnity of Abdool's look.

"The fair slave," said he, at length, when his paroxysm had somewhat subsided, "sends her compliments to you, and is so much moved by your generous sacrifice to her safety last night, that—but here is a nosegay which speaks her opinions better than I can do."

He handed a bouquet of the most lovely flowers to Abdool, which in elegant language expressed love, jealousy, doubt, extreme desire to see him again, and gratitude. "In short," continued Mustapha, "the fair slave ascribes all your misfortunes to neglect of that remarkable saying of Hafiz, that two are good company, and a third is one too many; therefore, if you have sufficient courage, the lovely Zulima has offered me a diamond of enormous price, to assist you to pay her a visit while the vizier is engaged in the important concerns of state."

One would have thought that Abdool had acquired some experience, but what is experience to the foolish? Carp will not take the bait twice, but youth will as often as it is offered! He consented, but he was somewhat staggered when Mustapha informed him it would be necessary for him to go in a large wicker basket, as a young rook, a bird of the largest species, famous for the beauty and magnificence of its plumage. "I will take care that it shall be lined, as if to prevent the curious from staring at you," said Mustapha, "and as I am known to be a dealer in the most curious merchandize, I shall easily get you conveyed into the women's apartments—that is, if you have the courage to go, which I doubt."

* St Sophia.

The indiscreet Abdool fired up at the insinuation, he agreed to everything, and spent all the intervening time in bathing, perfuming, and arraying himself in the finest silks of those which he had remaining. At the appointed hour, Mustapha came with some bostangis, whom he caused to wait outside, and a basket, such as he had promised, into which got Abdool the Simple, and was immediately carried off by the bostangis to the seraglio, not in the least suspecting the kind of bird which they were carrying.

After a long transit, the bostangis halted, and set down their burden. Mustapha dismissed them, and Abdool sprang up red with fatigue and anxiety. For the moment his eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the basket, were dazzled by the splendour which he beheld. He was in a hall of white marble, of such vast extent that the pillars which supported it in the distance, were scarcely visible. The roof seemed to be the sky itself, as well from its loftiness, as the million little suns of glass, set in it, the walls were of great height, and completely covered with the loveliest flowers, and richly scented plants, until they ended in a cornice of white and blue marble. The floor was of white marble, dotted at proper intervals with nearly a hundred basins of black, purple, blue, and crimson marble, for the use of the ladies of the seraglio, when they pleased to take the bath. These basins were all shaded by artificial trees of gold and silver, hung with jewels for fruit, their glittering foliage forming a shade against the heat of the sun. Divans of cloth of gold were arranged in readiness for the ladies to recline upon after the bath, and drink their coffee, while some slaves polished their fine skins, and others, who are hired for that purpose in the east, to supply the place of magazines, diverted them with amusing tales. Twelve fountains, all of differently coloured marbles, contributed to the delight and coolness of the scene, and the central one, which threw its diamond showers in the form of a vast and perfect dome, was intended for the ladies to play in, when they were inclined to divert themselves with so harmless a recreation.

Abdool stared amazedly at this enchanting scene, and while Mustapha was enjoying his surprise, he yet was somehow disturbed to remark, that, with all his folly, Abdool was a particularly handsome youth. Jocose as he was by nature, Mustapha half repented of his project, but while he was musing, Zulima came rushing in. "Beloved Abdool!" she exclaimed, completely out of breath, "I have but a moment to warn you—get into your basket again! The women of India have reproached us fair ones, in the presence of the vizier, with the falsehood that we have coloured our skins with rose-water, we, on the contrary, have asserted that they owe the glossiness of their skins to oils, the vizier has therefore ordered all of us to bathe, that he may decide which are the calumniators."

"In Allah's name, get into the basket at once!" said Mustapha, counterfeiting the greatest terror, and pushing the lid of the basket down upon the unlucky prisoner, he added, "Excuse me, my dear friend, if I fasten the lid, so that you cannot open it, for else some of the women will be prying in, they are so curious, and you may depend they will show no mercy to each other's little foibles after this dreadful quarrel."

Stuffed and breathless, Abdool made no resistance; and he distinguished almost immediately afterwards the voice of Nourmahal, singing, in an insulting manner, some verses in praise of her own com-

plexion, and in depreciation of those of others whom the sun had not deigned to darken. The rustling of silks, and laughing voices unnumerable, denoted that the whole harem followed, but what was the terror of Abdool when heard the voice of the vizier, into whose seraglio he had thus daringly intruded, demanding, in angry tones, what that basket was.

"It contains a beautiful young rokh—a bird of the most rare plumage," replied Mustapha, in tremulous tones.

"A young rokh!" exclaimed Nourmahal, eagerly. "My dearest lord! I have long had the most extreme longing to have one roasted, let me have it roasted!" And Abdool heard her clasp her hands in supplication.

"Take it to the kitchen!" returned the indulgent vizier.

"My lord, it is valued by the owner at a hundred gold pieces!" said Mustapha.

"And when did you hear that I grudged my women any delicacy to which they have a mind?" replied the vizier, sternly. "To the kitchen with it!"

A number of slaves instantly raised the basket, and ran with it down many passages and flights of stairs, until they arrived at a halting place. The heat of the air, the hiss of sharpening knives, the clicking of spits, the bubbling of water, the hoarse cries, convinced the unhappy Abdool that he was in a kitchen.

"Baba!" said the voice of Mustapha, as the slaves set their burden down—"chief cook! the fair Nourmahal, on whose head the light of paradise shines, commands you instantly to cook her this rare bird."

"To hear is to obey!" replied the chief cook. "Is it alive or dead?"

"Alive! and therefore you must lose no time in killing it," replied Mustapha.

"Certainly," replied the chief cook, calmly. "What kind of sauce is to be served with it?—pistachios?"

"Cudgel sauce," replied the chief eunuch.

"Illustrious Mustapha! my experience does not furnish me with a knowledge of the sauce, you mention," said the chief cook, much surprised.

"Serve it then with the first that comes to hand!" replied Mustapha, bursting into a clap of laughter as he left the apartment.

Abdool, trembling with rage and fear, now perceived for the first time that he was fooled, yet all else he could have borne but the conviction which came upon him that Zulima was in the plot. His only thought was now how to extricate himself from his ludicrous, and at the same time dangerous position, and he had hastily devised a plan, not deficient in ingenuity, ere Baba finished trussing some fowls on which he was engaged. He then called for his knife, cut the fastenings of the basket, and, expecting to behold some vast fowl of the ostrich kind, to the amazement and unspeakable terror of himself and all his assistants out jumped Abdool!

A general shriek was heard, knives dropped, spits stood still.

"Be not alarmed, my children!" said Abdool affably, observing the hair bristle on the heads of the cooks. "I am a genie, one of those who, rebelling against the signet of Solomon, am condemned every year, on the third day of the sixth moon, to assume the form of some animal, and incur all the dangers to which it is subject during three

days. Luckily for me I was caught three days ago, and have thus resumed my native form ere I was roasted."

Taking advantage of the speechless consternation of the cooks, and observing a door open into a herb-garden, he made a dart at it through them all. But he had no occasion to use violence, the cooks fell prostrate in every direction before the genie, who was sufficiently powerful to resist the ring of Solomon.

Flying he knew not whither, and entangled in the mazes of those vast gardens, Abdool at length came to a path which he hoped would conduct him to some exit. As he ran along it, with the rapidity of a heron flying from a hawk, he suddenly came upon two dervises who were driving an ass before them, as if they were going to the palace to beg charity. The confusion and agitation with which Abdool inquired if they would direct him how to leave those accursed premises, instantly attracted their attention.

"We were going to beg charity, but we will rather bestow it," returned one of the dervises, with a scrutinizing look. "We will guide you out, on condition that you tell us by what means and for what purpose you are in."

Touched by the kindness of these holy men, and at the same time burning with grief and indignation, Abdool solemnly promised that if they would accompany him to his home, he would satisfy their curiosity, and divide between them the little property he had remaining. The dervises readily consented, and led Abdool to a court where a multitude of janissaries were amusing themselves with throwing the jereed. But on perceiving the dervises they permitted them to pass without observation, and Abdool had the satisfaction in a few minutes to find himself in the city, whence he easily found his way to his own house.

He fulfilled his promised revelations amply, and the dervises listened with many expressions of wonder and incredulity, until the circumstantial narration of Abdool obliged them to believe him. The countenance of one of the dervises grew of red hot bronze, and yet at times he could not refrain from laughing at the singularity of the adventures which Abdool the Simple had undergone. At last, having satisfied himself by numerous questions of the truth of what he had heard, and moreover that the young man was ignorant into whose seraglio he had intruded, the chief dervis became very grave. Both gave Abdool much good advice, and after a time, alleging the necessity of attending prayers in the mosque, they went their ways.

Almost an hour had elapsed after their departure, and Abdool was about to compose his wearied limbs to rest, when he was alarmed by hearing a loud knock at the door. Opening it, he perceived with unspeakable consternation a great number of the bostangis or armed gardeners of the seraglio, commanded by one on horseback, in an extremely rich garb. Without uttering a word in explanation, the bostangis seized, bound him hand and foot, bandaged his eyes, and carried him among them a considerable distance, when they suddenly released him.

Abdool found himself alone in a splendid apartment, but he had scarcely stood for a moment, wondering where he was, when a door opened, and Mustapha Aga appeared, tremulously following the officer who had arrested Abdool.

"This is the wretch, excellent Mustapha, faithful guardian of the most slippery of things—women," said the officer, "the wretch whose boastings have reached the sublime ear, who gives out that he has been an honoured guest in the seraglio during our lord's absence, has seen all his beauties, and was even in the baths when they bathed!"

"The monster!" groaned Mustapha.

"The sultan may be every instant expected, and he will do justice," returned the officer. "Meanwhile he has commanded me that I accompany you and this traitor throughout the harem, and see if he really has the knowledge which he pretends in it."

"Mirror of thy master, sublime Ibrahim! let us see whether the villain has the impudence, but I imagine he is out of his mind!" said Mustapha.

Abdool stared in dumb amazement on this revelation, and knowing that he had been made the victim of a perfidious jest, still he reflected with horror on the dreadful punishment to which, in all likelihood, Zulima would be exposed. Mustapha was so agitated that he scarcely knew whether he went on his head or his feet, but he purposely led the way in the first place, to the women's apartments. Ibrahim, (for it was the great vizier himself,) he knew, dared not enter the sacred precincts, and under pretence of ascertaining whether the wretch pretended to have been within the oda, he led him in.

The ladies' apartment was one of the finest in the palace, and was composed altogether of white marble and gold, the windows overlooked the sea, and admitted the most refreshing breezes. Here, reclining in groups, which their beauty made more gorgeous than heaps of jewels, engaged in exhilarating gossip, were the fair tormentors of Abdool the Simple. The moment they perceived him, they flocked around him like doves to one scattering corn, expecting some new diversion of Mustapha's contrivance, but the tune changed wonderfully when the chief of the eunuchs lamentably expounded what had happened. All threw themselves at Abdool's feet, and with sobs and tears implored him to have mercy on them. Mustapha joined, in the most deplorable manner, but Abdool's heart remained steeled, while Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite knelt and embraced his knees with streaming eyes, and cheeks crimson with anxiety—large eyes glittering, and bosoms wildly palpitating, but when Zulima threw herself on his neck and exclaimed, "Drop a tear at least, in the sea which shall soon swallow me, in memory of one who loved you," he was overcome.

"I know not who can have infused suspicion into the sultan, unless it was one of the treacherous dervises!" he said. "But be not afraid, I will deny all."

At this moment the clash of drums and cymbals was heard, and a slave rushed in to announce that the sultan had arrived, and was coming immediately to visit the apartments of his ladies, to receive their compliments on his return. Comforted by Abdool's promise, the odaliskas had scarcely time to smoothen their agitated features ere the great Solymán, in all his glory and majesty, attended by the mutes of the seraglio, with their bowstrings ready set, and the grand vizier, Ibrahim, carrying three sacks, entered.

"Let the slave who related that he had been three times made the guest of a certain vizier's seraglio, inform me if he recognises this place and these persons!" said the sultan, in a tremendous tone, and all

present fell prostrate, wishing it might be into some bottomless gulf

Abdool raised himself, at length, shuddering, and, without daring to lift his eyes, declared that he had never made any such statement to any dervis

"Look at me, fool, but good-natured! and deny it again!" returned the sultan, and glancing fearfully up, with a start of horror, Abdool recognised the dervis in the mighty sovereign himself! He could not, of course, utter another word, and the sultan commanded the mutes instantly to put Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite into the sacks, and throw them into the sea, while the bowstring was fitted round the neck of Mustapha. The sultan himself opened a window up to which the green waves of the sea flowed, and with shrieks of despair, the unhappy ladies were stripped of their ornaments, and thrust into the sacks, while the rest of the harem looked on with tears and sobs

The dismal sight quite overcame all feeling of revenge in Abdool's heart. He prostrated himself at the sultan's feet, and, in a piteous voice, implored mercy

"My only fault, light of the world!" groaned Mustapha, "was endeavouring to preserve your women from mischief of a worse sort, by giving them some to do that was bad enough"

The story relates that the facetious Mustapha pronounced these words in such a dismal tone, that the sultan could not forbear laughing, but instantly resuming his severity, he turned to Abdool, and inquired if he were willing to perish in the place of the three ladies was a dreadful moment, but Abdool the Simple very frankly consented

"You shall do worse than die for them!" said the sultan, after a pause of the most intense astonishment—"you shall live with them! I give them to you all three for your wives, and appoint you to the care of my silk-worms, which is a post of great honour and profit, and requires no exertion of surpassing genius. As for you, Mustapha Aga, if in a month you do not find me one woman more beautiful than all these three put together, the bowstring shall be drawn, which, until then, you are to carry about with you on your neck"

THE WATERLOO BANQUET

JUNE 18

BY F W N BAYLEY

I.

Not as of old!—not as when first the wonder
Of the grand victory burst upon the world,
Quenching a war with its almighty thunder,
And waving the fair flag of peace unfurl'd,—
Not as when nation's eyes were flashing flame
To the pread victor in his house of might,
While England's glory blazoned all his name
In the deep brilliance of their fiery light!

II.

Not as when, erst the "Waterloo" was sounded,
A saviour word to kingdoms and to kings!
Bearing upon its echoes joy unbounded,
And Freedom's angel on its wandering wings!

Not as when cower'd the Napoleon name
Under the shadow of terrific doom !
Like some grand ship upon the sea of Fame
~~A repentant conqueror to its storm and gloom~~

III.

Not as when battle voices sounded louder
To the world's heart than ever yet before,
And still the name of Wellington won prouder
And warmer utterance on his native shore
Than ever bless'd its earlier day of power,
For now the imperial despot's crashing fall,
—Deep as the grave, and dark as doomsday hour—
Wrapp'd all his greatness in an exile's pall !

IV

And as the wild star set in that far ocean
In the sad isle where all his spirit died,
And faded from the mad intense commotion
He loved to kindle, with a fiend-like pride,
His rival lustre shone with steadier light,
And with more truth and with more splendour even !
A holier, calmer glory, burning bright
With rays of PEACE, and starring all her heaven !

V

Not as in that first freshness of rejoicing,
When the quick gush of praise was on the tongue,
And all a nation's gratitude was voicing
Its fervour forth alike from old and young—
When the loud cannon boom'd along the river,
And every house was as a blaze of light,
While the mad people's "Wellington for ever !"
Stunn'd the broad day, and startled the deep night !

VI.

No, not as then !—but thirty long years after,
When all the battle field has lost its stain—
When the brown peasant's free hilarious laughter
Rings in the air that felt the leaden rain—
When the corn grows in that death-valley fairer
Than e'er it grew before it clasp'd the dead—
When wiser Europe's voice of war is rarer,
And her gold Commerce-lap is wider spread,

VII.

The aged Conqueror, with the sword long sheathing
In its eternal scabbard of renown,
With warrior-bays his silver hair enwreathing !
—The old man's time-crest and the soldier's crown !—
Calls, in his hall of glory, all around him,
The hoary veterans of his battle day,
And proudly bids the harper, Memory, sound him
Back the old glory of their war array

VIII.

So when the gifts of kings are scatter'd round him,
And triumph-trophies blaze along the board,
Calm in his age, and true as once they found him,
The star-gemm'd warriors gather round their lord !
And still, as every summer sun shines o'er them,
And, Life warm-kindles to June's rosiest hue,
That board of Wellington is spread before them,
And they shall keep the FEAST OF WATERLOO !

THE SABRE DUEL.*

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN

FROM the great deference and respect shown for the *Beerhahn*, at the *Abschied's Commers*, I was led to consider him a trump, or, as the Germans—who still continue to play, as their great-grandfathers did, at ombre—say, a matadore. The daring of his demeanour—his dry wit and humour, attracted and made me desirous of diving deeper into his character, and knowing more of his life, and hearing a fuller detail of some of the adventures he had divulged the preceding evening. He had, at parting, invited me to breakfast at eleven, and true to my word, I sallied forth at the appointed hour, and having inquired, of the first student I met, Shreikenberger's address, I found myself, after zig-zagging through several lanes, dignified with the name of streets, at a dingy-looking private house, that corresponded with the indicated number and letter.

I mounted two flights of perpendicular stairs, and rung. The door was opened by a young *studio*, with eyes like an Albino's, white eyelashes, and long flaxen hair trailing over the collar of his coat, covered with tags and embroidery, whom I had no difficulty in recognising for a *fox*—a designation common to the pages or chamberlains of German students.

A system prevails at the German *Hochschulen* not dissimilar from that of our public schools. The *Fuchses*, in a great measure, resemble fags: theirs is no sinecure office. A *Fuch* is expected to pass most of his time at the *Knerpe*, in order that he may, by practice, in his own person, learn the *Beer cormmont*, or code—the laws, fines, &c., relating to beer-drinking. He must come well provided with tobacco,—for the purpose of *stopping* the pipes of the *bursches*, is expected to treat and entertain guests that may be recommended to the corps—to have one of them at any time quartered on him—to give up his bed to any senior of his *Landsmansschaft* who may happen to be without a bed himself, and sleep on his sofa—to provide, for those lords of the creation, breakfasts, suppers, occasionally champagne and claret—to post the videttes before *Pauking*—to provide a carriage when required—to be constant in his attendance at the *Fechtboden*—and to keep, to use a German expression, his *Maul*-mouth in his pocket. These are a few of the duties of a good *Fuchs*, who is at once servant and paymaster. Some of the *Alte Hauser* (the old stagers) make the *Fuchses* still more useful. They wear their clothes, exchange old torn linen for theirs—exchange is no robbery—and swap their shoes and boots that will not hold together for new ones, &c. I do not suspect Redbeard of these practices, but his *Leibfuch's* page, or chamberlain, seemed to have been well-trained. With a more deferential air no one could have been ushered into the presence of a lord and master Hector, who was lying at full stretch in the way, politely got up to let me pass. He recognised and welcomed me, by thrusting his huge head between my legs, which, had I been off my guard, might have caused me to make a Chinese salutation. As to Shreikenberger, he seemed in no condition to return or make any salutation. He was lying at the further end of the room on a sort of French *Canape*,

* See a previous paper, by Capt. Medwin, in vol. iv., page 317, of "Ainsworth's Magazine."

covered with red calico, somewhat the worse for wear, literally in his *Schlafröck* and slippers, with his face towards the back of the court, and was unaware of my entrance. He was suffering from a malady common to his brother students, to which they give the expressive name of *Catzen-jammer*. My dictionary says that *Jammer* means wailing, lamentation, misery. Of the first syllable of its compound we have made a verb, applying it, though in a different sense, to the effects of a similar disorder. Fortunate those who require this etymology. Of all drunkenness malt-drunkenness is the most horrible sea-sickness is a trifle to it. It acts upon the *morale* worse than a sirocco at Venice, nay, it produces an utter prostration of mind and body. The head is bursting with a congestion of blood—the heart seems unable to perform its functions, and throbs with audible upbraidings—the limbs are weighed down as if they were enwrapt in a mantle of lead: there is no whole part about the body. This unhappy state to which the *Beerhahn* was reduced, enabled me to make a drawing, in my mind's eye, of his habitation.

The room was large and lofty, and appeared more so than it really was, from its plentiful lack of furniture, for three or four chairs in great decrepitude, a table, a broken mirror, and the said *Canapé*, comprised all its moveables. Books there were none, his stock, if he ever had any, having been long before disposed of to Aaron or Moses. But *en revanche*, as a set-off to this semblance of poverty, his *Pfefe system* was, indeed, a splendid one, and filled a considerable portion of one of the side-walls. Here were disposed, in goodly array, pipes of all sorts and denominations, Turkish cherry-sticks, with their gilt clay cups, lying in juxta-position with *meerschauts*, and bowls of porcelain. These latter were many of them admirably painted. Some contained views of the different universities, on others, armorial bearings were richly emblazoned. Nor were there wanting copies of celebrated paintings, and, lastly, miniatures of women famed for their beauty, among whom I perceived Rubens' Chapeau de Paille and Raphael's Foinarina. I was perfectly astonished, as I examined this picture-gallery, at his treasures, the more so, as I had heard that the single combats in which he had been engaged were denoted by their number. Over them, trailing down the fractured glass, were suspended ten or twelve bands, enwoven with all the hues of the rainbow, presents of his friends in various corporations, and between them hung, worked in gold, a *Cerevis Muzze*. A beer-cup, masks, foils, *florets*, parisers, *schlagers*, and sabres, stood side by side, pell-mell, in one corner of the room, and many engravings, and several drawings of remarkable duels, unframed and unglazed, together with fifty or sixty *Silouettes* of his acquaintances, were nailed, with some little pretension to symmetry, about the room.

Scarcely had I finished my mental inventory and survey, when Shreikenberger turned round, and, perceiving me, by a determined effort and struggle with the Beer-dæmon, succeeded in lifting his heavy head from the sofa, and, rising with a sonorous yawn, stretched out his hand to me. As to the *Fox*, who was in almost as *seedy* a condition as his patron, he was lying on the floor with his master's dog, both fast asleep. The voice of Shreikenberger soon roused him, however, from his trance. "Fox," said he, to the wool-headed, beardless youth, "this *Catzen-jammer* of mine is all owing to you, and the like o' ye. The Heidelberg *Sprichtwert* is true—you know it well, a

Fox is '*ein Stück fleisch, ohne sinn witz und verstand*'—(a lump of flesh, without sense, wit, or understanding) Did not you give a proof of the want of all these, by tempting me with your vile supper, and that *glüh-wein* which turned the beer into poison? Well, what liquid have you procured for breakfast? Oh, I see—champagne—I hope it is—*Ersten qualitat* Now you may go But stay I have promised this *Herr Engländer* (he never inquired my name) to visit with him the field of Jena. You must go and hire an *Eenspanner*, (a one-horse vehicle) If you have got no money, it must be *aufgepumpt*, (i e you must raise the wind) Buy also a plan of the battle, and you will have to drive us to the different positions Do you hear? Come back in two hours There!"

As he was leaving the room and casting a sheep's eye at his own champagne, at which he seemed to be disconcerted not to be asked to partake of, Redbeard said to me—"We say, in Halle, 'foxes are sly, but they don't think' I fear I shall never make anything of that cub He has, I perceive (looking at the table), provided a very scurvy breakfast"

Jena is notorious for the badness of its provisions and the greasiness of its *cuisine* But German students live principally on suction, or, like Sancho Panza, regard much less the quality than the quantity of their food A Frenchman, used to the *dejeuners à la fourchette* of the Café de Paris, Riche's, or Beauvillier's, would have scorned the repast to which Shreikenberger alluded, laid out, as it was, without a napkin or table-cloth—considered a vain *luxus* by the sons of the Muses The *Fruchstrick* consisted of Gottingen sausages, raw Dutch herrings soaked in pickle, Gruyere cheese, and radishes Two long bottles with leaden tops, and champagne glasses beside them, might have seemed quite out of place, but, to my eye, were no unseasonable accompaniments to this savoury-looking meal, and to which, being no epicure, I did ample justice Shreikenberger, after discussing a second fish, and washing it down with the sparkling Montebello, soon completely forgot his *Catzen-jammer*—his spirits rose with the effervescence of the wine, and his wit sparkled like it. I did my utmost to draw him out I could not make him too egotistical. He related to me the events of his childhood—his boyhood—his career from the *Gymnasium* to the *Hochschule*—his wild and chivalrous adventures—and which, after our return from the field of Jena, I committed to paper, but found that, when divested of Shreikenberger's graphic descriptions, and reduced to a mere dry and circumstantial detail, there was a sameness and monotony in his corps-life of no general interest or continued attraction

Fortunatus Shreikenberger—Infortunatus would have been a more appropriate prononyme—was the youngest son of a colonel in the Prussian army, who fell a martyr to a ball-wound received at the battle of Leipzig, and left two other children—a son, who afterwards entered the Danish service, and a daughter. His widow had been made sole guardian to his family, and loved them with a mistaken indulgence—a too fond affection, for, following the maxim of the law of England as to its kings, she thought they could do no wrong After quitting the *Gymnasium*, where he learnt as little as is usually acquired at those establishments, Fortunatus was sent, with such a *Wechsel* (an allowance) as was more than sufficient for all his reasonable wants or wishes, to Halle

Much has been said in disparagement of our universities, by those

who have never been at either of them, but if idleness, according to Burke, is the best prerogative of *man*, it is the worst attribute of *youth*. Their reasons for not doing anything are specious enough. Some will not learn, from principle and a love of independence, or because it is not necessary for them to learn anything;—others cannot learn, from want of talent, or lack of application. Another set of *students* have no time to learn, having more pressing and important occupations, such as—we are now in Germany recollect—fencing, drinking, fighting, driving, &c &c &c, not forgetting *Catzen-jammer*. Nor are wanting those who have good *intentions*, who defer studying only *for a time*, and, after the enjoyment of life, and the present moment—but their hour never comes—quiet their consciences with a mental reservation—the salvo of *oxing* or *buffalung*—soon working like bullocks or buffaloes.

Under which of these categories our hero came, will be best judged by a short summary of his career. There was no *faculty* that he had not embraced—and abandoned. He had studied—a *non studendo*—*e* paid for lectures in medicine, surgery, chemistry, law, philosophy, and even theology, but no regular *courses* had he ever followed, nor provided himself with a single certificate of attendance. Nor was there one university where he had not matriculated, and at each had left a name behind him, still remembered, and that has never been eclipsed. To begin, then, with Halle. There he was *consilium*—had a *consilium abundi*—or, as we say at Oxford, was rusticated for two years. He cut and run from his creditors at Leipsic, where he plunged too deeply into the mysteries of *faro*. His third scrape was occasioned by a pistol duel at Berlin, that obtained for him four months' fortress in Midgeburg—his sentence was four years. He had the misfortune at Göttingen of hitting upon a *Klingenschen* (a shy cock) in the person of a Count, who denounced him to the police, and occasioned him a long and rigorous incarceration—*Cartzer*, the student's prison is called. Thus for twelve *semesters*, with the eccentricity of a comet, and much of its destructive character, had he veered about from university to university, still undecided in the choice of a profession, and after getting his corps to be responsible for his debts at Heidelberg—which his mother had so lately paid, that he dared not venture to apply to her again—he had taken refuge for the second time at Jena, next to Erlangen the cheapest of all the high schools in Germany. There he brought with him so high a character as a duellist, that he was admitted into the *Franks* as an *Ehren-Mitgheder* (an honorary member)—in itself not only a great distinction, but particularly convenient at that moment to Shreikenberger, from the consumptive and emaciated state of his finances. In this capacity he was literally *franked* of all expenses—could, at the *Kneipe*, whether in town or country, drink *ad libitum*—was found in ale, “à la discretion,” as the French restaurateurs say—had no disbursements to make for *Ausrits* (outridings) or *Commersen*—had plenty of *foxes*, and the club, weak in comparison to many others, thought itself sufficiently remunerated by the *Paukhahn's* seconding its members in their duels, and on great occasions, when there was a “*dignus vindice nodus*,” by his taking up his invincible *floret* (small sword)—it is the customary weapon at Jena—in their defence. All this would, to a German, present but an everyday picture of their students' lives and manners. Nor should I

have enlarged upon it, but with the view of preparing the reader for a scene which, however imperfectly treated, cannot, even in my hands, fail to be dramatic.

At the distance of three short miles from Jena is a valley called the *Rauchthal*—a narrow pass well known in history, for it was here that the French fell on the rear of the Prussians. Long before that memorable action the *Rauchthal* was renowned as the *Paukplatz* of the Jenese students, and many and many a one has been here killed, or so disabled, as to drag on, during the remnant of his days, a miserable and flickering existence.

This very remarkable glen we had visited in the course of our drive, and the *Paukhahn* was very facetious in depicting the effect produced on parties engaged in these barbarous conflicts, by the frequent and unexpected appearance of the redoubtable *Pedel*, or other authorities of the university.

Little did I think that he was engaged, the very next day, to meet in this *Rauchthal*, an antagonist with whom he had had a quarrel of some standing, and who had deferred it, as is usual in such cases, till the end of the semester. The dispute had originated in a discussion on the disposition of the forces and tactics of the two armies, Shreikenberger, a strenuous advocate and zealous defender of his country's military renown, contending that the Prussians lost the battle by reason of their inferiority in numerical strength, and his opponent attributing it to other causes. Both, in the heat of argument and wine, made use of words derogatory to each other's honour. Reconciliation was neither attempted nor thought of, and the formidable sabre was fixed upon to decide the contest—but Shreikenberger, whom long habitude had inured to scenes of this nature, after the manner of a professed duellist, treated this Pauk with his wonted indifference, and walked with me over the ground in the humour I have described. Nor in these qualities was he undermatched by his challenger. This Holsteiner had fought, though not so many duels as Shreikenberger, yet a vast number, and with all sorts of weapons, without having great skill in any. His savagery and intemperance were always plunging him into quarrels, and by his great muscular power, indomitable courage, and the impetuosity of his onslaught, his *à tempo* cuts, he had succeeded in making *abgeführt* (carried off) several of his antagonists. A story is told of this man, that shows the marvellous *sang froid* and recklessness of his character. He went out at Strasburg, *à la barrière*, being a very indifferent shot, fired as soon as he had taken up his twenty-five paces—missed—clapped his pistol under his arm, walked up to his antagonist, put out his tongue at him, and said, "Blaze away!" Whether thunderstruck at the daredevilry of his opponent, or unwilling to take the life of one whom he considered mad, the Frenchman, for such he was, discharged his pistol in the air. Upon which the Holsteiner said, applying to him a contemptuous epithet, common in France, "I knew you were too great a coward to shoot me."

But to return to the *Rauchthal*. The place is lovely and lonely. At the entrance of the dingle, some noble oaks stretch forth their wide-spreading arms, beneath whose embowering roof appears a fine and level piece of turf, where on *fête* days the youth of Jena and the neighbouring villages assemble and dance. At the edge of this verdant lawn, that had a few days before presented a scene of merriment—now a *champ*

elos for life or death—brawls over its pebbly bed a clear and rapid brook, where many a wounded man has washed his wounds and slaked his burning thirst. On both sides of this romantic dell, fantastic rocks rise almost perpendicularly, and shut it in, serving as posts for the videttes to guard against surprize.

The news of this duel having got abroad, many members of the two *Verbundungs*, to which the parties belonged, and some friends and acquaintance of other clubs, flocked as usual to the *Paukplatz*, together with the surgeon, witnesses, umpire, and seconds. The *Hieb comment*, or code of laws relating to duelling, is one of the first studies, and a thorough knowledge of it considered one of the most essential acquirements of a *Corps Bursch*. The corps-duels are limited generally to twenty-four rounds—six *blutize* (wounds)—or consist of one gang, that lasts for a quarter of an hour. In these the combatants are protected from the stomach downwards by an impregnable leathern coat of mail, the sword-arm, as far as the elbow, similarly bandaged, by what are called *Achsel-knoten*. The *Pauk* cap is thicker and has a stronger and stiffer poke than the ordinary one, and the neck is enveloped in a many-folded cravat, so that the only parts assailable are the face, head, breast, and shoulders, and thus the loss of an eye or nose, or trepanning, are among the gravest accidents that can occur. But a duel with sabres or *schlagers* (the *schlager* is a still more deadly weapon, for the thinness and sharpness of the blade renders it more difficult to parry the blows) being fought without bandages, is always attended with serious danger. The choice of seconds is a matter of great importance, for it is their duty to spring in and terminate the round when their friend has been hit—his cap struck off—sabre bent or broken, or to check *holzing*, or cudgelling, as it is called—a repetition of blows. These are mere matters of business. I will proceed, then, to say, that the Holsteiner was first on the ground, Shreikenberger did not keep him long waiting. They soon stripped themselves to their shirts, and with no other guard or defence but a silk handkerchief round the right hand, and the handle of the sabre twisted about with another, stepped into the *mensur*, or, as the pugilists say, “came to the scratch.”

The seconds, sword in hand, posted themselves crosswise, so that, with their two principals, they formed a square—the umpire, or *unparteiische*, standing a little out of it—the doctor sitting on the ground, and getting ready his instruments. Everything thus arranged in due form, the second of the Holsteiner, for he was the challenger, gave the word—*Auf der mensur*. The answer was, The ground is taken up. Bind your weapon. *Gebunden ist*, was the reply. Whereupon the first second gave the signal by the word, *Los*, for the onset.

They did set to in earnest their blades whistled as they cleft the air. Blows were aimed and parried, one or two given and received, but they fell flat. The seconds interposed. The next rounds came off with similar results. The combatants became more cool and careful. Blood, but from mere scratches, was drawn. The succeeding gang was destined to terminate the conflict, for the Holsteiner was struck sharply in the neck, staggered back some paces, and fell, and Shreikenberger sunk doubled up on the ground, having received at the same moment a griding stroke, that laid open his abdomen a foot in length, dangerously injuring several blood-vessels and intestines. The

Paul doctor, who had himself been a student at Jena, an old practitioner, ran from one to the other, irresolute whose wounds first to dress. Both seemed equally to demand his aid—both were fast bleeding life away, and lying senseless in the arms of their friends. At length, however, as well as the urgency for dispatch admitted, the wounds were sewn and bound up, and a *studio* dispatched post haste to Jena, to bring further surgical assistance. The Holsteiner first came to himself, and when he saw the desperate situation of *Shreikenberger*, resolved on immediate flight. His second bore him to one of the carriages waiting at the entrance of the pass, and got him clear away before the arrival of the *Pedel*. But his wound opened by the shaking of the vehicle. It was out of the question to think of travelling further than the nearest village. There they left him, and I shall merely add that, under skilful attendance, he was soon declared out of danger. Not thus with the unfortunate *Shreikenberger*. The surgeons at their consultation declared that nothing but great care, quiet, and strict attention, could give him a chance of his life. Watchers were, as usual, appointed by the corps to tend him, but so many, often to the number of ten or twelve at the same time, night and day, took upon them this office, that, instead of being of use to the patient, they only broke his rest, and, consequently, added to his fever. Meanwhile, at the inn at *Kotschan*, where he lay, there was a going and coming—a continual arrival and departure of carriages and horsemen from Jena—a *Commerciere* and a *Suitsiren*, and eating, and drinking, and singing, not as if a dying man was concerned, but a marriage or christening taking place. Many of the *Commenden* came without money, but were not the less hungry and thirsty on that account. All was put down to *Shreikenberger's* reckoning. The wounded man was a sufficient surety to the host, more especially as he was likely never to depart alive, or, at least, was in no condition to run away from his creditor.

Notwithstanding, however, all this noise and confusion, the strength of *Shreikenberger's* constitution was such that hopes began to be entertained of his recovery. At this period a letter with a black seal was forwarded to *Kotschan* from Jena, and without reflection on the part of his watchers, shown to him to whom it was directed. *Shreikenberger* earnestly desired to have and read it, and as he was going on satisfactorily, his friends imprudently yielded to his request. The patient broke the ominous seal, read the contents of the letter, and in frantic emotion tore the bandages off his wound, and sank senseless on the couch. Horror seized his watchers—they endeavoured to staunch the fresh bleeding, and dispatched an instant messenger to Jena. The surgeon came—redressed his wound, but in vain—at the expiration of two days he was no more. The letter was the occasion of that frantic act, and the immediate cause of his death, though his recovery was otherwise but problematical. That fatal letter came from his mother, and announced to him the loss of her son, who had been killed in a pistol duel by a brother officer at Copenhagen. It contained the most pressing entreaties on her part, that he, on whom now the inheritance had devolved—he who was become the sole prop of her declining years—would, by his duty to his lost father—out of gratitude, if not affection, to herself—in mercy for her bereavement of her child—and in pity for his broken-hearted sister, abstain from duelling. All too late came the injunction. Wounded as he thought himself to the

death, or despairing of his ultimate restoration to health—driven to madness by the thought of his mother's anguish—the loss of his brother, whom he dearly loved—tortured by the compunctions of conscience—a prey to ~~unhappy~~ ~~the great~~ ~~for~~ ~~endurance~~ the ill-fated Spreckenberger, in the agony of his soul, laid violent hands on himself, and died a self-murderer

After some weeks, made her appearance at the Pastors in Kotschau, a lady in deep mourning, and weighed down by sorrow even more than years. She begged of him to show her the spot where the unhappy student had been wounded, the bed where he had lain, and the place where his remains had been interred. She paid the host all his demands, and made him, over and above his bill, a handsome remuneration for his trouble and attentions—left the good curé alms for the relief of the poor and needy in the village, and a sum for raising a stone to the memory of one cut off before his time by an evil destiny. This stone stands as a warning record in the *gottesacker*, the churchyard, in Kotschau, and it is generally supposed that the lady in black was the mother of the youth.

ON CLARKSON STANFIELD'S PICTURE OF "THE DAY AFTER THE WRECK"

BY THOMAS ROSCOE

BUT see where, like a spectral thing,
Amid some fair and festal throng
When love and joy just plume the wing,
And heart to heart gives back the
song—

Starts into light the vision strong,
Girt with a thousand 'wildering fears,
That o'er the forms of beauty, fling
Their shroud of fate and passion's tears

So cold—so dread, type of thy race,—
Of wrecks—eternal—past—to come,
Tak'st thou thy sad fame's destin'd place,
The spectre-guest from ocean's tomb,
Say, on the eve of peril loom
Those dim seen, visionary sail,
The boldest still in terror chase,
While every seaman's cheek grows pale?

Fate's emblem! ah, what memories press
Round thy majestic, shatter'd might!
In pomp and grandeur trimly drest,
Or tempest-struck in horror's night!
Nought round thee but funereal light,
The dying breath of glory's fire,
As nature's riven ties—to rest,
On the wild ocean-bed expire

Say, patriot spirits of the past,
On high adventure's towering hope—
Who spread your broad sails to the blast,
Nought less than unknown worlds,
your scope,

Did'e'er your dauntless manhood droop,
As that dark ship oppress the air,
As on fame's waves, you gladly cast
Your bread of life,—to greatly dare?

Oh not to such—to souls of light,
On truth and science mission sent,
New realms to bind in holier might,
Than power and avarice' dark intent,
That pictured fate, its terrors blent
In hues to startle—to dismay,
That blast the pirate-miser's sight,
Or round the murderous slave-thief, play!

Nor when on honour's bright wings borne,
For country—friends, we brave the
deep,

When parents, lovers, exiles mourn,
Or orphans their young sorrows steep
In the lone sea waves' dreamless sleep,
Com'st thou, in airy terrors clad,
For them, a farther, happier bourne
Thy spectre forms but fright the bad.

Stern run of the ruthless seas,
Whose grandeur flashes, and is gone,
True as thy proud sails to the breeze,
Bore on,—thy wild wreck speaks a
tone

O' grandeur 'mid those waters lone,
That doth the musing spirit thrill,
Did such thy painter's fancy seize,
To bid him awe us—startle—chill?

SKETCHES OF DIALOGUE AT DENBIGH

BY UNCLE SAM.

THE reading, if not the locomotion, of that ubiquitous gentleman, "Everybody," has made a pedestrian trip in Wales, shadowed forth with cascades and water-ripples, rocky mountains, scantily-clad heaths, and the "*Dyn Sassenach*" of the peasantry, quite familiar. But the same kind of study or peregrination has not made "Everybody" acquainted with the curious dialogues sometimes to be heard in the public room of a country public inn. Indeed, there are many travellers who scorn to have any curiosity on the subject. Tourists generally allow themselves to be thrown into a room apart from the villagers or townspeople, and at their inn they hear nothing, see nothing but the houses on the opposite side of the street, with the tradesfolk waiting for customers, and the small discords and dull joking from the idlers in the market-place. A few sketches of dialogue at the ancient, but small town of Denbigh, in North Wales, will, therefore, have the advantage of novelty.

It was the day after an election at Denbigh, and a Saturday, and the castle clock would have stricken five, if there had been a clock to the old castle, but, in default, the Castle Tavern clock *did* strike five, as I entered to take mine ease in mine inn after a walk of a score of miles.

Tired, hot, dusty, hungry, and thirsty, yet all these feelings appear allayed when you cross the threshold of a house in which the common comforts and necessities of life will be supplied at the tinkling of a small bell. Cheer up, then, heartily. There's water in the bed-chamber, a lazy-looking "boots" at the door, watching the dog-fight, a cool room with the window open, cold lamb and salad in the larder, and some Denbigh old ale in the cellar. A little water and the "boots" make the dust vanish like smoke! How easy is it, then?

"Waiter, some dinner, and a glass of the oldest old ale."

"Terectly, sir."

"Don't disturb the gentlemen there, and don't put down the window. Don't let the great coats remain on the sofa, and don't remove the book. Ah! capital book this!—'Pigott's Directory'."

"Yes, sir, they reads nothing else in this room."

"Sensible people! There's nothing else to read."

"Oh yes, sir, here's another!"

"'History of Denbigh Castle' Excellent! Take away Pigott's hight reading for travellers, and let me have the historical history. But, above all be quick with the dinner and the oldest old ale."

* * * * *

The joys of dinner are evanescent and not worth thinking of, much less repeating. Take thine ease on the sofa, friend Self, and read in the book the bloody deeds of Denbigh Castle.

There were only two other travellers in the room at this time, one of whom continually complained that he had a large family, and could not afford "as one might say" to drink wine, and yet contrived to gulp down a pretty considerable quantity, urging his less eager companion to do so likewise, the conversation between the two "bag-men" being a conglomeration of the latest state of all the drapers

trades in the principality, and their fluctuating tendencies between cash payments and the Gazette. The man of the large family-woon, however, announced that "the best friends must part," as he swallowed the last half glass of the expensive beverage, and ordered out his gig, "leaving it," as he philosophically observed, "to Time to determine at what inn he should again have the pleasure to take wine" with his dinner companion.

Here comes a duplicate arrival—two collegians with fishing-rods and two baskets, one enclosing some spare linen, and the other sparingly supplied with fish, stiff from the day's sport.

"Waiter ahoy! bear a hand. Dinner for two, and cook these fish. Bring everything you have, and send out for more. Hungry as a hunter! Egad, I'm as hungry as the Devil and Doctor Faustus! Let's have some ale at once. As parson Adams used to look out for a house, convenient to the road-side, in which to enjoy his ease, his inn, and his jug of foaming ale, we'll imitate the clerical example, and discuss the tipple of Denbigh."

"Ah, this is the best sport of the day! D—— all fluxions, conic sections, and the mixed and pure mathematics, the first six, and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid, algebraic formulæ, the differential calculus and fishing-rods. Denbigh ale for ever!"

"Talking of things, or anything, for ever, what a number of cursed bills there are on the wall opposite, with 'Rumblegrib for ever' and 'Muddleford and Principle'! These Denbigh people have been doing an election, you may depend upon it, which accounts for those fellows being so drunk, and asking us if we had seen anything at the end of our fishing-rods."

The collegians soon fell to work with huge appetites.

After taking a short ramble, I, on my return to the traveller's room, found a fresh group occupying the centre table, the college students having vacated it. There was a portly-nosed attorney drinking a magnum-bonum glass of spirits, and his son John partaking freely of unripe gooseberries and bottles of ginger beer. There was the landlord of the house, a "well-spoken" man (that is, he spoke freely, and with good emphasis, like an auctioneer), in a great state of occasional anxiety respecting a cow, which he believed to be at the point of death—a natural death—and there was a smiling, smirking, silly-looking Welsh farmer, yclept Morgan Jones, who, every time he put his glass to his mouth, drank to the health of "Mr Pland," the landlord. As soon as I was seated with these worthies, the landlord, with the air of a person who thinks he has just told a capital tale, and is delighted at the prospect of a good listener whilst he repeats it, turned himself in his easy chair, and commenced, or re-commenced, as follows—

"I was saying, sir, that I was this afternoon at as melancholy a sight as ever I saw in the principality—the funeral of a drover. He was a rich man, and has left his family well off, but his death was so sudden, that, from the mother to the youngest child, the affliction is dreadful. And the cause of his death is so provoking—a trumpery bet, sir, made in this room. This Hugh Evans, the drover, never got drunk more than once a-year on an average, and this time last year was the last time but one before his death. On that occasion, sir, he drove his herd over the mountain heath, eight miles from here, after nightfall, and as he turned the corner of a rocky projection, near one

of the lakes, he saw—or thought he saw—the supernatural appearance of three of his dearest friends whom he had left in Denbigh. The first apparition was covered with blood, the second flourished a halter and a large razor, and the third carried a small hamper of marrowbones and a box of soapsuds. He fainted away, and was found the next morning lying in the road, with the herd of cattle around him, and he swore that, from that time, he would never drive his cattle over the mountain heath, and by the lakes and rocky projection.”

“Goot healt, Mr Pland,” interposed the farmer

“Hold your noise, Morgan.”

“Goot healt.”

“After that fearful night, this time last year,” continued the landlord, “Hugh Evans never took a glass too much—small praise to him, for he could stand a few quarts as well as here and there one—until a week ago, when he was unhappily overpowered by taking early in the morning too much soda-water to cool himself, and then too much brandy to warm him, after getting wet through, and he was in this room, sir, talking, as you may say, cheerfully to all his friends, and standing a few glasses round to those very men whom, twelve months ago, he thought were covered with blood, and carrying halters, razors, and marrowbones, at the corner of the rocky projection near one of the lakes. Well, sir, one of his friends, a butcher, and, remarkable enough, the very man he thought, twelve months ago, had carried the small hamper of marrowbones, proposed a bet of a turkey, with chutings, with ale at discretion, and tumblers of brandy for four, that this Hugh Evans, the drover, would not dare to drive his cattle over the heath. The bet was taken. Hugh Evans departed on a new horse which he had purchased, and when he came to the rocky projection near one of the lakes, the horse shied at a pile of turf, threw his rider with his head against the rocky projection, and afterwards kicked him so furiously that he died.”

“Singular!”

“It was the funeral of this man, sir, that I attended this afternoon. Whatever may have been his faults, I knew of none. He was a generous soul—always more ready to give than take, and never disputed his reckoning, he was gone to his long home, and the lamentations of his family made the funeral a grievous spectacle. When, as the custom is in this part of the country, they took the lid off the coffin previous to placing it in the grave, and the widow and children crowded round, and dropped their burning hot tears on his dead cold face, I was as agitated as they, and could only gain relief, as they did, by tears.”

“It must have been sorrowful, indeed.”

“Carrotty Tavit say the cow ees cole, although she ees covered with sacks.”

“Send out some carpets, then. If this were slaughtering night, all would be right. I would then get Owen Owens, the butcher, to hand me the warm skins as he peeled them off the quivering mutton, and the warmth from the dead sheep would warm my poor cow better than all the blankets in Denbigh.”

“Goot healt, Mr Pland.”

“Hold your noise, Morgan.”

“Goot healt.”

A young man here came rushing into the room, followed by the landlady, and, in a theatrical manner, exclaimed—

"Foulkes is dead!"

There was an instantaneous exclamation from all present, but myself, of "Dear, dear!" and "Tear!"—the messenger, who appeared in an inebriated amazement consequent to the election, and the loss of a dear friend, standing in an attitude, door-in-hand, and looking at each individual separately. It appeared to me the most comical announcement of a death I had witnessed, and it is just possible the post-haste messenger might have guessed my reflection on this subject, as he presently quitted the door, and rolling towards the table, addressed me individually—

"I say, sir, my friend Foulkes is dead!"

"Is he, sir? And so is my friend Smith," replied I.

"An' the cow ees tying," said Morgan.

"And it'll soon be time for me to die, too," said the landlady, "for my bones is all cold with having such a large family."

The physiological connexion between a large family and cold bones is not my business to examine, but I am inclined to consider the idea originated either with the landlady, or with M. de Lafontaine, the mesmerizer.

The death of the unfortunate Foulkes was caused, I understood, by an unlucky kick from an independent elector.

"You've had a severe time, during the election," I observed.

"Yes, sir, the pinks bottled three, and twenty of us. They pinked them nicely. My father, poor fellow, was one,—an old man, sir, and they ought to have known better than to shove an old man up a ladder, and Morgan Jones here was another."

"Goot healt, Mr Pland."

"Hold your noise, Morgan."

"Goot healt."

"The pinks called it *habeas corpus*," insinuated the attorney's ginger-beer son, John.

"An illegal act," said his father, "and I wish our side would allow me to tounce them for it. I think I should be very successful in practice before a Commons' committee. To be sure it was comical enough to see the poor fellows looking out of the window of the cock-loft, in which they were penned up, half drunk, and not daring to cry out, for they were all put in by their best customers. Snow, Esquire, bagged nine of them with his own hand. A comical dog is Snow, Esquire. Every half-hour he went to the cock-loft, and cried out, at the top of his voice, "The independent electors who cannot vote are requested to drink up their heeltaps, and give three cheers for Rumblegrib!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Snow, Esquire, is a regular trump," said the landlord, "although his politics are on the shady side of d—able. But talk of the devil, says the old proverb, and sure enough you see him."

"See him," observed I, in continuation of the landlord's metaphysical proverb—"see his highness i' th' mind's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling."

"No, sir," responded the landlord, "I see him passing the door, and here he is, with Hugh Hughes the shoemaker, and Evan Evans the draper, two of the townspeople he bottled up yesterday."

Enter Snow Esquire, with his two bottled supporters.

"Rumblegrib for ever! and what will you drink all round? I've ten

shillings that never were spent yet Gentlemen, freeholders of the county, the election for this loyal and independent borough having terminated in favour of the constitution by the return of my friend Rumblegrib, I come to solicit your votes for the county What do you say? I've a mind to be a candidate myself Shall I have your votes?

Thus spoke Snow, Esquire, who at the first glance was a fine looking *animal* certainly He was a well built man, but a large head of hair, a large fist, and a devil-may-care air, were the ornaments to a head and face with sleepy eyes, the phrenological and physiognomical appearance of which bespoke a low order of intellect, combined with all the animal virtues and vices One of his companions—the bottled shoemaker—was comically drunk, and the other, the draper, was a little farther gone, so that *his* character was *non est inventus*, or buried in oblivion “Gentlemen,” said Snow, Esquire, in continuation, “my sentiments are universal and particular, I’m a jolly good-for-nothing fellow, and I like everybody like myself I give more than I take Everyone’s at liberty to call for what he likes, for I have a few shillings that never were spent yet, and the man that won’t drink with me I look upon as an enemy Winny, my dear, bring in a large quantity of everything”

“And a bottle of ginger beer,” whined in the attorney’s hopeful sprig, John

“A glass of gin for self,” quoth the uncommon-nosed attorney, “and a bottle of pop for John John’s an exemplary boy, he prefers ginger to gin”

“John’s a nincompoop,” declared Snow, Esquire “Winny, my dear, bring me a glass of soda water, and make it strong”

“Class of sota water will freeze in your pelly, Mr Snow,” simpered Morgan Jones

“You’re right, old horsepond Jones, and that’s why I tell Winny to make it strong If you can’t pour the brandy into the soda water, Winny, my dear, get your sweetheart to help you, and I’ll show him how By the immortal Cræsus I’m in luck’s way! Here’s another sovereign that never was spent yet, although it’s getting a hard frost with my pocket Almost down to zero, by Jingo! Never mind, to-night ends the election spree So drink of good October, and to-morrow we’ll be sober”

“Goot healt, Mr Pland an’ Mr Snow”

“Hold your noise, Morgan”

“Good healt.”

Snow, Esquire, who, at the outset had stood to address the worthy electors, had by this time floundered into a chair, and as soon as a pause occurred in the conversation, by Morgan Jones being requested to hold his noise, Snow, Esquire, eager for political agitation, ejaculated—

“Rumblegrib for ever! Gentlemen, electors for the county——”

“Muddleford for ever!” interrupted the comical shoemaker, “Muddleford and Principle”

“Principle, you created vagabond—what has principle to do with an election? Or rather, what principle is there in it but spreeing?”

“Sir, I hope you will change your principles In this very glass, sir, which I drink to you as a customer and a gentleman, I hope——”

"Gentleman, you slow badger—I'm no gentleman! Yes, I am, we're all gentlemen—gentlemen, freeholders of the county, if you return me to parliament, I will uphold the constitution in church and state. Gentlemen, I make no promises, but what will you take to drink?"

"You are a gentleman," said the shoemaker, in a decided manner, handling his glass and addressing himself to Snow, Esquire

"Shiver my upper story, but you are an ass!" responded the gentleman

"I will drink with you, sir," said the cordwainer, meekly, "but there is no occasion to call names. If I am an ass, I — I —"

"Your are—you are!"

"I'm not"

"How sir? D'y'e think you know better than I do, who have been at college, and learned the seventeen regular sciences, with various others, too numerous to mention?"

"No, sir, but I must say that —"

"Confound your impudence, dy'e mean to contradict me—eh, you infuriated brute?"

"Don't call such names, or I shall *retortulate* upon you, sir"

"You'll do what, you cobbled piece of neat's leather, eh?"

"I'll *retailate* upon you, if you go on so"

"hy, you villanous brute, you can't spell the word"

"Words have nothing to do with principle, Mr Snow. You call me an ass, and a cobbled villanous brute. What principle is there in that? I ask you, sir, how can you, as a customer and a gentleman, defend such conduct to a person who feels, and who acts as — as —"

"Why, how you go on? Don't you see it's all a joke? D'y'e think I'd call any one but a dear friend or a fellow-townsmen such names? No, sir, I'd see any one d——d first. But it's no matter, take your own opinion. There's more real friendship in my calling you an infuriated brute and an ass, than in my saying, *dear sir*, and be hanged to you!"

"Sir, you're a gentleman. I've always said so of you. I make a principle of it. 'Rony,' says I to my wife, 'Snow, Esquire, is a gentleman, every inch of him. Ne'er a baron of the castle ever wore such a pair of Wellington boots, or paid for them as punctually as Snow, Esquire.' You *are* a gentleman, sir, and no mistake"

"You talk of principle. answer this. The duty of leather was taken off, but how much did you take off the price of boots in consequence? Nothing. Then if you didn't take off no more, would the baker, if corn were cheap?"

"I hope you will change your principles, sir"

"Never, old Stitch-and-chalk-one! Here's a shiner that never was spent yet. Drink up your heeltaps, and lay it out. Winny, my dear, resist temptation, like your namesake, St Winifred, and give my particular friend the bootmaker some polishing compound without squeezing his hand. Rumblegrib for ever!"

A patient observer of this rather eccentric gentleman, "Snow, Esquire," for half an hour, I at last became quite tired of him and his string of repetitions, or round towel speaking, and beat a retreat. We see a similar effect sometimes at a theatre. Be the comic actor ever so comic, yet if the gods will have his most laughable and comic song

repeated a third time, half a dozen gentlemen in the pit, who have previously been highly amused, immediately arise and proceed to the door

Whilst waiting for a candle at the bar, for the chambermaid could not well be called into the smoking room, out came Morgan Jones to fetch the landlord news of his horned cow. Alas! the poor animal was deceased, without providing the slaughterer with a fee

"Now, Mr Jones," said the landlady

"Yes, Mrs Pland"

"I can always manage you, Mr Jones, so go to your home, Mr Jones"

"Yes, Mrs Pland, but a want to trink Mr 'Pland's goot healt, now the cow ees tead"

"It's better to go home, Mr Jones, for Mrs Jones to have some of your company, than to sit here so long, Mr Jones, while Mrs Jones is sitting by herself, poor thing, Mr Jones"

"Goot night, goot night, Mrs Pland," replied Morgan, and beht his steps to the door, muttering something in that fine language the Welsh, which to my Saxon ears sounded very like—"Dym schulu in pooblic hoos, e nuf ov dhatt hatt ome, Mrs Pland—dym schulu, dym, dym!"

HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY EDWARD KENEALY, AUTHOR OF "BRALLAGHAN," ETC

PART II

Pange Lingua

*Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium.*

*Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Ex intacta virgine;
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine*

*In supremæ nocte canæ,
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plenè
Cibus in legibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus*

*Verbum caro panem verum,
Verbo carnem efficit
Fitque sanguis Christi, merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmam cor sincerum,
Sola fides sufficit.*

Sing, O my tongue, in strains of rapture praise
To erring earth, our Lord's mysterious ways,
How for our sins in human form he stood
And offer'd up for man his precious blood,
How, with immortal love, at length inspired,
The King of Hosts upon the cross expired.

Sent from the skies to save the sons of earth,
A virgin's womb conceived, and gave him birth,
The world beheld its Mother and its Lord,
In lowly guise, diffuse the heavenly word,
This done, he closed his missions from above,
With one more wondrous proof of power and love

'Twas on that last eventful solemn night,
Pass'd with observance of each olden rite,
The twelve disciples round their Lord reclined,
He in the midst—the Saviour of mankind—
Bestow'd with smiles unto that chosen band,
His flesh and blood with his own hallow'd hand.

The Word made flesh, took up and brake the bread,
"Eat ye of this, it is my flesh," he said.
Into twelve cups he pour'd the rosy wine,
"Drink ye of this—his blood, and it is mine
In outward form though bread and wine appear,
Doubt not the truth—be silent, and revere."

*Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui
Præstet fides supplementum,
Sensuum defectui*

*Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et Jubilatio !
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio*

To this most wondrous sacrament we bow
With humbled hearts, and many a grateful vow,
To this, all ancient forms and rites give way,
As stars when shines the golden light of day,
What, though tis bread and wine that meets our eyes?
Our faith in Christ the mystery supplies.

O God the Father! O Eternal Son!
O Holy Spirit! Wondrous Three in One!
Enthroned in thunder, clemently look down
On prostrate man, nor blast him with Thy frown,
Turn not away thine ears, while here we raise
Our voices in thy worship, love, and praise

Ecce Panis.

*Ecce panis angelorum
Factus cibus vimatorum
Vere panis filiorum
Non mittendus canibus,
In figuris prægnatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur
Agnus Paschæ deputatur
Datur manna patribus
Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere
Tu nos pascere nos tuere
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium
Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales
Qui nos pascis hic mortuales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
I ac sanctorum civium.*

Behold the bread of angels
Is made man's sweet repast,
A heavenly food upon his road,
To dogs not to be cast
Fore-shadow'd in the figures
Of Isaac and the ram,
And in the desert manna,
And in the Paschal lamb.
Good shepherd! who art truly
The bread divine of life,
Feed and defend thy children
From sickness, sin, and strife,
While on this earth we wander,
Do thou, all Good and Wise,
The beauty of a holy life
Display unto our eyes,
And place us at Thy table
With those whom Thou hast blest,
And give us, with Thine angels,
Eternal light and rest.

Salutaris

*O Salutaris Hostia !
Que cæli pandis ostium
Belli premunt hostilia
Da robur, fer auxilium
Uni trinque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria*

O Salutory Host! who didst uncloze
The Gate of Heaven unto our falling race,
Behold our bosoms stung, with piercing woes—
Behold, and pitying, lend thy healing grace!
To Thee, Thy Father, and the Holy Ghost,
Glory eternal, honour, duty, love!
Oh! may we yet amid the starry host,
Sing forth Thy praises in Thy home above!

Panis Angelicus

*Panis angelicus fit panis hominum
Dat panis cælicus figuris terminum
O res mirabilis! munducat Dominum
Pauper servus et humilis
Te, trina Dextas unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te columus
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus
Ad lucem quam inhabitas*

The food of angels becomes food for man,
The types commanded by the laws of old
Have lived, and pass'd away With Christ
began
The mighty miracle our eyes behold
O strange effect of love, when God descends
To give to sinful man his flesh, his blood!
Eternal Triune, O fulfil their ends!
Give us immortal light with Thee, our God

Ave Verum

*Ave verum corpus natum
De Maria Virgine !
Vere passum immolatum
In cruce pro homine,
Cujus latus perforatum*

Hail! thou true body born
From Mary's virgin womb!
During the dreadful doom
Of cross, and spear, and thorn,
Whose godlike side, when torn,

*Unda fluxit cum sanguine.
Esto nobis prægustatum
In mortis examine
O dulcis, O pie
O Jesu fili Mariæ
Miserere nostri.*

Pour'd forth a mystic flood
Of water blent with blood
For man Thou didst endure this death.
Oh! give him in his parting breath,
Grace to sustain his pangs like Thee,
And pardon for eternity

Audi Benigne

*Audi benignus Conditor
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hæc sacro jejunio
Fusas quadragenario
Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virum,
Ad te reversus exhibe
Remissionis gratiam
Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus
Ad nominis laudem tuæ
Confer medelam languida.
Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam,
Culpæ ut relinquam pabulum
Jejuna corda criminum
Præsta beata Trinitas,
Concede simplex Unitas
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jegunorum munera*

Benignant Lord, thy children's prayers
Up to thy throne with tears are sent,
What groans are ours—what anxious cares
In these the forty days of Lent
Searcher of hearts, thou know'st how weak
And prone to err the human race,
From Thee, the fount of love, they seek
The cleansing gifts of heavenly grace,
Our crimes, though many, great, and vile,
Seek pardon when w' th sighs confess'd
Oh! let, like some celestial smile,
Thy mercy fall and make us blest!
Grant that, for abstinence and fast
Observed these forty days of woe,
Our weeping souls aside may cast
The robe of sin, and shine like snow,—
Grant, O most sacred One and Three,
That those who curb their proud desires—
Who watch, and fast, and pray, may see
The Heaven to which each soul aspires!

Vexilla Regis

*Vexilla regis prodeunt!
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Qui vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam protulit.*

Lo! where our regal banners shine
Effulgent with the cross divine,
Emblem of him who died to free
Mankind from endless misery

*Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone duro, criminum,
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.*

Pierced with the lance, his holy side
Pour'd water forth, with red blood dyed,
Our souls wash'd in the sacred stream
Pure, as the purest sunshine, seem

*Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fidei carmine,
Dicendo nationibus
Regnavit a hinc Deus.*

All is fulfill'd, so long foretold
By David's sacred song of old,
The King of Heaven and Earth we find
From a tree ruling all mankind

*Arbor decora et fulgida
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stupite
Tam sancta membra tangere.*

O beauteous tree, empurpled o'er
With Christ's immortal saving gore,
Well may we view, with reverend awe,
The noblest trunk the world e'er saw!

*Beata cujus brachius
Pretium pendendit sæculi,
Statuta facta corporis
Tulitque prædum tartari.*

Blest are thy branches—blest to bear
That weight, in worth beyond compare—
The great Messiah's; he who saved
From hell man's race, to sin enslaved

*O Cruz! ave spes unica
Hoc passionis tempore,
Pus adauge gratiam
Reisque dele crimina*

O Holy Cross! we hail thee now,
With many a sigh and heartfelt vow,
We see thee, and the cheering sight
Sheds o'er our souls serene delight!

*Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis Spiritus
Quibus crucis victoriam
Largura addæ premium.*

O blessed Trinity! to Thee
Let every Christian bend the knee,
And strive the golden crown to win,
Reserved for those who conquer sin!

HER MAJESTY'S ~~BAL~~ BAL POUDRÉ

A ROYAL wish is the true electric-telegraph. All others are vile, mechanical contrivances—weak, coarse, and clumsy indeed, compared with the divine affinities of the heart and eye. At best they only convey, with meaningless accuracy, the intelligence communicated to their care that done, their office is at an end. But a Queen's will not only conveys itself—it works out its own accomplishment. Be it the merest whim, the veriest “caprice” that ever agitated the feminine mind, its power is the same. It goes forth like the fiery cross among the clans, and in due time returns laden with a tribute of duty.

If all royal wishes had been as grand, as graceful, and as beautiful as that which originated the Bal Poudré at Buckingham Palace last month, the pen of history might have been dipped in rose water. To call back a by-gone age, to revive a defunct century, to bring to life the past of a hundred years ago, and parade it for the frolic of an hour in all its stateliness of manners, its barbarous ornament, its massive foppery of costume, to present it to us as the eye saw it in life, when the eye alone, and not the heart, beheld its imposing and graceful exterior, without its under-current of coarse vice, this was a thought worthy of a monarch, to whom, as a woman, as well as a sovereign, so much is given of the social power of example. It was a thought most happily and gloriously worked out to its accomplishment.

Where the choice was from the costumes of so many gay and gaudy ages, it was indeed a bold idea in her Majesty to select the comparatively heavy and unpicturesque period of George the Second. This was more particularly the case with regard to the era of 1745, when the death of the fascinating and accomplished Caroline, and the advent of her unworthy successor, had driven the female nobility from the court, except on state occasions—when all that is graceful in courtly life had given place to vulgar licence and coarse indulgence—when the costume of the males had degenerated from the solemn and imposing grandeur of the age of Marlborough, to a clumsy formality of style, and a barbaric profusion of ornament, and the dress of the ladies had grown, from German example, to be so utterly unnatural, that beauty and youth had no chance of rivalry with age and art, and all their hideous agencies of powder, patches, and paint. Some said it was a good-humoured caprice of her Majesty, who wished to see how far courtly manners were identified with courtly costume, and whether those who reigned in triumph in the present day would equally have borne the palm, had they been subjected to the greater trials of beauty of a century ago. If it was a “caprice,” it certainly was a happy one, for it produced a complete triumph of manliness and beauty. But another explanation of the royal motives places them in a far higher rank. It is said that her Majesty fixed on the particular age of George the Second, because she knew that the particular costume would render necessary the extensive employment of English manufactures. Whether this was the motive or not, it is certain it was the effect, and for this exercise of her royal power, we humbly tender her Majesty thanks, in the name of the people. Prerogative for ever!

Gay and trivial as the occasion might be, this costumed ball was,

nevertheless, pregnant with historical meaning From 1745 to 1845, what a stride our history has taken! And how the choice of such an epoch as that of the advance of the Young Pretender to the heart of the kingdom, for this graceful masquerading—how it stamps and marks the wonderful change that has taken place! A British Sovereign of the House of Brunswick can now trifle with the terrible past, and, for the gratification of a wish, can revive all its most deep-rooted recollections—can bring together the descendants of those who then met in conflict, either in the senate or the field—can oppose the scarlet coat of the dragoon to the tartan of the Highlander—not for the awful purposes of war, but to increase the picturesqueness of a ball-room effect Ancestral rivalries, and oft-recorded feuds between families of different faith or opposite interests, were here brought face to face, and with an aspect of life which only served still more to point their utter vanity and worthlessness Nobles, whose great-grandfathers had fought or intrigued against each other, were shifted back into the past, and the courtesies of modern life, pointing with keen ridicule to the grave absurdity of the scene, served still further to render such rivalries impossible hereafter

It is scarcely possible to say anything new of the ball itself Yet an event which agitated, for so long a time, the whole aristocracy—which grouped together all the beauty of the most beautiful court in the world—which gathered, in grotesque contrast, almost all the most remarkable men of the day in a garb so little consonant with their ordinary daily habits—may well afford the opportunity of a few passing remarks, dictated by a spirit different from that which animated the daily and hebdomadal ecstasies of our courtly contemporaries

The royal fiat went forth, and instantly there was an universal sensation in society Who were to be the fortunate two thousand to whom the invitations were to extend? Was rank or was fashion to be the passport to the royal presence on this auspicious occasion? All were on the *qui vive*, some to make interest to go, others to announce the happy certainty that they were to be among the favoured few A greater number still, who ascertained from the first that there was no hope of their being asked, set their faces against the whole thing—grumbled at it as a monstrous absurdity, which would only elicit the most grotesque incongruities, and end in discomfiture Of these, a certain ex-chancellor was the ringleader Those who counted on the certainty of a card, at once set to work to choose their costume Happy were they who saw that their face and figure would suit the dress, and whose complexions were “reckoned to look well” in powder and paint Inexpressible, on the other hand, was the chagrin of the black-haired beauties and the blondes They, at least, must be offered up as sacrifices to the whim of royalty, and forced to yield the palm to rivals far their inferiors in natural beauty Milliners rose at once to the rank of despotic powers, and tailors grew to be authorities in costume History was for a full month the fashion, so that her Majesty’s fancy has done at least one good service, for it has made her nobles more intimately acquainted with the names, the services, and the manners and customs of their grandfathers Hogarth especially was in request The Marriage A-la-Mode was studied intensely by the ladies, the courtiers, the lawyers, and the doctors, while the solitary officer, in the March to Finchley, might have been

Mars himself, so watchfully was he worshipped. Ancestral picture-galleries were visited by spendthrift heirs, who, if they did not knock down their progenitors, "all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in nature besides," at least went there with not much more reverent motive. Many a great uncle Richard—"a hero," as Charles Surface has it, "not cut out of his feathers, as modern-clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be"—was lifted from his panelling for the nonce, and made a study for the masquerading costume of perhaps a degenerate descendant. Nor, if the costumes of the ladies were a test, had the great aunt Deborahs been forgotten. Ruffles, sacques, bodices, bouffettes, Pompadour hats—all the important trifles of the toilette, in short, of a century back—became as familiar in the mouths of our modern belles, and they grew as learned in their uses, as their great-grandmothers. Grave senators and dashing young guardsmen alike might be seen practising the pompous swagger of the courtier of the age they were to represent, while their wives, daughters, or sisters, were equally earnest in studying to make graceful their carriage under the odious hoop, or catching the bold laugh, and how to flirt the fan.

At length, the portentous and eventful evening came, when all the fluttering vanities that had been pent up so long must mount on the wing of success or fall to the dust. It was so arranged that all the guests, at whatever door they were admitted, must pass up the grand staircase. They, therefore, met in the great hall, and here the first recognition took place. Here, the most intimate friends found it difficult or impossible to recognise each other under their extraordinary transformation. Here, disfigured beauties first felt the severity of mutual criticism. Here, the senator or the warrior lost all his importance under the overpowering influence of ridicule. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half the guests were so utterly disguised in their antiquated costume, the expression of their faces was so different, and their general bearing so altered, that it was almost impossible to identify them. This first meeting in the great hall was a great test of character. Some merry spirits entered so fully into the humour of the thing as to increase the enjoyment in proportion to the absurdity, while others exhibited a gaucherie and stiff uneasiness which would have disgraced a Parisian workman. Some, as they entered, would salute their friends with an affectation of grave courtesy, in happy imitation of the manners of the times. Others walked in with an uncomfortable air of solemnity. A very pretty effect was occasionally produced in this way as a little group of the masqueraders met, laughing, quizzing each other, practising the courtly airs of their grand-sires, the embroidered or military coats of the gentlemen mingling with the brocade and silks of the ladies, sometimes gorgeous and gay, sometimes Dorcas-like and simple, with the pretty little hat mounted on the top of the powdered hair.

But if each felt an interest in his own little circle of acquaintance, there were some among the invited guests as to whom all felt a curiosity, to see how they would acquit themselves in their unwonted costume. Men distinguished as warriors, as statesmen, as lawyers, were to be present, and when one of these was announced, those who were waiting to pass on into the reception room would linger to catch a

glimpse of him in his metamorphosis. Scarcely less interesting than these great men—than those who hold by virtue of their intellectual superiority the power in the present day—were nobles who came to the *fête* in the costume of their own ancestors living at the period—the descendants of those who held power and were distinguished in the past. It is true that the age of George the Second was not strikingly remarkable for first-rate men, but those who were before the public at that time were sufficiently remarkable for some personal or social peculiarities, to render them objects of recollection when thus represented by their living descendants. Thus, the powerful Duke of Newcastle found an able and interesting representative in the Earl of Lincoln—the Earl of Shelburne lived again in the Marquis of Lansdowne—the Duke of Bedford, in Lord John Russell—the Earl of Chesterfield, in the gay nobleman who now holds the title. The list, in fact, is endless of those who, as they passed forward to the reception room, called up recollections of that age of political and social intrigue, of which the letters of Walpole and some of his contemporaries give us such vivid and entertaining pictures.

Little time, however, there was to contemplate these representatives of the dead—the attention was more often riveted on the living, on those whose deeds in the field or whose triumphs in the senate have stamped their names in the memory of their countrymen, and perchance secured them a record in history. Perhaps the reader may think a passing record of how these remarkable men acquitted themselves in their strange and uncongenial attire, of more interest than the dresses and movements of the hundreds of titled personages who filled up the gay and brilliant scene.

The Duke! All would like to know how the Duke looked—even those who felt that so illustrious and so aged a man ought not to have been called on to disguise himself in order to take part even in royal masquerading. The Duke is full of courtesy. A lady's wish is more powerful with him than his own word of command was to his army, but the desire of a royal lady was to be accomplished in spite of all or any obstacles, and therefore, at the sovereign's command, the Duke came to the ball. We confess to our disappointment at his costume. Report says it was intended as the imitation of that of the too well known Duke of Cumberland. It was the field-marshal's dress of the period, but the military costume of that day was not suited for thin or small sized men. The Duke, therefore, did not look well in his dress. The coat hung down from his shoulders loosely, as if from a peg, the pether garments seemed swathed about his legs like bandages, and the boots looked too heavy for him. Add to this, his Grace's usual stoop, and it will be seen that the martial character was not likely to be well supported in this instance. It is the simplicity of the Duke's ordinary dress—his plain blue frock and white trowsers—that takes off the effect of a feebleness of gait which this extraordinary costume only seemed to increase.

Some of the military dresses were, however, very well sustained. Lord Londonderry has just the face and figure to set off the heavy broad-cast military dress of the period. He looked a veritable Major Sturgeon. Lord Cardigan also looked as if he had been born to jack-boots, a broad-sword, and a queue. He stamped and swaggered through his part in very mock-ferocious style. His enormous mous-

tache were stained black for the occasion, and his hair of course was white with powder. Those to whom his lordship's features are familiar, who remember his broad hard countenance and large glaring eyes, will form some idea of the startling effect of such an apparition. We pass over a multitude of young officers who looked the dragoon to admiration, in order to come to a few of the statesmen. First among them, let us take Sir Robert Peel. The good sense of the right hon baronet led him to choose the plainest court dress of the period. He does not boast—perhaps he disdains—ancestral recollections, but he can appeal to that mental superiority which allies him, by ties more potent and lasting than those of blood, with the great men of all time. Nor in his case was high ancestry wanting in order to the assumption of that nobility of carriage which the costume of our forefathers required so much more than ours. Sir Robert Peel looked the courtier and the aristocrat in his very trying and unusual dress. His full open countenance looked well in the ample flowing wig, and the breadth of the coat and nether garments gave an appearance of strength to his figure which it wants in our own cotemporary costume. Sir James Graham's tall commanding figure was also well adapted to the court dress of the period, and he has just the sort of face, not overburthened with expression, that looked well in the powdered wig. A sort of meaningless smile, and a hanging of the nether lip, added an effeminacy strangely contrasting with his stature, and fully realized the malicious epithet attributed to Sir James Mackintosh, when he called the present Home Secretary "the manly puppy." Of Lord John Russell we had formed rather unfavourable anticipations. We expected that his small head and person would have been lost in the capacious wig and extravagant dress. His actual appearance agreeably disappointed these expectations. A manly bearing will show itself in any dress, however unbecoming. So it was with the little leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. Instead of his shrinking within the dress, his figure seemed to expand and lessen the comparative size of the coat. His well marked features came out well under the wig. Much larger men seemed dwarfs by his side. His two parliamentary friends, Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne were both eclipsed by him. The first noble lord forcibly reminded us of a half-starved apothecary, while the latter did not seem much indebted to his noble blood and long ancestral honours for any accession of dignity. Mr Goulburn, in a black silk gown and long curls, with white neckbands, looked like a stage notary—at the opera, for instance. Among the lawyers, Lord Lyndhurst was more conspicuous for his fine face and head than for any peculiarity in his costume. With the exception of some additional gold lace, the Chancellor's gown of the time of George the Second was precisely the same as that which the noble and learned lord wears on ordinary occasions, and which he wore now. The other judges who were there, also retained their ordinary judges' robes, with very slight alterations. Lord Denman's fine features did not strike one so remarkably as they do in a close fitting wig. We must not forget Lord Stanley. His severe, but intellectual countenance was remarkably adapted to the court costume. The general looseness, not to say slovenliness, of his ordinary attire, renders his appearance usually less imposing than it ought to be, but all this was corrected in the court costume, which

therefore improved his appearance in a remarkable way. Among the foreign ambassadors, we must not forget the Count de St Aulaire and the Baron Bulow. The Count wore the costume of a celebrated ancestor of his, who, after fighting like a hero for his country, turned poet at last, and has immortalized himself in an amorous impromptu. The Baron was one of the best dressed men in the room, and his peculiar countenance and bearing well suited the costume. We were nearly forgetting one who does not like to be passed over—Lord Ellenborough. One might have expected this noble lord to have made quite a respectable figure in his new costume. Tall and well made, and with strongly-marked features, he ought to have looked one of the most courtier-like among the courtly. But some evil genius, perhaps some malicious fair one, seemed to have selected for him a costume which deprived him of all his natural advantages, and only made him supremely ridiculous. Any one who has seen Liston as Lord Grizzle, may form a general idea of the effect. From the top of his wig, down to the square toes of his high-lows, he presented a succession of angularities—like a Chinese puzzle. Two historians stood side by side among the group, one, an historian by profession, and whose reputation is universal—the other, an historian amateur, whose books will scarcely survive himself. Lord Mahon and Mr Hallam happened to arrive almost at the same time, and an observer must have been struck with the contrast they presented. Lord Mahon's face—small, thin, unintellectual, Mr Hallam's, large, strongly marked, the full eye denoting great mental power. The dress became them both, though Mr Hallam, from his physical conformation, had the advantage over his noble rival. We will wind up this strange, incongruous list with one who has often been the subject of the comic malice of the artists of the day—Lord Morpeth. The costume brought out his lordship's peculiarities to perfection. We almost despair of illustrating anything so remarkably unique.

The costumes of the ladies do not naturally call for so much remark, yet they were beautiful. And so—in spite of paint, patches, and powder—were their wearers. We could write a chapter in praise of the emancipation of beauty from those monstrous disfigurements, and then another in praise of that beauty which was still so resplendent in spite of them. Bright eyes looked brighter, fair skins looked fairer, the stately looked more dame-like, the petite looked more delightfully interesting, more like the Phillises of the court pastorals of the age. The ease with which they entered into the full spirit of the jest, threw themselves into the very modes and manners of a past age, was the theme of universal remark. Out of such a galaxy of beauty,—and we defy any court, or any society in the world, to produce anything to match the display on this occasion,—it is impossible to particularize more than a few of the most distinguished ladies. The reader will not be surprised that the beauty of the Duchess of Sutherland triumphed over the disadvantages of a costume more fitted to help and hide deformities than to enhance natural charms. The Duchess de Nemours, in her doubtful and dangerous character of De Pompadour, looked the loveliest of the lovely. Lady Canning and Lady Portman were remarkable for the ease with which, both in person and manner, they adapted themselves

to the dress Lady Peel's stately figure and fine countenance were enhanced by it, while nothing could exceed the splendour of the attire of the Marchioness of Douro, her exquisite beauty rendered still more interesting by the faint trait of melancholy that ever and anon stole over her countenance

Now that the occasion has passed away, and the public have been so surcharged with information by those veracious chroniclers the court newspapers, we do not purpose to expend much space on the ball itself. In truth, the chief interest lay in the costumes, and in the amusement felt by the guests in their endeavours at mutual recognition. The fun was in a great measure over, and the solemnity began, when the state-rooms were entered, and the grave masquerading commenced.

The reception of the guests by her Majesty was, however, a splendid sight. It was a pleasing thought, no doubt, for the Queen, that all this splendour was the realization of a passing wish. As the guests passed along, scarcely one but received some slight acknowledgment of recognition from her Majesty and her Royal Consort. Considering that the dress of the period of George the Second, with its breadth and massiveness, and above all, with the enormous hoop, was more adapted for females above the middle size, we were surprised that her Majesty became it so well. The raised shoes helped to add to the stature, and her Majesty's hoop was not of the ungraceful order. But the native dignity of the Queen added in imagination to her stature, and it may without flattery be said, that there were few, very few, amongst that gay and brilliant throng, who could sustain comparison with the Queen for nobleness and grace.

Of the ball itself, the highest praise that can be given is that it was all in the most perfect keeping, from the magnificent Polonaise, sweeping in gaiety and grandeur along the magnificent saloons, to the concluding dance—the good old English country dance of Sir Roger de Coverley—all was in perfect harmony with the period it was the Queen's pleasure to recall to life. It was more difficult to believe that the personages moving before you were only masquerading for the hour, than to indulge the imagination with the hope that they were real. The humour of the conception seemed to have entered into all the partakers, and had their ancestors looked down on them they must have been deceived also. The minuets were gone through with a stately courtesy that seemed native to the dancers, and the country dance elicited a vigorous gaiety such as the mawkish quadrille has long since banished from our ball-rooms. Altogether, the scene was one not soon to be forgotten. The blaze of diamonds, the brilliancy of eyes still brighter than those diamonds, the rich brocade and stately head-dresses, the bright gilded dresses of the courtiers, the military costumes of the soldiers, intermingled with the gay and gaudy fashion of the French, and the picturesque tartans of the Highlanders, these formed a picture of ever-moving variety and living splendour such as can be seen in no other human combination, for the atmosphere of a court alone can call such splendour into life, or diffuse over its display such a poetical harmony of effect, such refinement of conception, and such delicacy of execution, and how seldom is it that royalty will condescend to this graceful masquerading!

THE LOVER'S LEAP

AN INDIAN LEGEND

BY PERCY B ST JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE"

CHAPTER I.—THE PRAIRIE

"THE old landlord of America"—as a quaint and humorous divine denominates the Prince of Darkness—in selecting this peculiar region for the exercise of his sovereignty, proved himself, at all events, possessed of a very considerable amount of taste. It is the cradle of magnificence and grandeur, in some places, to change the figure, the stupendous ruined temple, as it were, of some unknown and gigantic race of beings. Its illimitable and endless plains, its rivers running a course of thousands and thousands of miles, now slow, sullen, and dreamy—witness the Mississippi, now a raging and boiling torrent, that, like the Amazons, is scarce to be stemmed in its upward course, its vast and gloomy forests, its gigantic hills stretching in one continuous vein from north to south, its horrid gaps, dark and deep, its mines within the bowels of the yawning earth, are the salient and grand features in its varied landscape. But narrowing the limits of our survey, and confining ourselves to what may be taken in by one glance of the eye, the wayfarer who seeks the picturesque upon its continent, will find in few parts of the world scenery so sweetly poetical.

On the upper waters of the great Missouri river, in those parts where the whoop of the Sioux, the Raccaree, and the Mandan, with the howl of the white wolf, alone make themselves heard, and at no very considerable distance from the famed Pipe-stone quarry of the Indians, the lone traveller happens on a region, which, in the extraordinary scenic effects it presents, is unsurpassed, even upon this continent of wonders. Some portion of its varied sublimity and sweetness we must endeavour to portray, in order fully to elucidate the events of the remarkable Indian legend, which, gathered from hear-say in Texas, it is now our province to relate.

On an evening in autumn some six years ago, the red sun still pulsing the high-risen moon, and shedding its dying glories over universal nature, suffusing one-half of the sky in blood-red tints, prepared to sink to rest, the heavens were clear and lovely, a few fleecy clouds, black in their position between the spectator and the dying luminary, seemed about to follow it in its descent. The dim crepuscular glimmer which lasts so brief a space in the western world, lighted up one spot, to which we must for awhile grant our undivided attention. It was a vast grassy plain, a gently undulating prairie, at some distance from the western bank of the great Missouri, stretching away on all sides in apparently boundless and unbroken vastness—monotonous, mighty, sublime. Like all that lacks limit, its effect on the mind is of those things truly indescribable. Its utter sameness was, however, occasionally destroyed by a belt of small trees, fringing the bank of certain creeks and rivulets, that, after flowing tortuous and slowly along cool and shady courses, found an exit in the great river, the volume of which they served to swell. To the east, on the very verge of the horizon, a slight elevation—a gradual rise, ending in a series of lofty mounds and hills, marked the bed of the Missouri, distant thirty
 miles



THE END OF THE WORLD

The centre of the scene was formed by a murmuring streamlet, which, slightly expanding in one particular spot, formed a diminutive lake, in which grew certain almost branchless trees, that forcibly called to mind the eastern palm, stunted in its taper height. A waving grass grew down to the water's edge, in which a solitary white heron, standing on one leg, tall and erect, seemed the guardian spirit of the spot, while some half-dozen deer were leisurely slaking their thirst in the still waters of this secluded pond. A stately buck, several fat and sleek does, with a little fawn, formed an interesting group. At the southern extremity of the lake, the stream was narrow, and skirted by lofty and stout trees, which, while they in places left a greensward between their gnarled roots and the edge of the creek, in all instances met overhead, their arching boughs forming a canopy of verdant grape, and other vines, in the full weight of autumnal richness, crept up the tree trunks, and, following the direction of the branches, met in the midst, twining, wreathing, and amorously interlacing, thus making a delicious natural arbour, in which the heavy bunches of the wild grape were conspicuous ornaments. It was truly an enchanting scene of sylvan loveliness—quiet, lonely, like the vast plain around, it seemed one of the bowers of a new Eden, and wanted but some fair Eve to be complete in its every feature.

The crack of a rifle suddenly broke upon the hallowed stillness of the spot, as if some evil spirit, jealous of its retired gracefulness, had wrought sudden desolation. The heron, spreading its winnowing wings, flew lazily from his secret place, lopping and cloaking in token of his displeasure, the deer pricked their ears, jumped high, and then scampered across the prairie, being in an instant lost to sight. Not all, however, for one, the fattest of the flock, lay for ever still, slain by the merciless bullet which flew from the engine of destruction that had alarmed the rest. An Indian, mounted on a small, but beautifully-formed white horse, of quick, short stride, yet singularly powerful action, its nostrils breathing hot vapour, its black tail adorned with feathers, a lariatte streaming from its neck, came coursing along the prairie. At the savage's back was a long lance that shook high in the air, a bow and quiver were beside it, while in his hand was poised a light rifle of elegant workmanship, profusely ornamented. Naked from the waist upwards, a girdle of leather, studded with porcupine quills and feathers, richly fringed leggings and moccasins, covered the lower part of his form, while his black tresses, decked with three eagles' plumes, waved, streamer-like, in the breeze, as he galloped madly up to the lake, and threw himself, apparently utterly exhausted, beside the deer. His wearied steed rushed to the water, and there drank with an eagerness which betokened long thirst.

The Indian was young and handsome, tall and muscular withal, but appeared to have journeyed far that day. After a brief pause, he rose and proceeded to flay the deer—a delicate operation, which was performed with all due care and nicety. He then advanced within the shelter of the natural arbour before described, and there hung up the meat. This done, he turned toward his horse, and uttering a hissing sound, the faithful animal came running towards him, and quietly suffered himself to be divested of its bridle and sheepskin saddle, as well as to be fastened by a long lariatte to a tree, which gave it an ample range of food. The Indian then again betook himself to the green

shelter of the vine-clad trees, and, lighting a fire, cooked certain slices of venison on the point of a sharpened stick. A hearty meal, washed down by a draught from the cool stream, having been followed by a pipe of kinnee-kinnee, the young warrior extinguished the tell-tale flames, and wrapping himself in the sheepskin that had served for a saddle, was soon in a deep sleep. Darkness canopied the heavens, half illumined by the now triumphant moon, aided by the twinkle of myriad stars that spangled the ethereal vault.

With the dawn of day the Indian rose, moved his steed to a fresh patch of grass, watered him, and then proceeded to cook his breakfast in a methodic and leisurely manner. This duty performed, he made no preparation for proceeding on his journey, but drawing forth his pipe, began again smoking. Hours passed, and the young warrior moved not, save to replenish his fire. At length, however, the sun rose high in the heavens, and appeared near its zenith, the Riccaree—for such he was—then once more ate a hearty meal, which dispatched, he rose, and giving one long wistful look across the prairie, proceeded to saddle his horse. As he leaped upon the back of his neighing steed it was noon, and at that very instant a tall and gaunt savage, streaming at every pore, from his fearful exertion, wounded and bleeding, rushed through the thicket, leaped the dying embers, and stood by the younger warrior.

"Wah!" exclaimed Eagle-plume, the Riccaree appellative. "Quick-eye is hungry let him eat."

Quick-eye snatched a huge lump of venison just as his horse, which he had abandoned on the other side of the thicket, came plunging into the lake, where it slaked its burning thirst. Quick-eye greedily followed its example, and then mounting, signified that he was ready to proceed. Eagleplume knew well that his follower—whom he had agreed to meet on this very spot some three weeks back—was pursued by the Sioux, both from his appearance and from his eagerness to be gone, he, therefore, made no inquiries, but leading the way, skirted the stream some short distance, and then, his eye fixed upon a particular mound, blue in the distance, struck right across the prairie. The grass was high, in some places towering above their heads as they rose in the saddle, pea-vines, and other creeping plants, too, impeding their progress, though the young warrior, mounted on his fresh and prancing steed, could have proceeded much more rapidly, but for his wounded comrade. Still, on they went, and had advanced above two miles ere Eagleplume suffered his companion to narrate his adventures, in part from the fact of his assiduity in devouring the piece of venison which he had hastily snatched. Once or twice the wind, which blew keenly and directly in their rear, had brought the distant sound of pursuit upon its wings, but for some few minutes this had wholly ceased. Eagleplume, however, kept his ears in continual play, and just as he was about to question the weary brave, a report like that of a thousand muskets, fired by a battalion at irregular intervals, reached him.

The two Indians paused.

The first half mile of their journey, after leaving the lake, had been through a "slash" of dry cane-brake, the reed being completely withered by the summer heat. It was thence the noise proceeded. The Sioux, it was evident, had fired the prairie in the hope of destroying the fugitives, and thus obtaining their scalps. A huge and dense

volume of mingled black and white smoke rose in high cliffs against the heavens—a very thunder-cloud, curling, wreathing, rolling on—nay, galloping over the ground with fearful rapidity. The flames, too, were plainly to be seen—swelling waves of liquid fire—bursting out at every instant in some fresh spot, and spreading, with a velocity truly appalling, both onward to the right and to the left. Report followed report, as the reeds crackled and caught the fire, while the sullen, wild, awful roar—the thunder rumbling—of the vast rolling conflagration at times deadened every other sound. A lurid glow—glare, as from the mouth of some tremendous volcano, caught the whole expanse of the heavens. On swept the blazing and devouring element, its vanguard of smoke and flying cinders already almost choking the paralysed fugitives.

Neither spoke, but fetching both a long breath, away they rushed, tearing over the plain for dear life. Swift swept the fury storm, belching forth its horrid blaze, rolling with its lightning glare, booming over the deep clad prairies, vomiting, as it were, columns of black vapour. Clouds upon clouds of smoke darkened the heavens, louder and louder grew the furious bellowing of this devastating fire-tumult—the awful roar of some mighty cataract of flame—and on sped the affrighted Indians. The very horses seemed to know their danger, straining as they did every nerve, and needing no whip or word of encouragement. Still the sweeping wind brought the fire-glow to their streaming haunches—the burning grass, wafted by the hurricane, fell thick around—the conflagration was gaining upon them. Eagleplume, with his fresh steed, could easily, however, have made head, but not so with his companion, who, worn and fatigued, as was his horse, drove on doggedly, but at a pace by no means commensurate with the danger. The younger warrior sat his steed with stern eye, compressed lip, and a cheek glowing with exertion, but his hand restrained the animal's speed. He would not leave his wounded friend to the pitiless mercy of the furious flames.

Suddenly Quickeye's horse stumbled and fell, just as the conflagration was within two hundred yards of the fugitives. Eagleplume grasping the bridle, which secured his steed, leaped to the ground. The sight was awful. Close at hand were the rushing flames, above, a black, or, rather, grey, canopy of driving smoke, with a burning shower of grass, wellnigh choking the Riccaree as he faced it. The fire had almost divided a patch of stunted grass burning feebly in the midst. Here was a means of gaining a position in the rear of the burning monster, but the quick eye of the Indian caught a dim and hasty glance of certain shadowy figures, huge in the long vista of smoke, which he well knew were the murderous Sioux thirsting for his blood.

Seizing his now almost helpless companion in his arms, Eagleplume placed him before him on his horse, which, snorting and neighing beneath the double weight, plunged on. The other animal was quickly caught by the devastating element, and incapable of rising, was scorched to death. Quickeye neither groaned, nor uttered any sound, though his sufferings were truly awful. His bleeding wounds, irritated by the driving smoke and cinders, caused him to endure torments to be conceived but not described, while his weakness was greater every moment. Eagleplume, to lighten his steed, cast away lance, bow, and, what he prized still more, a small barrel of powder, that had

formed the object of his expedition, taking care, however, to draw the plug. A report, awful in its roar—a column of smoke more dense—a flame more lurid than ever, followed.

Away, away went the gallant little steed, with exertions which were tremendous, and that, had not the wind lulled, would have been speedily terminated. A slight falling off in the breeze, however, shortly ensued, but with this falling off, the horse's power also proportionably decreased. There were yet many miles of country to be traversed, and night was coming on. Eagleplume drove on, with the fire not a hundred feet in his rear, casting every moment a glance behind. Before, the scene had been grand, the sun went down, and it was magnificent—sublime! The western sky wore a colour like ochre, and what, during the day, had been but a dull flame, was now a long line of blazing grass, that illumined heaven and earth with a more dazzling radiance than that of the sun itself. Before, pitchy night reigned—behind a lurid day. An awful canopy of clouds rolled on high, while, with evening, the deafening roar of the living tornado increased in loudness. The breeze, too, again rose—the young man felt the scorching flames thick upon his back—his horse stumbled at every step—the wind increased to a gale—the hideous conflagration rushed madly upon him, he felt himself within the power of the fire—the smoke half choked him—his face and hands were singed—his horse plunged and reared, casting the helpless body of Quickeye from his back, and then, as if endued with new energy, rushed madly on. Eagleplume groaned—it seemed that his hour was come. The blaze compassed him about, he felt sick, faint, dying, just as, leaping furiously, his steed brought him to a spot where the young warrior felt that the ground rose. With a wild cry of delight he urged his faithful beast a few yards further, and then fell senseless upon the bare summit of a bluff that offered not a blade of grass to the devouring maw of the fire.

LONDON AT NIGHT,*

SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF ST PAUL'S *

BEHOLD! Where art thou? But a moment past,
Thy feet, earth dweller the earth-mansion trod,
Now thou art pausing in the infinite vast,
And nearer to the sky and to thy God
Look UP! and for one gazing instant hold
Spirit communion with the heavenly light—
Look DOWN! and, lo! a city's flooding gold
Burns its broad sheen up through the folds of night!

Never before on such did sight fall down
(For light and glory human eyes gaze higher!)
The illumin'd City of the far renown,
Spreading its grandeur like a sheet of fire!
Monster, with burning eyes, that through the dark
Star up their way, and pierce thy soul within,
Hark not! thou art beyond its loudest bark,
And space between thee drowns the furious din!

* Of course it is not permitted to the community at large to find at night the opportunity of inspecting *marvellous London* from the real St Paul's but this favour was accorded, in a spirit of art patronage, to Messrs. Danson and Tebbin two gifted artists who were thus enabled to carry out the worthy project of Mr Bradwell in that wonderful picture of *London at Night*, now to be seen at the Colosseum and the beautiful illusions of which it is only fair to say furnished the inspiration of this poem.—F W N B

So, thou hast stood on mountains, and thy cheek
 Hath press'd against the summit crown'd with snow,
 But thou didst never clasp the cloud-wed peak
 To gaze on such a marvellous "below!"
 The moon might fold her silver mantle round
 The forms of rocks, of rivers, and of trees,
 Or forests darkening many a gloomy ground,
 Or hamlets sleep full'd by the valley's breeze

Perchance, on cities that in slumber deep,
 And silence, seem'd like cities of the dead,
 But never, never from thy terrible steep
 On the world's capital, like ocean spread,
 As boundless and majestic as the sea,
 With heaving breast and rolling waves of light,
 Beating its big heart to life's revelry,
 Unscreen'd by all the curtains of the night!

Where art thou? On a dome beneath whose arch
 Sleep the fine echoes of all reverend prayer,
 With men who through the realms of mind would march,
 To kindle glory and to perish there
 And couldst thou whisper through that dome, the sound
 Of dulcet softness, swelling to a roar,
 Would send deep-booming thunders volleying round,
 Until they died upon the sculptured floor!

The throne on which thou standest is the crest
 Of warriors' tombs—heroes and statesmen lie
 With genius,—the world's brightest friend and best,
 Rob'd in the old immortal majesty,—
 Even he, whose voice of victory swept the deeps
 Till it became a part of England's doom,
 Beneath thee in his grave of glory sleeps—
 Under thy footstool now is Nelson's tomb!

Ay, thou art proudly pedestal'd to night,
 Above the monuments of mightier men,
 Thy column soars up to the dizzyest height—
 Thou standest on the monument of Wren!
 This is the *one* ST PAULS! When nations came,
 Gaz'd on its grandeur with an awe untold,
 And ask'd us for some pillar of his fame,
 Old England's lordly answer was, "Behold! *

This is a wondrous moment! From God's tower,
 Above his temple and beside his cloud,
 To look down on that world of spreading power,
 Wrapp'd in the dark of its nocturnal shroud,
 Save for the fulgent moon, so lustrous bright
 Down the white stream and on the glittering spire,
 And all those gushes of earth's lambent light,
 Which mortal science hath evoked from fire!

There lies the imperial city of the world,
 Where commerce revels in the lap of ease,
 Her banner still on every sea unfurl'd,
 And she the bank of nation's argosies,
 There creeps the Mammon to his golden bed
 Shines by the day, and slumbers by the night
 The Titan king, with giant limbs outspread,
 In the great consciousness of unmatch'd might!

The lion city couching half at rest
 From the day turmoil, and the roaring strife,
 A little sleep upon its eyelids prest,
 But still with all its being full of life,

Si monumentum requiras circumspice!"

Repose, not slumber, dwelling on its brow,
 Night, but not midnight, gathering round its limbs,
 And flames within it kindling even now,
 Burning with lustre that no darkness dims

Oh! but it wears the night as 'twere a crown,
 With stars for diamonds, and the dazzling moon
 With all its halo radiance streaming down
 The one eternal jewel!—Heaven's fair boon
 Of splendour for that regal coronet,
 Which all the while shall regally be worn,
 Until its life in that gold sand shall set,
 Which the sun poureth through the glass of morn!

By night how far the wondrous city sweeps,
 Three counties catch its shadow, and the fourth
 Hath scarce a rood that from the wide clutch creeps
 Which grasps it east and west and south and north!
 Across the Thames it strides to Kentish shores,
 Up Surrey's hills th' encroaching suburb brings,
 O'er Essex fields its building madness roars,
 While Middlesex lies folded by its wings!

How play the lights o'er all this broad expanse,
 The lamps of earth beneath the lamp of heaven,
 Tinging the startled vision with romance,
 As though illusion were to grandeur given
 Some wild mysterious magic seems to glow,
 As their commingling influence haunts the view,
 Even where realities most broadly show,
 And most the mind confesses all is true!

Look down into the city's nearest heart
 Where traffic's feverish pulses burn and beat,
 And fires that seem to blend, yet blaze apart,
 Force recognition of the accustom'd street,
 The deep flame-yellow through the illumined glass,
 Glares from the tradesman's window—a bright proof
 Of his late industry—to all who pass
 Beneath the moonbeams silvering wall and roof

Watch the red beacon at the leech's door,
 The prism hues of many a symbol spread,
 Or the dim twinkling from some attic floor
 All palely lighting poverty to bed!
 Look where the markets concentrated blaze
 Proclaims the custom focus of the crowd,
 In flame-hot contrast to the softening rays
 Shed from a shrine that learning has endow'd

Turn to the merchant river! Bridges there
 Span the gleam waters all the lovely night,
 Throwing their bright lamps upward to the air,
 And downward on the ripples, catching light.
 The silver bosom'd stream flows calmly glad,
 To the soft love of the caressing moon,
 Too happy for its murmur to be sad,
 Too stirr'd with smiles to wake a mournful tune

The fleecy clouds, like sheep flocks, over head,
 Moving to pasture, peep into its tide,
 And while reflected in the wavy bed,
 You see them, with their swan like motion, glide.
 The steam boats woo their watery resting place,
 And shadowy forms flit o'er the river fast,
 While London's proud bridge rears a stately grace
 Near its black forest of eternal mast.

Grand temples rise to God with solemn awe,
 And gild their spires beneath his moonlight sky,
 And courts and banquet-halls and homes of law,
 Marts, changes, prisons, fix the wandering eye,
 With isolated prominence at first,
 Then with connected strength, uplifting rays,
 Like beacons through the city, till a burst
 Of one wide splendour fills the general gaze

Then the dark dimly half illumined spots,
 The dense black haunts of poverty or crime,
 Among whose shadows fool Intemperance sots,
 A mad way to the grave, and kills its prime,
 Or where vast darkness loometh over sin
 Its sombre giantude the while it works
 All these gloom pictures are contrasted in,
 —Storm in the sunshine that around it lurks'—

Far as the gaze sight the city fills
 The glorious distance with its calm smooth tone,
 While the lights trundle round the waving hills
 That skirt the fair horizon's lustrous zone,
 Dotted with changing shades and wavering gleams,
 Chasing their way through lovely wreaths of mist,
 To fall and drown within some hidden streams,
 Or soar and fade upon the clouds they kiss'd

See, too, the smoke in many a winding wreath,
 Curl upward from the pillars of the land,
 Those looming chimneys that have still beneath
 The old black storehouse by its river strand
 In these speaks London's voice—in these again
 The wondrous tale of commerce still is told
 So the grim city calls—and not in vain—
 The gazer's soul back to its "heart of gold"

Now, on the 'trancing marvel close thine eye,
 Cherish the grand bewilderment no more,
 One moment and thou art not with the sky,
 The old earth bears thy footstep, as before!
 But when they greet thee in the radiant day,
 And to the sunshine praise vast London's might,
 Tell how you saw the imperial Dives lay,
 Bathed in the splendour of this glorious night'

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

A SKETCH

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OUR NEW GOVERNESS," ETC

SHOULD any of our readers be asked—and in these days it is as well to be able to do anything one is asked—to name the most energetic man in any given county in England, the mode of providing an answer is extremely easy. Take the parti coloured list of provincial newspapers, (blue with conservatism, red with liberalism, and black where politics have "no colour,") and finding out the county named, reply, "There, the Editor of *that*"—the local "Chronicle," "Herald," or "Mercury," as the place and case may be.

The Editor of the terrible London newspaper is a mystery, a *nomis umbra*. He stands, like Zanon's Dweller upon the Threshold, between man and wisdom, but his name is not upon the door, or, if he

have a name at all, it is Legion, for, profiting by the ignorance of the world at large as to his identity, many Editors present themselves simultaneously wherever there is an extraordinary council, conceit, or culprit. No less than eight pseudo-Editors of the leading journal of Europe claimed entrance at the opening of the late Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar, reminding its conductors, as a poetical steward informed us, of the octagon avatar of Keham, when he came to fight Yamen.

But in the provinces such things cannot occur. There, the Editor of the newspaper is a "great fact," not only recognised by the local constitution, but no unimportant part of it. With the exception of Mr Pott, in "Pickwick," and his sturdy rival at Eatanswill, (laughable caricatures, and intended to be such,) we think that no specimen of the class has been presented to the world. As we have the happiness of numbering among our friends many of these gentlemen, we shall soon be set right, if the following sketch be ill drawn.

The Editor of the provincial newspaper (we speak, of course, of the respectable journals, which form an overwhelming majority,) is usually a highly educated man, who possesses the two press-essentials—a keen intellect and a ready pen. But these are not nearly sufficient to enable him to "hold his own." The retired chamber-scribe, who seldom comes in contact with the world, must have both, yet he would be strangely bewildered were he asked to undertake the editorship of a local paper. To these the Editor must add great energy and indomitable "pluck," and yet another addition must be made—that of the *tact* without which all the rest will be wasted. If our readers think we are placing the standard somewhat high, we can assure him that there are scores who more than come up to it.

Look at the Country Editor's mere literary work, which forms but a small part of his duties. Every day of his life he reads every line of every London daily paper. But *that* you have seen men do, day after day, at the club, and the "place in Albemarle-street." True—but they take a morning to do it. Can they do it in a couple of hours, pen and scissors alternately in hand, snipping at every scrap of information likely to interest a country reader—compressing a lengthened story into a twentieth part of its length—and explaining, by the addition of notes, what is too curt or too pert for any but the sharpened apprehension of a cockney—placing conflicting statements in contrast, and extracting therefrom a "pill" for the political opponent, according to the party our friend advocates? That's what a Country Editor calls reading the London papers, a different process from drawing over the various criticisms on "the great *maestro*" and the little "realist."

That is done, and the printers are at work. The post! One, two, three, four—nine letters in all. Only nine! We're lucky to-day. The first is from our regular "London Correspondent." He's angry about some typographical blunders, which made his last article nonsense. Why don't he write plainer, then? But what is his batch of news? The Queen—the Opera—the Duke's Banquet—Sham Fight at Portsmouth—Prince George. That seems all right. So that goes to the printer's, too. And now for our local letters. The "Curate of Pewington" on Arrianism. His letter contains eleven sides, and a volume of his sermons is referred to for extract. He must be answered privately. And in five minutes he is answered privately. "A Farming Subscriber," abusing the ministry. No—that's no farmer's writing—an Editor's not to be caught! So the idle lawyer's clerk

We'll answer him in the "Notices to Correspondents," and tell him he's a humbug "A Tyro," sends a mathematical problem for "some ingenious correspondent to solve," We'll give him one in return, touching the thickness of his own head Here's a stiff hand! Action for libel threatened "unless we insert an apology and pay the costs—viz, five shillings for this letter" Where's the file? What *did* we say? That "Mr Samuel Clod's objection to the patent plough was a piece of ignorant bigotry" Why, like *Sullen* in the "Beaux' Stratagem," the man don't appreciate common civility This week we'll give him a harder ran "The Marquis of ***** would like to see us" And we should like to see the Marquis, so we'll ring, order the horse, and ride over—And our friend does ride over to the nobleman's seat, and obtains some confidential information about a probable vacancy in the representation, and then he rides round to know why the lawyer in the next town has not sent him a long advertisement of some estates he is going to sell And then he calls upon three or four gentlemen interested in promoting or opposing the new railway line, and they compliment him on the able article of Saturday last, and hope he'll continue to "work those fellows" And then he goes home, but finding the cloth is not actually laid, he writes an article upon the best mode of providing for the destitute Irish, and washes his hands for dinner

And at dinner he sits thoughtful, moody, tired with what he has done, and bored by the thought of what he has yet to do Does he? Is he? His pretty wife opposite, after appealing to him with bright tears in her brighter eyes, not to make her ill with laughing at his imitation of old Grogblossom, the churchwarden, speaking in vestry against Puseyism, insists upon telling him a score of stories which she has heard in her round of calls He hears them all with the liveliest interest, pronounces, in his good-humoured, off-hand way upon the parties named, finishes his port, or, more probably, his punch, and tells her, that if she really means to see Charles Kean, who is "starring it" in the town, the sooner her bonnet is on, the better The theatre, and perhaps a little supper party, and—it's one o'clock, everybody is gone, and *won't* he go to bed? His pretty wife may go, he'll be after her as soon as he has written three or four letters for the early morning post

But it is at election time that the Country Editor comes out in full force Then he is indeed somebody Not that he can work harder than at other times, for never are the "crowded hours" better exemplified than in the constant life of an Editor But who writes the candidate's bold yet guarded address to the electors—the dashing document that says so much and means so little? Who backs it up by highly-spiced articles in the paper, calling upon the constituency to judge between the manly appeal before them, and the hesitating, Jesuitical composition with which the other side insults their understanding? Who frames the spirited placards, signed, "An Elector to his Brethren," "A Hater of Humbug," "A Rate-payer," and the like, which, in all the colours of the rainbow, enliven the walls of the town? Who gives the candidate hints for his speech, and takes care that his proposer shall not make more blunders than can be helped, and that his seconder shall seem to speak to the point? Who dispatches a flaming account of the election to the London organs of the same political party? Who suggests the new toasts for the charring

dinner, and frames half the speeches, and reports them all? Who, if his man wins, sounds the note of exultation, and, who, if beaten, threatens, nay concocts, the petition against the return? These and a hundred other things, without which the "county could not be kept together," are done by the editor of the county paper

Generally speaking, he is a thoroughly happy man, for though his energies are almost over-taxed, their result is appreciated. He is looked up to as not merely an *arbiter elegantiarum*, but as a tribunal to which most questions may be safely referred. The neighbouring aristocracy are but too glad to be upon the best of terms with him, for he is not only a fast friend and a formidable enemy, but a man of address, information, spirit and principle—in short, a gentleman. And that he is so esteemed may be gathered from a little speech, addressed by a well-meaning though somewhat didactic person, to a fair and valued friend of ours, whose husband had lately become editor of the—never mind what—*Journal and Messenger*—"My love, you are now an Editor's wife, but remember, it is to him, and not to yourself, that you owe the attention you will receive. *Don't let your head be turned by your position*"

WHITEHALL *

AFTER discussions in literary coteries of that *vexatæ questio*, the authorship of "*Whitefriars*," we have frequently heard it wondered why so brilliant a success was not followed up with the rapidity to be expected, in this age of steam writing, as well as of steam everything else—more especially as the chief fault which we critics were (for a wonder) unanimous in finding in "*Whitefriars*," was, its too great profusion of invention, its prodigality of power, which seemed as if wantonly multiplying difficulties, merely for the pleasure of overcoming them—as a strong swimmer rejoices in buffeting against the current of the waves, and the young wrestler and conflict with one another, excited only by the pleasure which the strenuous development of physical energy affords to them. One of those topics of literary chit-chat, the volaries of the Chinese nymph are now deprived of—we have before us a new work from that hand which seemed to become a master's without serving an apprenticeship, in the noble historical romance of "*Whitehall*." We use the word advisedly—noble. As to the real parentage of these works, we confess ourselves as unable as our compeers to throw light on the subject, or if, from such inklings as have reached us, we might be able to form conjectures nearer the mark than those of our contemporaries, we imagine that the author would owe us few thanks for elucidating the matter, while to the public in general may be applied the witty reproof of the Hebrew boy to the Athenian, who asked him what he carried so carefully concealed—"If my mother had wished it to be known, she would not have covered it."

We do not know that we can give a more favourable opinion of "*Whitehall*" than to say—which we conscientiously can—that the readers of "*Whitefriars*" will not be disappointed in it, high as their expectations will be raised. The stream which burst forth with such

* *Whitehall*, an Historical Romance of the Days of Charles the First. By the Author of "*Whitefriars*"

freshness and vigour in the arid sands of modern fiction has lost nothing of its force—or violence, if the word pleases better—and has certainly gained in the splendour and variety of the jets which it forms. There is beauty mingling amidst all the tumult, and uproar, and whirl of that tremendous catastrophe which is the historical basis of this grand tale—it is a cataract on which a rainbow plays. In vain, it seems, did we learned critics demonstrate to this torrent writer that he ought to meander softly, and put us to sleep according to authentic canons. Those excellent counsels, frequently enforced with the acerbity with which, like copper-plate engravers, we make our impressions, seem to have been all thrown away. The author of “Whitefiars” is of that rare class who make canons, but who do not receive them. Whoever steps into his magic chariot must rush along with him, and see strange sights, and hear strange sounds, and marvel, and sometimes condemn, but he will never yawn, and, in our opinion, heterodox as it may be, that canon of criticism is the most valid which says—

“*Tout genre est bon, hors le genre ennuyeux*”

To some readers, indeed, who are in love, or have been so long accustomed to it that they imagine they are in love, with the purling stream order of fiction, this perpetual activity, these continual, rushing accessions to the main-stream of the narrative, may be rather confounding, as it is to the inhabitant of a lowland country when he first traverses a mountainous tract still in the disorder and grandeur of primeval creation. For our parts, we enjoy this exuberance of life, this generous wealth of intellect, and it is only the singular velocity of narrative, which leaves nothing untouched, and touches all things with light, that enables us to get through the immense business of these volumes. There is no confusion, no heaping of ideas in the memory after the perusal—each part stands out in the recollection as clear and full as if it had been the whole—and yet there is more matter in the romance than would serve our literary Vauxhall sandwich-cutters with stuff for half a dozen.

Looking back, and remembering with what vitality and individuality the innumerable personages of the romance remain in our perception, we can scarcely divine by what cunning trick of art it is effected. We live through six years the most important in English history, we contemplate the society of the period under almost all its aspects, we attend the courts of kings, we debate with statesmen, plot with conspirators, trace through all their progress, even from a bubbling spring to a tremendous cataract, the times of the unfortunate Charles the First. How all this is effected in so short a compass, we scarcely know, whether it is by a happy power of touching the chords of association which the writer possesses, and by which we become, as it were, our own romancers, and fill up those vast sketches with the colours supplied by memory, or whether, in reality, the pictures are made out to us as perfectly as we conceive them, we will not pause to analyse, but the effect is in a high degree vivid, striking, and rapid. We have never any time to get tired of our company, numerous as the characters are, every one presents himself so distinctly, so full of object, purpose, and business, that after we have seen with what intent he is introduced, we cannot imagine how we could have done without him, though at times we might wonder, when he presented himself, what the author could find for him to do. In the perfectly

preserved consistency and idiosyncrasy of these innumerable personages, the author exerts a power which we scarcely exaggerate in bestowing upon it the epithet of Shaksperian

As in "Whitefriars," but essentially different in all the main characteristics, the hero is the connecting link of the events and personages of the romance, as, indeed, is the case in all the writings of almost all great romancers, from Apuleius down to Scott. In fact, it is through his eyes that we witness the vast drama, with him, or by him, we are present at festivals and direful tragedies, by his means we behold the dying glories of the exiled court of Charles the First at Oxford, compose brilliant masques to gratify a coquettish queen, dine with the citizens, chat with handsome Mistress Chaloner, mingle in the wit, beauty, and splendour of Northumberland House, presided over by the beautiful Carlisle, listen to Waller's impromptus, (and the author imitates his style so perfectly, that we actually looked in Waller's poems for the one imputed to him, and found it not) share in the horror and din of battles, tread with caution through deserted palaces, penetrate recesses where we own we dared not go alone, stand beside Charles on the deck of the vessel which bore him to desolate Hurst, witness the intrigues which caused or accompanied the great catastrophe, acquiesce in bold theories which explain some of the mysteries of history, consult with regicides, plot with royalists, we are in all men's business and bosoms, we go to conventicles and watch the moods and listen to the ravings of fanaticism. Nothing is too high or too low for us, even the dark workings of the brain of madness we penetrate, and sometimes, amidst the uproar, we light on scenes of a beauty and tranquillity as exquisite as the blue sunshine gleaming out through a tempest-racked sky.

While thus strongly excited, it is also a satisfaction to feel that our sympathies are not wasted, this historical romance keeps its word, it is historical on all essential points, the language, above all, is perfectly that of the seventeenth century, probably arising from the author's evident familiarity with the writers of that great age—those "wells of English undefiled." Phrases at which we felt frequently inclined to cavil, we have found, in several cases, to be preserved among historical memoranda, in time to save our critical acumen from the scoffs of those wiscacres who do not know how difficult it is, when we have such an artist on the stage, to tell when the real animal squeaks, and when he himself imitates its tones. If we were censoriously disposed, we might, indeed, object, that, in some instances, this confidence in nature has made the author neglect some accessories which art might have furnished. But we will not insist too much on our opinion, for it is a fact, whether creditable or not to the art critical, that "Whitefriars" became popular for those very qualities which some of us unsparingly denounced. In passing, however, we would observe, that powerful, tragical almost to horror, as is the effect produced by the singular knot with which the writer has contrived to unite the fortunes of his hero with those of the king and his mighty antagonist, in a work which takes so strong a hold of the imagination, the author has perhaps a little exceeded the privileges of the romancer in mingling historical personages in so sad and terrible a legend as that of "Stonehenge," although it probably does not exceed the verities of the age, and is supported by a tradition which, however, like most

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Mr Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Aerated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the public under the title of **CARRARA WATER**

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr MAUGHAM constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured, but Mr Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was **LIME**. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great, and apparently almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture, for lime-water itself is so nauseous to the palate that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly-agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquify the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an aerated solution of Bi-carbonate of Lime, which would in fact be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water

Now, although this water is introduced to the public as an article of luxury, yet as every aerated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been highly beneficial when taken medicinally

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common soda-water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies—the Carrara Water will, therefore, be an excellent as well as a most agreeable means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease (for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage), but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it

The composition of the Carrara Water would, of itself, be a great recommendation, but Mr Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has, for a great number of years, practised as a surgeon and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals), may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is indeed required, for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, aerated waters, &c, are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use

The title of "**CARRARA**" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble

being the source from which the purest lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water

The bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is constructed on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz—a cylinder with semi-spherical ends

Among the many Testimonial Letters received by Mr Maugham respecting the Carrara Water, the following have been selected for public perusal—

9, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, May 23, 1845

SIR,—The beneficial effects I have experienced from the use of the Carrara Water make it highly satisfactory to me to hear that I may now obtain an unlimited quantity I shall have great pleasure in recommending it, not only to my patients but to each of my friends, that they like myself may enjoy the grateful relief it affords

W MAUGHAM, Esq

I am, sir, yours gratefully,
L H POTTS, M D

17, Chester-street Grosvenor place, August 1, 1843

SIR,—I have tried the Carrara Water in those cases of indigestion in which from its composition I inferred it would be beneficial The satisfactory results observed in the cases in which it has been given medicinally quite confirm the favourable opinion I have hazarded as to its probable efficacy There are three forms of indigestion in which the Patent Carrara Water has been remarkably effective—

I In the common form of Indigestion,—characterised by Heartburn, Thirst, Foul Tongue, and more or less Irregularity of the Bowels If drunk in small quantities, frequently repeated, it has afforded relief to the pain in the stomach, and other unpleasant sensations, more effectually and quicker than any other antacid, not excepting the effervescing fluid magnesia

II In a form of Indigestion known by the pale, flabby, and exsanguineous tongue, indented laterally by the teeth, and coated with a white slimy fur, with accumulation of mucus in the throat, dry and parched lips, distressing thirst, with flatulence, in such cases it has quickly relieved these symptoms

III In those derangements of the stomach arising from a congested state of the mucous membrane of that organ, caused by fee and convivial habits, intoxication, and other excesses of the table,—the thirst headache, clammy foul state of the tongue and mouth, have been more quickly and effectually relieved by the Carrara Water than by Soda Water The large amount of carbonic acid dissolved in this water imparts that amount of stimulus to the mucous membrane which restores its tone and renovates its secretions, and from a like cause it is infinitely more palatable and even when exposed to the air for some time, does not become nauseous after the manner of soda-water

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W R BASHAM, M D,

Physician to the Westminster Hospital and Lecturer on Materia Medica, Botany, and Toxicology, at the Westminster Hospital School of Medicine

W MAUGHAM, Esq

25, Museum-street, Bloomsbury

SIR,—I am not aware whether my testimony would be of any service to you in the introduction of your Patent Carrara Water to the public, but if it should be you are perfectly at liberty to make use of my name, and to state the fact that I have for several years suffered very severely from indigestion, and have tried many supposed remedies I have during the last three months been taking the Carrara Water, which you were kind enough to send me, as my daily beverage, and now am not only free from indigestion, but am able to take many articles of diet which formerly I did not dare to indulge in

I am, sir, yours truly,

R. S FRANCIS

W. MAUGHAM, Esq

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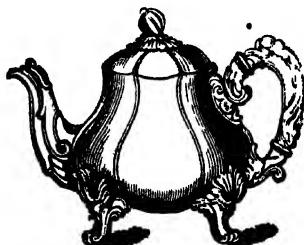
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The above-named Bottles, capsuled in such a manner, will likewise bear, as heretofore, the usual marks, consisting of a Shield impressed on the Bottle containing the Arms of Nassau or a Crown, under which are the initials H N, and around the name of the Mineral Water contained in the Bottle and also the usual burnt mark on the lower end of the cork

The General Direction of the Domains further Declare, by these presents, that they have granted to the said John Thomas Betts, Patentee of the above-described Capsules, and to no one else in the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies, and Dependencies the exclusive right to purchase and export, direct from the Springs, the Waters of Selters, Fachingen, Schwalbach, and Weilbach

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This present Declaration is granted to Mr John Thomas Betts, with authority to publish the same

Given at Wiesbaden this 18th day of December, 1844

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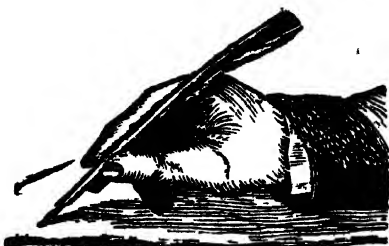
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AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1845

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITTFRIARS"

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—Castiglione *Prologue to the M. d. d. d. d.*

CHAPTER I

ITALY IN THE YEAR 1500

Knew that when the eyes were met,
A comb of light that came in the line,
With the light of the light of the light,
No need to say it all in the line. —BYRON

THE great festival of the Christian world, the jubilee of the year of Our Lord, 1500, notwithstanding the distracted state of Italy, and the evil repute of the overgrown head of the church himself, attracted vast multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of Europe to Rome. Although firmly persuaded of the truth of the dark legends about concerning the cruelty, tyranny and licentiousness of the supreme pontiff Alexander VI, these pious wanderers were not deterred from seeking at his hands the indulgences and plenary absolutions offered to the faithful attending the jubilee in the city of St. Peter. The great dogma of the church that however it may happen in matters temporal, in matters spiritual it is never deserted by its founder held as yet assumed no shock in the universal opinion. It seemed as if the world, like Boccaccio's Jew, was only the more convinced of the divine essence of a religion which could remain so unshaken by the viciousness of its professors. Remorse for guilt, the pangs of sorrow, the restlessness of suffering, the fears of superstition, the dreams of enthusiastic devotion, conducted thousands from all the regions of then Catholic Europe to the capital of Christianity. It is computed that no less than two hundred thousand pilgrims entered Rome on this grand festival—the last which the church celebrated in her unity.

The dignity of danger, perhaps, gave zest to the devotion of the warlike population which sent each their quota to the spiritual rendezvous. At no period of her stormy existence had Italy

been so convulsed and devastated by almost all the evils which can befall a nation,—by foreign invasion and domestic strife,—as at the period when we take up our chronicle

In the South, the French, Spaniards, Turks, and Neapolitans, struggled for the possession of Naples and Sicily, and deluged the beautiful lands in dispute with their blood. In the North, the French and Venetians ravaged Lombardy. Milan in a series of revolutions, alternately lost and regained independence, numerous small states, among which were distinguished the polished Dukedom of Ferrara, and the Republics of Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna, with difficulty withstood subjugation to one or other of the mighty oppressors, their neighbours. In Tuscany, the Florentines, though protected by the French, were scarcely able to baffle the ambitious designs of the papal power, directed against them with the sagacity, policy, and merciless energy which distinguished the captain-general of the church, Cæsar Borgia, above all the politicians and commanders of the age.

This too famous leader was the natural son of Alexander VI., whom, to the scandal of the whole Christian world, he had raised to the highest honours which it was in his supremacy to bestow—honours which were far from satisfying the ambition of the recipient, to whom the princes of Italy ascribed the vast project of uniting its shattered sovereignties into an imperial crown for his own head. The great abilities which he had displayed in war, his unmatched subtlety, his courage, which seemed to defy both God and man, the unbounded ambition which he was known to cherish, justly rendered him the terror of Italy.

Not was this magnificent project so visionary as modern historians have been inclined to consider it. The papal dominion in itself was one of the most extensive and powerful of all Italy, and was wielded by the intriguing and daring Alexander, a prince who, with all his vices, crimes, and inordinate lust of aggrandizement, possessed an extraordinary capacity. He was a Spaniard by birth, and to the sultly passions of his native land was believed to add all the refinements in dissimulation and treachery which centuries of slavery had taught the Italians. Age might probably have moderated the violence of his character, but the expiring volcano was continually re-stirred into action by the no less vehement, but more subtle genius of Cæsar Borgia, to whose vast plans his father's co-operation was essentially necessary.

Cæsar had been originally intended for the church, and during the lifetime of his elder brother, the Duke of Gandia, whose tragical and mysterious fate excite so gloomy a curiosity, he had worn the mantle of a cardinal. But the moment that assassination, perhaps involving a still blacker crime, had removed this shadow of an elder brother from his path, he

threw off the purple, and seemed determined never again to resume it, unless as a king. His valour in the field, and the alliance of the French, soon raised him to a high rank among the Italian generals. The Pontiff created him his generalissimo, and by conferring upon him the Dukedom of Romagna, seemed to open the way to him of sovereignty.

But the chief obstacles to the execution of the vast designs of Cæsar Borgia were the very instruments which he was compelled to use. The papal power, like all the other sovereignties of Europe at the period, was feudal in all its ramifications. During the wars of the emperors and popes, the Roman barons had managed to usurp to themselves even greater privileges and more complete independence than any other nobility. The great possessions of the church were held by them, with only a nominal submission, under the title of vicars. To break—to destroy the power of these nobles—became a great object of Cæsar's policy, to wrest back their usurpations was essential to the execution of his vaster plans. The animosities and factions among the nobility themselves assisted his projects, and his own subtle genius furnished him with innumerable engines.

Agés of mutual rivalry and wrongs had exasperated against each other the two most powerful Roman families, the Orsini and the Colonnas. With the aid of the former, the Borgias drove the latter into exile, and confiscated their immense possessions. Following up his successes, Cæsar, in two dreadful campaigns, distinguished by every species of barbarity, succeeded in destroying the power of nearly all the great families of Romagna. Meanwhile, Alexander crushed the rebellious spirit of the church by the exile, ruin, or death of a great many cardinals who opposed themselves to his tyranny, chiefly through resentment at the disappointment of the promises which he had made to secure his election.

While thus crushing their chiefs, Cæsar won, if not the affection, at least the goodwill of the common people, by substituting to the unbounded oppressions of their former masters a sway, which, however blood-thirsty and extortionate, was still a change for the better. The Roman nobility, like all that have been crushed, deserved their fate. The detail of their cruelties and oppressions form the blackest pages in the history of Italy. Dwelling in vast fortresses, with unnumbered dependents existing only on war and plunder, they committed every species of disorder with perfect impunity—robbed, murdered, ravaged, made war on one another, and laughed to scorn the powerless suzerainty of a priest, even while reverencing to adoration his spiritual character.

With the aid of the French, Cæsar successfully pushed on his great project, but the Orsini and other powerful barons at length perceived their mistake in aiding him, even to the ruin

of their enemies. Symptoms of disaffection daily increased, and when Cæsar's allies, the French, sustained their great defeats in Lombardy, an open combination was entered into against him. The tyranny and licentiousness of the French had provoked the miserable vanquished into revolt. Milan had succeeded in expelling the invaders, and welcomed back its unfortunate and blood-stained sovereign, Ludovico Sforza.

Far from aiding Cæsar in his designs on Tuscany, the French not only withdrew their troops from his service, but demanded that he should instantly march with his own to their aid. But the open defection of his most powerful adherents, and the uncertain tenure of his conquests, rendered Cæsar deaf to any promptings of gratitude. He remained among his conquests, busily engaged in cementing them, while the French generals awaited in inaction the arrival of their king with a new army which he was preparing to ravage Italy.

Meanwhile the league against the Borgias assumed a formidable consistency. The dispossessed barons assembled a considerable army on the frontiers of Romagna, the states of Milan, Ferrara, Pisa, the Florentines and Venetians, joined them in a powerful league. The French were believed to be exasperated with the defection of Cæsar during the revolt of Milan, and were besides scarcely able to retain their own position, driven to the foot of the Alps. The utter ruin of the Borgias seemed to impend, the deposition of Alexander was openly threatened. Cæsar himself appeared for a moment overwhelmed by the opposition which was formed against him, after sustaining several severe checks in arms, he had betaken himself to the resort of weakness—negotiation.

There were innumerable points of disunion in the confederacy, into which the subtle genius of the Borgias easily discerned how to drive their wedges. The Venetians and Florentines were divided by ancient grudges and rival pretensions, the feuds among the great barons were only lulled by the pressing perils without. The Savelli hated the Bentivogli, the Colonna, the Orsini, the Montefeltri all, the Sforza, the Peruzzi. But the machinations of Cæsar appeared only in their effects. The Florentines sent him ambassadors to treat of a general peace, Ferrara made a truce with him, and the duke, Ercole d'Este, listened with eagerness to the proposals of Alexander, that his daughter, Lucrezia, should wed the heir of his ancient and glorious race. At the same time it was rumoured that Cæsar had cajoled the Orsini back to his interests, by offering the lady's hand to the heir of that powerful family, Paolo Orsini, son to the Duke of Gravina.

There was now a short lull in the storm which ravaged Italy, but it was gathering blacker and blacker on every point of the horizon. While the French, Spaniards, and Turks, with their allies the Swiss, Burgundians, Germans, and Moors, and the

Italians themselves, were collecting all their energies to struggle for the possession of the beautiful land, its coasts were devastated by pirates, its cities sacked by robbers, the plague spread death and desolation throughout its length and breadth. It seemed as if Heaven intended the total extirpation of the Italian race !

And yet, amidst all this chaos, the serene glory of the arts arose like the day-spring from a turbulent ocean. Leonardo da Vinci had painted his masterpieces, Michael Angelo was founding his school at Florence, Raphael and Julio Romano were creating their first rude creations, the young Cellini was moulding his beautiful fancies in gold. The recent conquest of Constantinople, by the Turks, filled Italy with learned exiles, who revived the ancient taste for Hellenic literature. Ariosto made Ferrara illustrious with the dawn of his beautiful genius, that rainbow spanning the heavens of poetry, whose very tears are but weepings of sunshine. But it was chiefly as a school of arms that the unlettered nations of western Europe regarded Italy, and many of the pilgrims who now hastened to obtain their share of the indulgences so liberally showered on the faithful in the jubilee at Rome, contemplated the recreation of a campaign or so on their return, by way of indemnification for the fatigues they might undergo, nearly indifferent on which side they performed their achievements.

To this class, from their appearance, might be ascribed the leaders of an armed party which, towards the close of a long summer's day, came slowly winding round the edge of one of those lofty precipices by which the Apennines descend into the plains of Romagna.

• CHAPTER II

THE PILGRIMS OF THE APENNINES

The troops consisted of about twenty men, all well mounted, and wearing the usual accoutrements of the common soldiery of the age. The breast and back were protected with plates of steel, the head with a bassinet or cap of steel, and the rest of the person with stout embossed leather. Each was armed with a sword and lance, and to the saddle hung on one side a poleaxe, on the other a rude arquebuss of great size and weight, with conveniences to discharge it attached, in the shape of a coil of tarred rope, matches, and a flint. The rude fashioning of the armour, and the powerful limbs of the wearers, seemed to indicate men of some barbarian race, as the Italians still called and considered the transalpine nations. From the sprig of broom in the bassinets of the riders, a skilful herald would speedily have known that they were English,—the broom flower being the cognizance of the kings of England, until

the overthrow of the last of the Plantagenet race in the person of Richard III, an event which had taken place some dozen years previous to the commencement of our narrative. In addition to this badge, the soldiers wore another wrought in their mantles, a blazing sun, with the motto in the centre, 'Oh! mon Le Beaufort!'"

The leaders of the party were literally so, for they kept considerably in advance of their troop, the immediate command of which was devolved on an inferior officer, as he seemed to be, who yet was not even of the lowest order of chivalry, as he did not wear the arms peculiar to an esquire. His accoutrements differed but little from those of his followers, but he carried a little flag or bandrol on the point of his lance, and was furnished with a shield in addition to his arms of offence. So much of his visage as was visible from the steel cap, displayed a grim set of features, seamed with many a scar, short black hair, touched with gray, and a thick beard to correspond.

The foremost persons of the party were three in number. The eldest was apparently verging on forty, rode a mule, and from his habit was a secular canon. His features were long and sharp, a head rather bald, a deficiency which he made up by a beard of patriarchal length and volume, his eyes were full of expression and gaiety, and from the joyous cast of the countenance he might rather be taken for a disciple of Anacron than of Augustine.

Resuming our description by age, the next would be a personage about thirty years old, of a tall and stately figure, who wore the habit of a Knight Hospitaller of St John. A long black mantle, wrought in the left with a white cross in eight points, covered nearly his whole person, his feet and arms only appeared, except the head, and were clad in brass mail. His helmet was carried by one of the attendants, and his white hood was drawn partially over his face to keep off the heat, but the countenance which appeared from it was remarkable for the noble and austere beauty of its expression, shadowed with a deep cast of melancholy and pride. His black hair curling short around his temples and face, completed the effect of the high and imposing severity of character stamped on its princely lineaments. This expression was not unsuitable to the mingled professions of priest and warrior assumed by the Knights of St John, who, in addition to their military devotion, were bound in the strict rules of chastity and obedience professed by the hermits of St Augustine.

The third leader was apparently several years younger than the Knight of St John, and from his golden spurs and arms was of similar rank, but of a lay order of chivalry. The elastic plates of silver mail in which he was clad from head to foot, displayed a figure of extraordinary strength and agility, though inferior in height to that of the Hospitaller, to whose gloomy

garb his array brilliantly contrasted. The splendour of his appointments, indeed, amply supported the title, which from the emblazonment on his shield he seemed to have assumed, of the Knight of the Sun. His armour glittered like the lucid scales of a fresh-caught salmon, and on his breast it was so skilfully wrought into a blazing sun, that the luminary appeared as if reflected in a mirror. He wore a cap of silver tissue, in which was a sprig of purple broom, and the joyous gallant countenance, which expressed careless good humour, reckless daring and high spirits, well harmonised with the warlike coxcombery of his array. His complexion had been originally very fair, and the long brown hair and blue laughing hawk's eye marked his northern descent. But the fierce sun of Italy had embrowned the skin wherever it was not usually covered by the helmet, and presented something of the effect of a bronze mask, which, however, gave a soldierly and veteran look to the otherwise youthful and blooming countenance.

For some time the travellers had been winding up the steep brow of an acclivity, on a road which was formed only by cutting down a few trees, the trunks of which still remained half hidden among the grass, and made the horses stumble every instant. On one side was a lofty succession of dark desolate hills, at whose base they proceeded, on the other stretched down a fathomless chaos of rocks, precipices, forests, and torrents, forming a mountainous valley, which seemed as if dashed together by nature in a fit of madness. Beyond the valley appeared a still vaster pile of hills towering one above the other like the Titan's stairs to heaven, until the topmost shone white as if with snow, and bounded the immense view.

The travellers proceeded for some time in silence, probably too fatigued for conversation, as they seemed to have made a long journey, their horses' tongues hanging out, and their breasts covered with foam. The English knight had been humming a roundelay in his own language—the chief words distinguished being, “Robin Hood, and the good greenwood.” But the still and sultry calm into which the evening gradually closed produced an effect even on his buoyant spirits.

“Messere Bembo,” he said at last, addressing the ecclesiastic in good Italian, but with a foreign accent, “methinks this castle of yours, if it be not removed by faerie art, should now be somewhere in sight.”

“I have noted the canon this last half hour or so, and he sometimes checks his mule as if he misdoubted his own guidance,” said the Hospitaller, with a quietly sarcastic smile.

“No, monsignor, no,” replied the ecclesiastic, with nevertheless a very puzzled countenance. “It is true that it is now seven years since I have found my way to my good friend Savelli's castle, for since Ferrara and his holiness disagreed at the sword's point, I have had but little occasion to go to

Rome, and yet it distinctly appears to me as if in the old time it crowned the summit of this gorge, thereby commanding the pass, by the irrefragable sign that all who crossed the Apennines were compelled to come this way to pay their composition, and obtain the free leave and protection of my Lord Jacopo Savelli. He had a tower built over the road on purpose, and I myself once heard him order the portcullis to be driven down upon a gang of insolent traders of Genoa, who refused to pay what he ordered them,—three crowns, I think, it was a head, with a velvet robe for my lady, and ten fine wax candles for his lordship's chapel."

"And did it spike any of the jolly loughers?" said the young knight, laughing heartily.

"Nay, the fright was enough for them," replied Messer Bembo, laughing also until his eye suddenly lighted upon the stern and displeased countenance of the Hospitaller. "But I am the more certain that we are in the right way now I observe yonder mountain, resembling a white cone projecting among the clouds, at the end of that promontory of woody rocks."

"You are right as to the cone, Messer, but for the castle, by St George, I do no more see them than the battlements of my father's strong place of Beaufort, in England!" said the young knight.

"Let us push on, perchance the walls may be hidden in the height," said Messer Bembo, pricking on his mule.

"Or perchance a cloud may be around it—and yet the summit shines very clear," said the Hospitaller. "What say you, Messer Canonico, if the Borgia, when he crossed these mountains on his late ravages in Tuscany, took the opportunity to destroy a fortress belonging to so noted an enemy of his name?"

"I say, then, my royal lord, that we shall lodge worse than I thought, to-night," replied Messer Bembo, dismally and with a sigh of weariness.

"How, Messer Pietro Bembo, will you ever forget my injunctions, and how much depends on their observation?" said the Knight Hospitaller in an angry tone.

"Nay, monsignor, but the Borgias are all for making love to us now-a-days," returned the canon, submissively.

"And are, therefore, the more to be feared?" replied the knight of St John. "The Borgias regard no faith, human or divine, and if they had me in their power would, perhaps, compel me into this infernal marriage with their demon daughter."

"Hush, or some of the fellows may hear us gabble, and only William of Bampton is to be trusted!" said the younger knight. "Not but that they are all very good rascals, and English to the backbone, but they are by no means aware of the wiles of this land, and oft mistake crafty wine for honest ale."

"Then, monsignor, I would say, reverend brother, I marvel what brings you to Rome, for he who shuns the wolf, should surely not hide in his cave?" continued Messer Bembo.

"If there be any time sacred with the Borgia, it will surely be this of the glorious Christian jubilee," replied the Hospitaller. "The vast multitude of pilgrims will render our arrival unnoted, and while the city is in their hands they will not suffer so crying an enormity as the molestation of one of their number. But," he continued with rising warmth, "no one knows better than thou, Pietro, my intent in journeying to Rome. Sithence my father is so blinded by his fears and policy, that he will not believe the hideous rumours afloat concerning this modern harpy, on report, and would compel me to accept her hateful hand, I have sworn to learn the truth of all with mine own vouch, and then, if he persists in his resolution, I will take this holy and unwedding mantle in very earnest, and spend the remainder of my days fighting for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre."

"Your brother, Monsignor Hippolito, would be grieved to hear you talk so, sir," said the canon, smiling.

"I blame thee not for the word, brother-in-arms," said the English knight, in a more serious tone than his galliard mood often prompted. "For methinks (if it be no sin to say so) even the holy father's uncleship should scarcely coax me into uniting the honours of my house, though inferior to yours, (albeit we are cousins to the king's mother, the Lady Margaret,) to the bastard blood of Borgia."

"But their actions, their actions!—I look the rather to them!" said the knight of St John, with increasing vehemence.

"Look then what scant wisdom may come with gray hairs!" said Messer Bembo, smiling, "since the famously wise duke, Ercole, your father, consented to this project of your reverend lordship's solely in the belief that you would come back a convert to his own."

"Yea, for our poet-ambassador, Messer Ariosto, writes us such marvellous tales of this woman's beauty, as if it were of Helen of Troy!" returned the knight of St John, colouring and smiling, but with a strong curl of contempt. "You look only to the outside of things, you poets, Bembo, you suspect not the serpent among the rosemary. But were she beautiful as Venus, she hath too many of the impudent goddess's other qualities, to win aught but scorn and hatred from a soul like mine. The woman whom I love, Sir Reginald, must be pure in name as in deed, in deed as in spirit, in spirit as yonder summit of snow which mingles whiteness with the heavens!"

"Then, by the mass, you must not seek for her in Italy," replied Sir Reginald, setting his cap aside on his handsome audacious features, and smiling significantly, "at least as far as my experience warrants."

"Ay, it is such as thou, Le Beauport!—it is the perpetual

wars of which you barbarians make Italy your battle-field, which is gradually trampling out every noble quality in this once heroic land!" said the Hospitaller, sighing deeply

"Then where would you recommend Monsignor rather to seek a wife?—taking it that he hath assumed this holy garb only for a carnival time?" said Bembo, somewhat testily

"I have abode long with him in Italy—let him return with me to England!" said the young knight enthusiastically, "there he will find maidens infinitely more beautiful than your sunscorched women here, and as innocent as the pearls they deck their ringlets withal!"

"Colourless ghosts are not to my taste, Messer," replied Bembo hastily

"Colourless!—could you see my sweet cousin Alice!" said the young knight "I remember her with cheeks as ruddy as any rose, and I loved her so well, that meaning to wed her to my brother Henry, I believe 'twas one of the reasons they sent me to these Italian wars But since he fell by a Scottish lance they must have me home again, as if I were the sight of their eyes Our Lady keep his soul!—but he hath left me a greater heir than ever I thought to be"

"Amen!" said the ecclesiastic tranquilly, crossing himself "But you must abate something of the sharpness of your tongue against the brown Italian ladies, if you hope to obtain the dispensation to wed your cousin that was betrothed to your brother, for ladies have some influence at Rome, or they tell great lies that come from it"

"'Tis a traveller's trick, they say," observed the Knight of the Sun, slightly pricking his steed, "but I am not so unhand-somely put together as to be sorry for that But, assuredly, Messer Bembo, your castle is one in the air, in many respects"

"Yet Lucrezia Borgia is fair, not brown," said the Hospitaller musingly, without noticing this latter observation

"The duke your father was ever held to be a wise man," said Messer Bembo shily "I have often heard it said that the golden-haired goddess herself was not fairer that day she sprang from ocean, while the waters blushed rosy red with delight and shame to see her unveiled charms"

"You are in Messer Ariosto's vein this sunset, Pietro," said the Hospitaller, somewhat sadly, "but it needs a very inventive genius to speak well of this lady"

"By the bonny broom-flower! to be so very married a dam-sel, I did never hear of one who bore so very evil a report," said Sir Reginald, laughing, and striking his long lance against the trunk of a beech-tree which shadowed the path, he struck off a huge piece of bark, much apparently to his content

"Married! truly, I am to be the fourth husband this lady hath honoured with her rapid affections!" said the Hospitaller, with a tart smile, "or perchance it were speaking it more to the matter to say—person"

"Nay, monsignor, for a knight and eremite of holy Austin you speak it harshly," said Messer Bembo "The first espousals were when she was a mere child, and I doubt whether she ever saw the betrothed gentleman, for she had not left the convent when her sue dissolved the contract, as a match unequal to his new dignities The Lord of Pesaro she quarrelled with,—let me see, no, it was not at the altar—but the divorce was pronounced by a very solemn and unprejudiced tribunal Then for the third—Don Alfonso of Arragon—poor lord, he did not survive his marriage long!"

"Murdered—assassinated! Who knows if not by her connivance?" said the Hospitaller "Well may she be called in Rome the Fatal Bride!—and 'tis believed that I will consent to make the fourth! The first disappeared no man knew how, because he dared to complain of the tyranny used against him, the second a dispossessed and shame-struck exile, the third gashed all over, then strangled! You shall pardon me"

"But may not the unhappy lady herself be innocent, whoever is guilty of these atrocities?" said Bembo, earnestly

"It is burned into my soul—those dirful lines of Pontano!" said the Hospitaller, vehemently "They were put in the mouth of the death's-head which was served to me at table, in a golden ewer, that day my father feasted Cæsar's ambassadors, who brought the proposal of this black alliance"

He then repeated, in a dark and brooding tone, the hideous distich which has been one of the chief means of rendering the name of Lucrezia Borgia portentous in the ear of posterity

"Lucretia nomine, sed re—

Thais Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus

CHAPTER III

THE DOMINICAN

A DRLP and somewhat awful silence followed for some minutes, and then Messer Bembo spoke in a low and timid tone in reply

"Calumny spares not even the saints in bliss," he said dubiously "Then wherefore should a lying Neapolitan poet who, for the turn of an epigram, or to give it an acuter sting, would speak worse of the devil than he deserves, or of himself even, who is not so good a fellow!"

"Calumny hath not spared so reverend a man as yourself, Messer Pietro," said the English knight "Nay, she speaks even ill of me, who never gave her the least occasion which I could muster virtue to forego"

"Thou art a very Sir Galaor indeed, who, they say matched Sir Lancelot in everything but constancy," said the Hospitaller, with a grave smile

"Constancy!—the rogue,—to his king's wife!" returned the Knight of the Sun. "You may measure his faith by his faithlessness, but in very sooth, Messer Bembo, I think your castle must have belonged to Fanny Morgana, and has sunk in the rocks as her's sink in the waves."

"By this good lamp of day, which is fast going out, on this summit once stood as fair a fortress as nature and art, plotting together, could build!" said the canon, checking his exhausted mule, and staring amazedly around.

The three leaders had now reached a lofty table-land, formed by the summits of a vast rock, shaped as irregularly as if an earthquake had tossed a mountain in the air, and let it fall in fragments. The men-at-arms, on their wearied horses, straggling up the prodigious ravine after them, had disappeared, and by a singular illusion of the perspective, the amphitheatre of forests which towered one above another on the mountains beyond, seemed only separated by air. Before the travellers the rocks descended in layers of blue cliffs, densely clothed in pines and stunted oaks, until they formed two lofty walls, in which flowed a river, or rather torrent, the roar of which was audible, but the waves were lost in the darkness of the ravine through which they thundered. Based on the opposite cliffs, arose apparently an endless succession of mountains of a strange bluish snowy tint, interspersed with masses of darkness which looked like the wavering shadows of vast forests. But after gazing for a few moments, the rapid changes of the shapes of these mountains convinced the travellers that it was an illusion produced by the sun setting behind those on which they stood, and throwing a reflection of their outlines on the mists which arose steaming from the plains below.

"It was here, it was undoubtedly on this spot that the castle of Jacopo Savelli stood!" exclaimed Messer Pietro, glancing back in amazement at the endless succession of mountains, and the piles of rocks whose summits still glowed red-hot in the setting luminary. "I remember often bemusing how these cliffs resembled battlements of gigantic castles, such as the greater Morgan might have inhabited."

"There are yet traces of walls, and yonder still stands a watch-tower hanging to a shattered battlement!" said the Hospitaller. "The spoiler's work has been well done, for it looks as ruined as aught of the Roman time."

The Hospitaller slightly pricked his horse with the spur, but the English knight suddenly clutched him back by the rein, exclaiming, "Sancta Maria!—see you not, monsignor, how long the grass grows? the ground is deeply hollowed."

"Truly, and I thank you, brother Reginald," said the elder knight, slightly startled. "The fortress has been destroyed with gunpowder, and it has rent some ghastly depths."

"See you not, as it were, some huge words sculptured on

the red cliff yonder, on which stood the donjon ?" said Bembo, pointing opposite, across the ruins, to a rock which was the highest of the whole group.

"You are a scholar and may tell us—Father Ambrosius could never get me beyond my letters," replied the young knight.

"It is Latin, but very legible even at this distance," said the Hospitaller. "We cannot move in Italy, but we find the traces of this ravaging beast *AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL*. But what is yonder ? There are signs of more recent conflict than these grass-grown ruins announce." He pointed as he spoke with his lance to an object which attracted his attention, at the foot of one of the sharp precipices which edged the ruined fortalice. There sprawled a figure, which by the gleam of armour, and the manly manner in which it lay, appeared to be the corpse of a soldier.

"Perhaps the man may be only asleep, let us call him," said the canon, adding in a shrill and terrified tone, "friend, in a holy name, who art thou ?"

"If he be asleep, 'tis in a very dangerous spot," observed the Hospitaller. "The duty of the order I have assumed is to protect travellers, I will arouse him."

And vaulting with practised agility from his powerful steed, he flung the reins to the canon, who shook so that he could scarcely take them.

"Nay, then, brother, you shall have a companion, these mountains are peopled with banditti, and this may be some ambush," said he of the Sun, dismounting with equal rapidity, and hastening to join the Hospitaller, who strode on before.

"Wait at least, good my lords, until our people gather, for all our preservations, I adjure you!" groaned the prudent ecclesiastic, but the young knight seemed to take no notice of what he said.

"Oh, what a world is this below, but what a heaven there is above!" said the poetical canon, who looking devoutly up for celestial aid, was struck with the exceedingly beautiful blue of the sky, in which myriads of stars beamed silver pale, though daylight lingered yet.

But he had scarcely uttered the exclamation when his attention was recalled to sublunary concerns by a sudden hiss and snail close to the feet of his mule, which began to plunge violently, notwithstanding its weariness. Probably startled by the advance of the intruders, a wolf rushed out, and half rolled and half ran down a precipice to the right, in a panic fully equal to that of Messer Bembo. But dismayed at the apparition, he slid down from the mule, and leaving it wildly striking out with its heels in every direction in which it apprehended the enemy might approach, hastened to join his companions, whose lances he observed gleaming in the distance.

In the course of his progress, struggling with thorn-bushes or plunging into hollows full of stagnant water, the canon perceived how it was that the fortalice had so nearly vanished. Large fragments of the ruins had been hurled among the precipices by the explosion which had destroyed it, and the rest was hidden by the rank and rapid vegetation which delights in covering decay. Stumbling among the ruins in his eagerness to rejoin his companions, Messer Bembo observed with extreme horror several figures lying about among the bulrushes, whose immovability, strange attitudes, and garbs discoloured with blood and rain, convinced him that they were bodies of recently slaughtered men. Avoiding as much as possible even to glance at the dreadful forms, the canon at length reached the two knights, who were standing in discourse at the edge of the cliff which bore the inscription. The carcase which had first excited their attention lay directly below, partially stripped, and so gnawed by wolves and crows that the face was gone, and much of the carcase which was not defended by the steel garniture which it had carried. A bush of wild raspberries grew close beside it, and the ripe red fruit hung over the silent slain.

"This at least is probably not 'Cæsar's work,'" said the English knight. "Yonder are the embers of a fire, and a half-roasted kid, they have been travellers surprised by banditti."

"Let us hasten away!" said Messer Bembo, crossing himself with more devotion than he had yet displayed. "Madonna herself can scarcely protect us against these villains!"

"Are we sure this is none of the Borgia's work?" said the Hospitaller thoughtfully. "Note ye the badge in yon unhappy crow-pudding's murren? Mark you, Messer Bembo—the bear? 'The Orsini's crest, whom he so hates!'"

"The man is a very devil—that I should pronounce such a name—for who sits there?" exclaimed the canon, turning white and blue by turns as he pointed up to a hollow in the cliff just above the triumphant inscription. A raven partially gray with his century of years was perched on it, and seemed to watch the intruders with keen vindictive eyes.

"Again, I say, let us hence, in our blessed Mother's name!" continued the canon, "the night closes in, and if we do not find a lodging soon we shall get among the mists, and go headlong down some precipice which will not leave us a whole bone in our skins. I remember there is a monastery at no great distance, which he will not have destroyed, because it is a dependence of the Holy See. There, at least, we shall find shelter, but for our fare I can promise little, because they are of a severe rule, and keep it."

"And some of the good brothers will give these poor souls christian earth to lie in," said Sir Reginald. "Have with you, Messer Bembo, come, brother, our tarrance here does the dead no good."

The Hospitaller complied in silence, and they returned to the spot where Bembo had parted with his mule. They found the animal quietly munching some thistles, while William of Hampton stood with his gaunt figure erect in the stirrups, straining his eyes in amazement at the disappearance of the leaders. The men-at-arms had halted in a picturesque and disordered group among the rocks.

Under guidance of Messer Bembo the whole troop now filed down an excessively steep declivity facing the cloud-mountains which we have mentioned. It wound, he said, into the depths of the ravine, to the river, by whose course he hoped to find their way to the monastery, which was somewhere on its banks. The precipitous character of the road, if road it could be called, soon compelled all the riders to dismount and lead their beasts, fearing lest they should roll overhead into the ravine—all, except Messer Bembo, who trusted more in the steadiness of his mule's feet than in his own.

The danger increased as they gradually became involved in the white mist, which made the air as thick and hazy as the steam of boiling water. But the increasing loudness of the roar of the river convinced them that they were pursuing the right path. At length they entered a narrow ravine cloven by a torrent on its way to the main stream, in which now flowed scarcely sufficient water to wet the hoofs of the horses. The rocks on each side gradually heightened, for the path was in truth a fissure in the mountains formed by some terrific eruption of their volcanic depths.

This path emerged by a narrow opening into the river. It was a stream of considerable depth, bordered on each side by lofty cliffs of volcanic strata, quite bare to the summits, where they were crowned by forests of the dismal pine. The river descended in so rapid an inclination, that but for the innumerable rocks among which its violent current churned and roared, it would have been impassable. The velocity of the torrent was further checked by the numerous deep caves in the bases of the rocks, in which the waters were diverted, sometimes into deep stagnant ponds, at others into whirlpools that played and flashed like ringy lightning.

Messer Bembo was rather puzzled, for he could not, even with the assistance of resting his chin on his hand, exactly remember whether the monastery was above or below the entrance to the main stream. But as he recollected that it formed a cataract at some short distance above the monastery, the Hospitaller recommended that they should follow the course of the river until they ascertained whether they were above or below the fall.

By a singular phenomenon, not unusual in mountain atmospheres, the mist hung several feet above the level of the waters, so that the upper parts of the riders' persons were involved in it,

while then steeds stood in a glassily clear air. The men-at-arms were ordered to halt where they were, while the canon and the two knights pursued the course of the river, to ascertain the point in doubt. Sir Reginald took a horn which hung to William of Bampton's saddle, and it was only on a signal blast from him that the wearied soldiers were to advance.

The horses gladly entered the bed of the cool waves, and after slaking their thirst, moved down the centre of the stream, which it was necessary to keep, the sharp rocks and deep gulfs allowing no passage along the base of the cliffs.

"These caves are said to be the haunts of dragons, where they brood over hidden treasures," said Messer Bombo, smiling, but taking care to keep abate with the Knight of St John. "Yet for all I am with two such noble chevaliers, I could be very ill content to see the glittering green head poking out of one of them."

"Sir Reginald will have the first brush, see you, how he is urging on his horse?" said the knight. "But look, what is yonder? In sooth it resembles the vast, glittering back of a dragon weltering across our path!"

"Ha, Madonna! it is the edge of the cataract! Hist, sir knight! the uproar drowns my voice, and the thick-headed barbarian is making his horse capriole!" exclaimed the canon, clasping his hands. "He will be dashed to pieces, it falls to such a depth that it is lost in foam long ere it reaches the rock below!"

But the Hospitaller listened only to the first words of this warning, and dashing the spurs into his horse compelled it to gallop forward through the whirling waters, to the rescue of his brother-in-arms. As he approached, however, he discerned that it was not carelessness which was conducting the young knight as it seemed to inevitable destruction. His steed, terrified to madness with the uproar, was struggling furiously to break away, and in the contest for the mastery was rapidly getting down to where the smooth eel-like flow of the wave denoted the great depth of its current ere it overleaped the precipices in a cataract. In vain did the knight endeavour to control the furious animal's violence, while his fearless spirit, and perhaps the danger of sinking under the weight of his arms in the waters, hindered him from seeking safety by leaping off. The destruction of the youthful chevalier seemed inevitable, when, as if sent by some direct and miraculous interposition, a tall figure garbed as a Dominican monk rushed into the stream before it, whence no one could discern, and seizing the horse's head with mighty force, rather hauled than drove it headlong back on its haunches, and after a struggle as it seemed of main strength, compelled it to halt.

SONG OF THE DEMONS

BY THE CELEBRATED NICCOLÒ MACCHIAVELLI, ON OCCASION OF A GRAND FESTIVAL
HELD AT FLORENCE

ONCE blest ! but happy spirits now no more,
Whose rash o'ervaulting pride
From Heaven supreme cast us in terror,—lower
Than mortals e'en abide,
We come to claim a surer empire here
To rule your state from side to side
Torn by more factions fierce than OUR dread regions fear
Lo ! famine, war, bloodshed, sharp fire, and cold,
To goad each mortal fate,
Still mete we out till the dread sum be told,
And midst this festal state
Unbidden guests tis ours to dwell with you,
Till every evil soon or late
Be well wrought out,—to our fell purpose true
See Pluto there—and there that dark-eyed queen
He bore from Enna's Vale,
Most beautiful—that so it might be seen
How great love did prevail
Even over hell and him who sways
Those regions dark, that hail
Their restless king, whose hest each shade obeys
Each rapture and each pang of mighty love,
By us is barb'd and sped,
The sob or smile—the song the sighs that move,
And all in lover's fancy bred
We crown their joys to deal the blow,
Severest, o'er young hearts that bled
And future pangs prepare that all our power may know*

SONNET

LADY, I think, whenever I look on you,
That your sweet eyes are like the stars of night,
Set in a circling world of azure light,
So like the stars, their rays do sparkle through
A halo of such clear aerial hue !
And oft I think them spirits of the bright,
That only do appear to mortal sight,
When star throned in your eyes most Heavenly blue
How I should love to gaze into those eyes !
For there methinks I should some secrets see,
They are so like bright pieces of the skies
That surely they could tell a tale to me
Of visions seen where stars do set and rise !
But ah ! such gazing on them may not be !

C H. W

* It was on occasion of this brilliant festival, amidst the most magnificent display of allegorical scenes and personages, among which a body of demons was very conspicuous that owing to the numbers of the people, the bridge over the Arno gave way, and thousands were engulfed in its waves

THE MAN WHO MAKES BARGAINS

BY RUSSELL GRAHAM

You meet with him anywhere and everywhere, for ~~he is everywhere~~ he is everywhere, so that bargains are to be had. Plunging into pawn brokers' shops, lingering at appraisers' windows, haunting auction rooms and 'selling off' establishments, emerging from marine stores, ransacking second hand stalls, on his way to the "cheapest house in town," or about to be present at one of those "immense sacrifices" that every wall-side and newspaper proclaims. Utterly regardless of Franklin's philosophy, the description of article is a matter of perfect indifference to him. A "bargain is a bargain" in his estimation, how ever useless or unsuitable it turns out: a blacksmith's hammer or a lady's ~~stun~~ ^{stun} would be equal subjects of rejoicing so they were purchased at a low figure. It is the same thing to him whether he picks them up at one of George Robins' recherche sales, or at an auction of unredemmed pledges—whether he stumbles over them in Broker's Alley, or comes across them in the New Cut.

To such an one politics and the general news are nothing to the advertising side of a paper. You may know him in the next box to you at the Jerusalem, or Garraways, by the time he keeps possession of it. You are probably anxious to get a glance at the day's 'Times'; there is but one copy disengaged and at the instant you are about to take it up, the man who makes bargains (and is even now on the look out for them) puts his hand on it. You mutter something about being glad to look at it when he has done, sink into your seat, and solace yourself with the staid columns of yesterday's 'Chronicle.' Its way of thinking not being yours, it affects you with a political heatburn, happily mollified by the entrance of the waiter with the smoking rump steak, white-robed potatoes, juckles, and stout, (chalk and milk, by the way, in such cases) and, for a while, the 'leader' in the 'Times' is forgotten—but your appetite cooling in exact ratio with the water plate you begin to feel you have a stake in other matters and to look round in the expectation that your neighbour has finished the clever summary of last night's doings in the 'House.' Fatal mistake! He has not so much as once glanced at it, and is only half way down the advertised 'sales by auction,' lingering over "eligible investments," or luxuriating among the "Capital feather beds." Drawing room suites in solid rosewood, sideboards, dining tables, old port and sherry, indulging and devotional chairs, &c., with which the Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of the rostrum and hammer, tickle the inclinations of those open coveters of other men's goods—the habitués of auction rooms, and makers of bargains.

To one, or, rather, both these classes, my uncle, Captain Tittlebrat, belongs. He believes he has a genius for bargain making just as firm as other people believe him to be what Dogberry *desired to be* "writ down for his pains." It is his hobby, upon which let him once get fair astride, and he is as unseatable as a centaur. God knows it has stumbled often enough since he has taken up with it! but the old gentleman still ambles on complacently, as if it were sure-footed as the mules of Cintra. Talk to him of furnishing your house, and ten to one but he offers to do it for you, (of course the exchequer department

resting with yourself) or he proffers to put you in a way of doing so at half the ordinary expense. He knows an old established auction mart in the City, where, if you are not fastidiously particular, he is certain you may suit yourself to a T or a cranny leading out of Long Acre, where things are to be had dirt cheap. To be sure they are a little out of order, and not exactly the last style of make but some trifling repairs, and fresh scraping and polishing, will make them look almost equal to new and no fear of their warping or blistering, or falling to pieces—the now general complaints of ready made furniture. In fact, he has no idea of purchasing in the ordinary way of trade, preferring furniture as a Laplander does his wife with the bluish off, and from a mousetrap to a grand piano, knowing of some second hand repository where he may suit his own notions of domestic economy. Go into his house, and you are struck by the heterogeneous aspect of everything in it. His hobby has been ridden there with a vengeance, cantered through every apartment in it and may be traced from the entrance to the attic. At a first glance you perceive that the hall chairs are not fellows—that the very stair rods are of different lengths and that the mythological divinity intended (on company nights) to do the duty of a link boy on the landing place stands there—unfortunately for his office—divested of his dexter arm. In the drawing room the hobby still prevails every item in it has been bought a *bargain*, from the half worn ill fitting Brussels tarnished cornice and faded curtains, to the imperfect ornaments and or molu timepieces pranked here and there, by way of decoration. But it is in the family sitting room where this mania for bargain making most obtrusively exhibits itself—where all its inconvenience and folly, brought together tells its own moral, like the catastrophe of a story in a tail piece. Here are clocks without hands globes with half an horizon first and last volumes with the intermediate ones wanting curtains of one material, cushions of another—here a table halting on three legs and there, one with a fractured leaf. The straight backed mahogany chairs, with wasted legs and satin wood veneering naturally enough suggest themselves the remains of primal housekeeping, but no comparatively speaking, they are the purchase of yesterday, and while Mrs Tittlebrat deplores the folly of giving them house room her husband dives his hand into some hidden aperture of the seat, and produces a sample of the stuffing, triumphantly informing you that there is no cheating there—no hay—no humbug! but genuine unsophisticated, warranted horse hair. It is upon some such satisfactory principle that all his bargains are defended—they *have been* sound articles at one time or another, and it seems sufficient for his happiness to know it. He makes no allowance for freshness or fashion, but estimates his second hand purchases by the price he is asked for new, and, in this way, has generally a handsome balance on which to vaunt himself, whenever the pent up indignation of his lady breaks forth at finding every apartment in her house daily assimilating more and more to the incongruous appearance of a broker's show room. There is no use flattering yourself that he knows nothing of such and such a sale, he scents out auctions at any distance—keeps a catalogue of private and public contracts for every day in the week, and memorandums the advertisement of a cant of condemned stores at Woolwich Warren with as much avidity as an alderman does the announcement of a civic

whitebait dinner at Blackwall. Such a capital opportunity, he tells you, for the purchase of cheap fire wood. But, alas! should a lot of old shakos, broken muskets, catouche boxes, a few drums, or an old gun carriage or two, be going cheap, in all probability his fureur for bargain making will prompt him to outbid some general dealer, to whom the old brass, leather, and iron, amongst them, make them of value while to my uncle they are none except to add to the heaps of rubbish that already surcharge the yard and outhouses of his establishment, and which Mrs Tittlebrat makes no scruple of saying she should be glad to pay *somebody* to take away. Somebody, however, appears indifferent to the job, for I have heard it talked about for years without anything coming of it. In the meanwhile, there seems no symptom of declension in my uncle's mania. The house will scarcely hold, as it is the accumulation of bargains with which he has repleted it. Yet is he as intently bent on making them as ever. Mrs Tittlebrat confesses she has lost all patience, and acts accordingly, by no means confining her lectures to curtains, but letting him hear a "bit of her mind," not in homœopathic quantities either, wherever she happens to find an opportunity. It was but the other day happening to step down stairs just as the captain returned from one of his auction room expeditions, I overheard her voice pitched in the contralto tones of suffering conjugation, and louder than the dissonance of a dozen falling articles of tin ware that had just been deposited in the hall.

"What! more tea trays, Mr Tittlebrat? Twelve tea trays, and not a decent bread basket in the house! Was ever such folly! Buying things you know nothing about—bringing home a parcel of trash not worth the carriage!"

"But you haven't heard what I gave for them," interposed the bargain maker.

"Gave for them!" repeated Mrs Tittlebrat, contemptuously. "If I had my way, I wouldn't give them house room. There's the hangings you bought for the children's bed won't even bear a needle, and the Marcelles counterpane you boasted such a bargain, all to pieces the first time of washing! Cheap, indeed! A few shillings more than you gave for them would have purchased good articles, and would have lasted our lifetime, while the money those things cost is completely thrown away. You couldn't do better than have an auction of your own. I'm sure there's quite enough useless, worn out things about the house that want getting rid of. Not a room in it fit to be seen, nor a thing in them like any one else's—not a decent piece of furniture, nothing but bargains—and such bargains!—fit only to make bonfires of."

"Vain endeavour, my dear madam, to argue a man off his hobby. It is one of those cases in which persuasion is better than force, and the conviction of experience better than either."

"Conviction, Mr Jones! There is no such thing as convincing Captain Tittlebrat, every day only makes him more headstrong—more infatuated—more resolutely bent on making bargains, and beggars of the children and me."

Yes, signal as were these failures, (that have served my aunt as quotations ever since,) they have failed to convince the captain of the impositions practised under the wand of the appraiser. He regards them but as the exceptions to the general rule—the addle eggs of ten fold repaying broods of bargains, and under the illusion of wisdom,

and with a view to economy, is daily committing some folly or another, and making the dearest bargains in the world

It is better dining with "Duke Humphrey" any day than with my uncle—at least for me who, by virtue of propinquity, am privileged to take "pot luck" (odious phrase) and a place in the family parlour—privileges, by the way, that, like the Ghost in Hamlet, I find 'questionable'. In the first place, there is all the excitement of a lottery in taking your seat. If you throw yourself on a sofa not knowing the "set of it," as a milliner would say, ten chances to one but the scroll gives way, or you overturn it, while a random descent on the chairs is equally dangerous, as, in all probability, you choose a wrong one—some rickety, disjointed affair—one of a monstrously cheap lot, that slips from under you, or, like a deceptive friend, 'lets you in,' exhibiting, when too late, (for your composure,) a by no means fanciful similitude to 'Bottom's dream,' feeling through every shaken nerve of your system the truth of the Irish apophthegm which says, 'You may as well kill a man as frighten the life out of him.' You go to dinner with what "appetite you may." The furniture of the table (an equal medley with that of the apartment) involuntarily reminds one of Catherine Alexowna's code of etiquette and a Russian dinner service, in those days when the poverty of plate and the prevalence of petty larceny obliged every guest to bring his own knife and fork. The variety occasioned by this regulation could scarcely exceed that which prevails in these appurtenances at my uncle. You may take a bet that half the knives are not by the same maker, and as for the spoons and forks almost every second one exhibits a separate illustration of heraldry, but so long as he can *plume* himself on a saving of two shillings in ounce in the purchase money, I fancy he is indifferent to *crests*. This heterodox appearance in the table equipage is a mere trifle—a sin against good taste only, but it is well if the meal passes over without producing some more obvious inconvenience of bargain making. Nothing more likely than to receive externally the contents of the tureen, that trifling crack that constituted it such a bargain most unexpectedly giving way, and depositing the soup *ad libitum*, or the occasional leaf of the table, owing to some imperfection, (which, however, made it all the cheaper,) falls into your lap bringing with it the greater part of the dishes, and destroying not only the disposition of the board, but the tempers of those around it. Nor are these catastrophes by any means hyperbolic, every philosophical follower of the system expects them—looks out for them, and, if he be wise, prepares against them. But, in general, there is a supineness of action in your bargain makers—a belief in the possibility of obtaining them at will, that renders them indifferent to making the most of those they do get. The repairing and scraping and polishing that was to restore their soundness and good looks is procrastinated from day to day till the unsightliness and inconvenience of their condition (unless recalled by some such domestic shock as I have imagined) becomes from habit, unfelt, and at length finding it too late to do anything with them, they fall piecemeal into uselessness and lumber. Such has been the fate of many of the Tittlebrat bargains—things that promised pretty well, too, had the emendations proposed at first taken place, but as the expense, in every instance, was found greater than the first cost, the idea was, after a while, wholly abandoned. I have now little

hope of the old gentleman's seeing the error of his ways, and forsaking auction marts for more legitimate places of barter, especially as I find all Mrs. Littlebrats taunting tautology stuffed at the bare notion of a Custom house sale, and that when bargains take the form of cambric and French silks she has not the slightest repugnance to countenance the buying of them. If conviction ever comes, it will be at his last bidding, when he finds himself 'knocked down' at "next to nothing" positively 'going' and indirectly by the ivory hammer of the auctioneer, for though it is said that most individuals ride their hobbies to death in my uncle's case the probabilities are, that this consummation will be reversed, and his hobby prove the death of him. Already repeated breaches of trust on the part of his (un)easy chair, and a want of stamina in other articles has gone near to occasion him compound fractures and broken limbs and only the other day, scintillating obliging him to have recourse to an invalid chair, it had like to have proved his chariot to immortality. He has taken lodgings within a stone's throw of the "Vale of Health" and having a mind to visit Primrose Hill this vernal weather, made his first essay on Hampstead Heath, and while being drawn up one of the gentle eminences that diversify it the back of the machine (I need not say it was a bargain) unfortunately giving way, precipitating him into the midst of one of those pools that lie amongst them. He was dragged out in a state of duckweed and great confusion, and has, for the present, abandoned his bargain of a Bath chair.

THE DAHRA MASSACRE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU IN LOVE," "THE PROHIBITED COMEDY"

From a manuscript
 LIGHTNINGS! where streamed ye?—Thunders! were ye thence
 Busied in hell, when this worst deed was done
 Which the blind night heard whitening o'er, and whence
 Back into darkness shrunk the shuddering Sun!
 Murder, Oh, murder! shriek all earth as one,
 Or silence shares the guilt, and see they pile
 Forests to feed the flames which circle in
 The dusky heroes brave despair, and smile
 To hear the maddening uproar's dying din,—
 Multiplying Cain's primeval sin,
 Whose fratricidal phantom with them watched,
 Bristling his blood-red locks to hear the roar
 Of human and brute bellowings, where scotched,
 Trampled and pierced, boiled in their living gore,
 The granite furnace raged—till suffering could no more!
 Oh, ever on the day of Waterloo,
 Merciless France! thy feats like this perform,
 So shall all Time thrice bless Her who o'erthrew
 Thy might inhuman, in that world-tossed storm!
 Smile on, base Policy, and win thy meed,
 But with one voice shout, shamed Humanity!
 MONSTERS, YE ARE NOT MEN!—a cursed deed
 Is yours, and cursed may the fruitage be!
 In fire-smoke those ashes rise and sweep
 Your legions from the sands their bloody hands would keep!

"WORKING THE ORACLE"

A TALE OF LONDON IN MODERN TIMES

"THANK heavens," the session is nearly over," exclaimed Theophilus, as he cast the morning newspaper from him, and threw himself back in his chair.

"Gracious powers!" "How sickened over with the pale cast of thought is that forehead upon which he begins staring his long disordered hair!"

Late it seems his placed upon this young man's shoulders the cares of state. Ah! why thus early is he made to groan beneath a burthen intended only for maturer years and sterner natures? Yet why should it not be so? Was not William Pitt prime minister of England at five and twenty? and Theophilus is nearer thirty!

It is in vain to speculate upon the amount of care which possesses the mind of Theophilus: much less to imagine what comparison it bears to that which the great Pitt had to compass. They live in different ages and under a totally different state of things. There were no railways in Pitt's time; he had not as Theophilus has twenty thousand miles of rail round his neck with twenty millions of premiums trembling in the balance dependent upon his skilful movements.

His lips are now compressed; his brow is knit as he studies in silent intently a large square thin piece of paper, covered with names and figures being, in fact, the return list of killed and wounded—in other words the share list of the preceding day.

"Confound them!" he again exclaimed, "nothing seems to move them one way or the other. We get earlier intelligence—killing more horses and paying for more overturned apple women than any body in the city—we get the earliest intelligence, act upon it with promptness, and yet nine cases out of ten the market seems to go the wrong way. Losing a preamble or being thrown out upon a *dation* really appears to do the shares good; whilst, on the other hand, when a line gets its bill it is sure to lose its friends and its premium. They say the market has been overbilled in anticipation of the result, but I must say I think the cursed jobbers (Theophilus never swore except at the jobbers)—the infernal jobbers are confoundedly overbearing, and I should like amazingly to put them once more in the hole and —"

And smoke them like a pack of Algerines, *à la* Peletier, my boy, cried Jack Jobbings suddenly entering the room. "Well, my good fellow, he continued, 'how goes the war? what's the aspect of affairs to day?'"

"Not much of importance—in fact, nothing seems of importance now—the market is not kind, it will not answer."

"No," said Jack, "it's grown rusty and obstinate, jaded. They're frightened, sir!" And to say truth, it must be confessed they have been worked pretty smartly occasionally. By the way that favourite line of yours, that you've stuck to so valiantly, and —" continued 'upon over so many accounts—"

"Yes, the Squalash Valley, a most valuable line I always considered it—gradients and works easy, and the population immense, but what of that? I've —"

"You've made your fortune, my boy! I have it from a private source. The government opposition is withdrawn, and they will get their bill."

"Hang the government opposition, and the bill too!—You don't say so!" exclaimed Theophilus

"Fact!—read for yourself Why, what's the matter?" added Jack, astonished at the earnestness of Theophilus

"This is too hard!—You know I have been a 'bull' of these horrid scrip all through the spring—bought them at eight, stuck to them down to three—to say nothing of "continuations,"—confound my ill-fortune,—tired out at last, and on the best information, I closed them all only yesterday, and turned 'a bear'!"

"What a bore! You have been done, deceived! But you may yet be in time to buy them back again The news may not be out Let's take a cab and be off to the city"

"I can't," said Theophilus "I must go to the Committees One or two most important points But do you do it for me—buy me back double the number—say 600, but I say—don't do it at Popp's for I don't want the whole set there to know everything I do Go to Touch and go's I suppose I must go as high as $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$."

"It shall be done, my boy—consider yourself a bull' of Squab ashes in half an hour's time"

And the friends parted, each to their several stations in the grand field of speculation

"Consider myself a bull! I begin! to consider myself an ass!" muttered Theophilus, with a sort of chuckle between a grunt and a laugh as he hurried along the street and jumped into the "first cab, which drove him off as if by instinct towards Westminster, without waiting to be told

"Yes! a confounded ass!—No rest by day,—no sleep by night I go about like a hunted dog!" and he nearly kicked the bottom of the cab out, which brought to his recollection where he was "However, I've a great mind to stop where I am, and let things take their chance—if I am to be ruined I must—I've a great mind," and he thrust his head through the window, but he did not call to the driver to stop—the words stuck in his throat, so he drew in his head again, and flung himself back in the corner of the vehicle

Leaving our hero to his ruminations, let us briefly tell the reader a little of his previous career Theophilus Smith was an only son, his father, an extensive hide and tallow merchant, died whilst he was at Cambridge, leaving him sole successor to his business Theophilus, however, had "a soul above leather," and a natural warmth of heart, which disposed him to entertain himself and his friends, so that his father's grease pots were melted gradually down to supply the hospitable board At length, however, the business was given up for good, just as it was about to give up Theophilus as good for nothing, and he retired from the city, a gentleman at large, and took up his abode in lodgings near his mother's house in — square A cab, two saddle horses and a tiger completed his establishment, and a club immediately afforded him the status he aspired to in the "fashionable world" His life for a time was a model of regularity, and blissful repose From May till August the park saw him daily driving or riding like the best of them He dined at "the club" four days in the week, (he swore by the cook thereof!) occasionally at Blackwall or Richmond, on Sunday according to old custom he dined at his mother's, for he was not an undutiful lad The opera, the French

plays, and now and then a *souree dansante*, or small tea party, filled up his happy life during "the season." The races, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, &c., he went to as a matter of course, though to say the truth he never betted at them beyond a "tenner," for it was more for the champagne, and the dust and the excitement of the thing that he went. Finally, the first of September always saw him with his dog and gun, and occasionally during the hunting season he donned the scarlet without doing it dishonour.

All this time we say, Theophilus was as happy as he could be. He knew nothing of the city except from memory, and cared less. Above all he knew nothing of the share market, and if he had given it a thought would as soon have gone into it, as to the odious hide and tallow market which he had so unceremoniously cut. In truth he travelled per rail, as he would by a stage coach, if such a thing were now in existence, and troubled his head no more about the concerns of the one than of the other. Little dreamed he, as he was whisked along the line, whistling as he went, to pay a long promised visit to one of his father's old city friends, that within a month he would have become a proprietor himself in almost every railway in Europe!

One only cause of anxiety had Theophilus at that time, and it originated simply in this—that by the natural order of things incidental to young men about town his expenses were always a trifle in advance of his quarterly dividends, and he had nothing more to look to till his mother's death, so that he was every day ruminating upon the possibility of economizing, and even one day went nearly so far as to send his hunter to Tattersall's. Would he had done so! old Rover would now have been alive whereas in steeple chasing over Westminster Bridge to the City, one fine day he fell and broke his back, and is now gone to the dogs; whither some ill-natured people say his master will follow him if he does not take care.

But we anticipate. How Theophilus came to forsake the paths of idleness and peace for those of turmoil and business, may be briefly stated. Every man has his opportunity once in his life, Theophilus had his, and he seized it. It was when dining at this very old city friend of his father's, surrounded by half a dozen other citizens of credit and renown, that the whole conversation happened to turn upon the identical subject of railways. He listened at first out of mere politeness, but in the end heard matters that actually astonished him. He heard how men by merely writing letters got letters in return which they sold for hundreds and thousands of pounds, how a man had only got to buy a hundred Peddletons or Wriggletons to make a certainty of turning a cool thousand between them, how everything was going up, and the market most "healthy." He heard all this, and gradually the idea came across his mind that he might do as well as others in this general *faux fortune* in which nobody lost.

He resolved to question his friend Jack Jobbings, who was a smart fellow, on the subject, the very next day. He did so, was confirmed in his apprehension, went boldly into the city, when by a mere word he became nominal proprietor of three hundred Wriggletons, which he sold next day at 450*l*. profit, minus the commission.

Theophilus was not a man to do things by halves. If one railway answered, why not they all? So not knowing one from another, he commissioned the broker to make him "a miscellaneous assortment,"

which upon "closing" on the account day answered pretty well, one paying the other, as it were, and leaving a small surplus

Things went on charmingly in this way for some time, some pleasant little balance to receive on every account day, until Theophilus began to wonder why the brokers, seeing how easily things were done, did not make all these "operations" for themselves instead of having to hand over the proceeds to almost total strangers

At length a few severe blows taught him that there was something more in the matter than at first met the eye. Repeated disappointments of this kind, which melted down his previous gains, made him look rather anxious lest things should continue in this stream. He soon became convinced of that great truth, that "business is business and must be attended to." He found his way to the fountain head of information the committee rooms at Westminster. He dived into their recesses, he scanned the faces of all, and now only was thoroughly awake to the mighty and anxious machinery by which his former gains had been by him unwittingly made. He trembled for the brink of ruin over which he had stood so long, and resolved to do nothing in future without a reason.

Upon this basis things went on for some time with obvious improvement. Theophilus actually passed his days between Westminster Bridge and Threadneedle street, and his nights between sleeping and waking,—dreaming of what had been, what was to be, and what was not to be. He became, in short, a regular city man, and so completely habituated to the language of the Stock Exchange, that when a friend asked him one day how his mother was—who had been seriously indisposed, he could not better express his meaning than by saying, 'A shade better thank you—perhaps about a sixteenth!'

There he was, completely engrossed in the one pursuit. Exciting theme! Healthful recreation for body and mind!—occasionally a little damped by the appearance of the fortnightly balance which was not always on the right side. But eels get used to skinning, and speculators get used to bleeding. The first loss or two startles them a little. The first insertion of the lancet makes them wince, but once the blood begins to flow in a full stream, it flows merrily, and the victim looks on with increasing indifference.

Victims! even so, for when Theophilus came to look calmly over his accounts, he found that with all his exertions, all his caution, he had lost just five thousand pounds, beside the gains he began the campaign with. Some of it must now be got back,—it was no longer working for fortune, but to avert ruin, and he worked the more desperately, as every day his case became more desperate, and the time for speculation became shorter. No wonder he "thanked Heaven the session was drawing to a close. If it lasted much longer, we really believe he would not have survived it."

Theophilus forcing his way through a very miscellaneous assembly, consisting chiefly of attorneys, clerks, and farmers, anxiously enquires, 'How are the Squabashes?'

"All right," is the reply, "Government have given their consent. Committees seem to have made up their minds. Two of them have been asleep, the chairman writing letters all the time. They're as safe as the Bank!"

The heart of Theophilus leapt within him. Thank God, he had got

out of a great mess in the case of the Squabashes, that he was no longer a bear, but a valorous bull again! Being relieved from anxiety upon this score, he rushes into room houble X, where the Great North Circumbendibus line is under consideration.

He arrives apparently in the nick of time. There is evidently a lurch. Committee look as grave as Mr Calcraft on the day of an execution—counsel argue and argue, try to puzzle them, try to frighten them to cajole them—anything. Bystanders in a ferment. Heads peering forward in a huge red mass, a whole phalanx of brows elevated aloft on sticks.

A datum error! Is it indeed a datum error? Will it be fatal to the bill?

They can hardly get over it, I should think. Committee seem to think so.

Theophilus waited for no more. 'Sell 500 Great North Circumbendibus' he writes on a card hands it to a jockey ready waiting on horseback who starts off like a flash of lightning for the city. He returns to the room, snapping his fingers, and rubbing his hair all round his head like a man with a headache, "there's a one and a half operation to a certainty" he exclaims.

He has hardly entered the room however, when he perceives that the discussion is still going on, and with somewhat a different complexion. Mr Plumline the engineer, proves that it is a surface error, and not a datum error and after some communing the committee overrule all the apprehended fatal objections.

How differently does an event affect one according to circumstances. Theophilus saw none but smiling faces around him, very few however of the other sort. Agents, counsel witnesses all pleased—triumphant, whilst the poor animal of a bear had nothing else to do but to scamper into the city and undo all he had done on the best terms he could. On jumping into a cab he had the satisfaction of seeing a man on horseback start off at full tear who would of course anticipate him in the market.

Well, by dint of bullying and bribing the cabman he gets into the city in seventeen minutes and a half and finds himself in the little, dark unfurnished upper apartment dignified by the title of office by its occupant Mr Popp.

"Popp," he cried, "I have made a sad mistake! Buy back all those Direct Circumbendibuses."

'Dear me! I thought you had made some mistake. They went down thirty shillings ten minutes before your express arrived. However, I sold them, as you left me no option at —"

"Well don't wait for that. go, buy them back—close them and have done with them."

Off went Popp, and in a few minutes returned.

"I've closed them at four and four and a quarter, sold them at three and two and a half. The clerk will make you out the contracts immediately. Very annoying affair certainly, and he proceeded then to other business, till another customer called him away, and sent him again into "the House."

Meantime Theophilus chewed the cud of disappointment in silence, watching the operations of the juvenile clerk, who with wonderful expedition made out the following gratifying document —

"Theophilus Smith, Esq			
"Sold for you, for the 15th,			
300	Direct Circumbendibuses, $2\frac{1}{2}$ paid, 3 pm		£1,650 0s
200	Ditto $2\frac{1}{2}$ pm		1,000 0
			<hr/>
			2,650 0
Deduct Commission			62 10
			<hr/>
			£2,587 10
"Bought for you,			
200	Direct Circumbendibuses, $2\frac{1}{2}$ paid, 4 pm		£1,300 0
300	ditto at $4\frac{1}{4}$ pm		2,025 0
			<hr/>
			£3,225 0

The clerk was too genteel to draw the balance, but Theophilus saw at a glance that it was somewhere between six hundred and seven hundred pounds for his afternoon's exertions. He began now to think affairs looked serious, and had only the Squabashes to depend upon as his sheet anchor.

"Why, what's the matter with the Squabashes?" said Poppo, as he came into the room, and putting down his hat walked to the fatal desk. "they are throwing them in by cart-loads. It's well you got out of yours, Mr Smith."

The little clerk, if he had touched Theophilus with the tip of his pen, might have felled him to the ground.

"Squabashes! I'm not out of them—that is, I'm in them again! For God's sake, go and see what you can do for me. Sell six hundred of them at any price, and let me quit this infernal city." He clenched his hand, smote the fatal desk, and for the first time Theophilus seemed really dejected. His pluck hitherto had been the admiration of the whole room.

"Hurrah! Squabashes dished!" exclaimed a huge vulgar man, in a green short-cut coat. "Preamble not proved! I've been bearing them through thick and thin. They're down to par to a quarter. I make two hundred pounds!"

"And I," thought Theophilus, "lose near two thousand!"

He could not stop to face Poppo on his return from "the House." He resolved to see him never more. He walked deliberately from the room, with a quiet "good bye," which he inwardly intended to be a final one—jumped into a cab, and drove to his mother's house in — Square.

How natural it is for us to run to one's mother when all the rest of the world treats us unkindly! Theophilus did so, not with the intention of whining about his troubles, or seeking for means to meet them. He maintained a cheerful countenance throughout the evening, cast up his losses mentally with stoical fortitude, the next day sold out stock to pay the amount, and almost laughing at his folly, resolved to economize what estate he had left, and to "work the oracle" no more. May he have fortitude to keep so good a resolution.

THOM, THE WEAVER POET *

EVERY now and again, at distant and fitful periods, the gloomy regions of labour and lowliness have sent up their meteor-blaze into the wide firmament, as if to warn the endowed and privileged world that they still have life and thought amongst them, and to give encouragement and consolation to suffering brethren far and wide. Every now and again mind, the ever living principle of man has forced its way in vigour almost unimpaired from amidst prostrate and squalid masses in which all energy and enjoyment-physical had long since ceased to exist. 'Tis then the moral of our being triumphs over the material,—'tis then that truth heaven pinioned soars loftily and free above the sordid and unkind world, proclaiming words of hope to the dejected—of terror to the thoughtless.

Poeta nascitur non fit in other words, poetry is the work of nature not of art. Poetry—true poetry we mean—we talk not of your namby pamby boarding school rhymesters—true poetry is truth itself rushing into being in the beauty of symmetry. Educated truth may be tutored into prose, but heaven born, untutored truth must march in the dignity of verse.

Ye who, under the inspiration of champagne, ice creams, and Weppert's band laboriously emit "Sonnets to Julia," and "Lines to Julia's Lap dog" or her "Fan," and ye who "murder sleep" and the Queen's English with vile inventions concocted under the more potent influence of "cold without"—listen with admiration to the weaver of Inverury, who working midst the din and bustle of a factory, and starving with a wife and four children upon five shillings a week, naively tells us,—“I have had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to write verses.” William Thom's "tendency to write verses" originated in a tendency to think upon his own lot, and that of his fellow men around him, and with continual thinking and turning over in his mind, the rough idea like the pebble on the sea-shore, was rounded and polished into the smoothness of verse.

The earliest production of this kind, a melancholy little ditty "had its foundation in one of those luckless doings which ever and aye follow misguided attachments and," he adds, "in our abode of freedom these were almost the only kind of attachments known, so they were all on the wrong side of durability and happiness." Thom, by the way, in his "Recollections," gives a sad and humiliating account of the degrading influences, moral and physical, of the factory system, for "they know little of the matter," he says, "who know only the physical evils bred in factories." As it is not our purpose to enter upon this difficult and painful subject at the present moment, we must pass over the details, but one passage gives so terrible a summary of the whole, and affords such a mystical key to the harassing reflections which must have crowded upon the author's mind, when he felt "the irresistible tendency to write verses," that we cannot omit it.

"Between three and four hundred male and female workers were

* Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver By William Thom, of Inverury Second Edition, with Additions 1845

promiscuously distributed over the works, the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly, woman unlovely and rude. Many of these married, some pairs seemed happy, they were few, and left the work whenever they could get webs and looms outside. Vicinities daily made were daily filled—often by queer enough people, and from all parts, none too coarse for using. He who had never sought a better sight than an unwatched pocket—he, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman weaver, and lo! his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle and in due time did its work—became a fixture,—another pot of poison sunken in the common well, and drink they must. The poorest poor the uneducated, the untrained poor, drank of it, yet, the wise and well provided will often condemn, without one pitying look, nor seek to see that strong link between crime and cause.

Throughout his writings, Thom evidences that these early pictures of misery have been the prevailing theme of his reflections, and his object appears to be all along to awaken in all classes a proper sympathy for one another.

'I have long had a notion,' he says, "that many of the heart burnings that run through the social whole, spring not so much from the distinctiveness of classes, as from their mutual ignorance of each other. The miserably rich look on the miserably poor with distrust and dread, scarcely giving them credit for sensibility sufficient to feel their own sorrows. That is ignorance with its gilded side. The poor in turn, foster a hatred of the wealthy as a sole inheritance—look on grandeur as their natural enemy, and bend to the rich man's rule in gall and bleeding scorn. *Shallows* on the one side, and demagogues on the other, are the portions that come oftenest in contact. These are the luckless things that skirt the great divisions, exchanging all that is offensive therein. 'Man know thyself' should be written on the right hand, on the left, 'Men know each other'."

Such were the reflections which sprang up and grew, and strengthened in Thom's mind, as he surveyed 'his own miserable and struggling existence, and that of his fellow men around him. The history of that existence, of those struggles, those trials, and bitter griefs, is given with touching but simple eloquence, in the "Recollections" which form the first portion of the little volume. So striking, indeed, are the pictures he has brought before us—so startling and convincing the revelations of the heart's workings which they contain, that we could fain linger over them to the neglect of the poems which follow, and which, by bringing this author into notice, gave occasion for the telling of his story which, might otherwise have gone down with him untold to a pauper's grave. But as far as this article is concerned we must not trust ourselves further upon this branch of the subject—the personal history of the man must be left to his own telling, to paraphrase it, or to extract incidents from it, would be to destroy the breathing beauty of a thing of life. Let us rather turn to "the rhymes," and wonder that on a soil so rugged and unkind, watered only with bitter tears, such sweet and healthy flowers of thought should spring into being. Let us thank the *Aberdeen Journal*, which first printed some of these modest productions, and let us do honour to the head and heart of Gordon of Knockespoek, who at once appreciated

the genius which could produce them, and holding out the hand of liberality and encouragement brought the author and his works before the world in the form in which we now find them

William Thom as all that we have already quoted of him would prepare one to believe is especially remarkable for feeling and fancy the earliest and the most potent ingredients of poetry Of imagery and invention he pretends to little He writes of nature as he finds her, he sings of the heart before it has become contaminated by the perfumed incense of the heartless Herein the secret of the refreshing atmosphere of his rustic pictures, herein the telling influence of his artless lays of disappointed affection

We give a couple of specimens, and first of his powers of fancy, from the poem entitled 'Old Father Frost and his Family'

" Grim father Frost he hath children twain,
The cloud-born daughters of Lady Rain,
The elder, a coquettish pattering thing
Would woo you in winter and pelt you in spring,
At times you might scarce feel her feathery fall,
Anon she will beard you with icicle ball,
When the warrings of heaven roll higher and higher,
She cowers like, flees from the conflict of fire—
Yet heightens the havoc, for her feeble power
Tho scathelass the oak how it tells the frail flower!
And the bud of the berry, the bloom of the bean,
Are founder'd to earth by the merciless queen,
Even the stout stems of summer full often must quail
To this rattling, blatting, head breaking hail

Then the contrast which follows --

" You know her meek sister? Oh, soft is the fall
Of her fairy footsteps on hut and on hall!
To hide the old father's bleak doings below,
In pity she cometh, the ministering snow
With her mantle she covers the shelterless trees,
As they groan to the howl of the Borran breeze,
And baffles the search of the subtle wind,
Guarding each crevice, lest it should find
Its moaning way to the fireless fold
Of the trembling young and the weeping old
When through her white bosom the daisy appears,
She greets the fair stranger with motherly tears! &c

In the department of fancy also, we may point with admiration to the whole of the two poems of "The Blind Boys Pranks, (too long for insertion, and too didactic for extract,) which were the first pieces which brought the author into notice, to his lines "To My Flute," also, which are as ingenious and perfect of their kind as anything from the best masters in the art In the way of feeling, of deep potent feeling, we may point to "The Mother's Maniac Dream," "The Overgate Orphan," "The Mitherless Bawn," "Oh, that my Love was so easily won," "The Last Tryst" and indeed half the pieces in the book We are sorely puzzled out of them all to make a selection, but have determined at length upon adopting the following lines, which, few as they are, unfold a whole life of patient suffering and heroic struggle

- “ ‘ Oh, that my love was so easily won !
 Whaur nae love word was spoken
 Unsought—unwoo d, my heart had flown—
 I canna hide, I daurna own
 How that poor heart is broken
- “ ‘ Oh, that my love was so easily won !
 The gay an the gallant hae woo d me
 But he—oh, he never sought to share
 The envied smile, yet mair an mair
 Yon wordless look subdued me
- “ ‘ Oh, that my love was so easily won !
 Oh, that my life would restore him !
 He lighthted the love of our pridefu clan—
 My dreams are fu o yon friendless man
 But the wrath o my kindred hangs o'er him
- “ ‘ Oh, that my love was so easily won !
 My kin will ye never forgie me ?
 I've gien my heart to a hameless man
 But I'll wander far frae this friendless lan ,
 An it never mair shall see me

THE RING

A BALLAD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS"

THUS to a fair Venetian maid,
 The proudest of the train,
 With which the Doge went forth arrayed
 To wed his vassal main,
 " This very day," her lover said,
 " Will Venice go the sea to wed

" Now tell me lady what to do,
 To win this hand of thine ,
 I'll risk both soul and body too,
 For such a prize divine '
 " I'll have the bridal ring, said she,
 " Wherewith the Doge will wed the sea "

Came forth the Doge and all his train,
 And sailed upon the sea ,
 The banners waved, and music's strain
 Rose soft and heavenwardly ,—
 And blue waves raced to seize the ring
 Which glided through them glittering

The lover through the bright array
 Rushed by the Doge's side —
 A plunge—and plume and mantle gay
 Lay lashing on the tide ,

Ho heard a shriek, but down he dived,
 To follow where the ring arrived

He sought so long, that all above
 Believed him gone for aye,
 Nor knew they 'twas his haughty love
 Who shrieked and swooned away
 At length he rose to light half-dead,
 But held the ring above his head

The lady wept—the lover smiled—
 She had not deemed he would
 Have done it,—was a foolish child—
 And loved as none else could
 " Take it and be a faithful bride
 To death," the lover said, and died

The lady to a convent hied,
 And took the holy vows,
 And was till death a faithful bride
 To her Eternal spouse
 And then the ring her lover gave
 They buried with her in the grave

THOMAS CHATTERTON,
A LEAF OUT OF THE "LIVES OF THE POETS"

NOT BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, I L D

"I thought of Chatterton, 'he wondrous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride — WORDSWORTH
We poets, in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes, in the end, despondency and madness.—IBID

"His big heart swelled with pride, and the death of the youth was dark in his soul"
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

THE dim light of a November day break (A.D. 1752) coldly streaked the east, and the streets of the city of Bristol were soaking from the effects of a sullen, heavy rain that had fallen since midnight when, in one of the narrow thoroughfares that abut upon Redcliffe Hill a humming which with little cessation was continued for a quarter of an hour, startled many of the inhabitants of the locality from their sleep some of whom, recognising in the grey dawn that peeped in at their casements a messenger beckoning them forth to the toil of another day leaped out of bed, and proceeded to equip themselves while others, who had no work to do or were disposed to take it idly, bestowed a malediction on the party whose noise had prematurely disturbed their slumbers.

The noise proceeded from a little girl, snugly wrapped in a thick woollen shawl who resolutely thumped with her fists upon the door of a small tenement. At the end of the time specified, an upper window was thrown open and a shaggy head protruded into the street. A large pair of eyes surveyed the applicant, and a rough noise demanded what she wanted.

"Please, Mr Padd," said the child, mother's taken very ill, and wants Mrs Padd to come to her directly,—medately, please

"Who d'ye come from" demanded the voice

"Ma'am Chatterton," replied the child

"Misses shall get up directly"

With this announcement the head disappeared, and the child, with hurried steps, set off on her return homeward.

It was a wretched morning the darkness of the night still maintained a struggle with the dawn. The rain came plashing to the earth, flooding the pavement, and choking sinks and gutters. The dim outlines of the houses loomed dismally through the obscure and murky light which was beginning to overspread the city.

As the child emerged upon Redcliffe Hill, the imposing structure of St Mary's—the finest parish church in the United Kingdom—stood boldly in relief, from amidst a dense cloud of mist that had gathered in that quarter and enveloped every other object. A loud crash of thunder caused the girl to start suddenly and in affright. It was followed by another and another in rapid succession while in the brief interval between the second and third reports, a bright ball of fire shot almost perpendicularly into the earth, burying itself beneath the monument room a chamber bearing that designation, situated immediately over the north porch of the church, and afterwards so intimately connected with the life of Chatterton and associated eternally with his memory.

The descent of the fire ball had been observed by the child alone, of all the inhabitants of Bristol. The loud crashing of the thunder, however enough to have roused the seven sleepers, or the princess who was doomed to slumber for a century was distinctly heard by all, and was the subject of much comment during the rest of the day. Thunder in November bearing some analogy to snow at Midsummer.

A few minutes brought the child to her home. On making her way up stairs she found her mother, who was in bed, much worse than when she left the house to run for Mrs Padd. The sound of an infant's voice, faintly proceeding from the bed clothes astonished the child, and she began to weep bitterly. At this juncture the voice of Mrs Padd was heard below.

'Get a light, will ye?' she cried, "would ye have a midwife break her neck upon the stairs?"

For the light however, the midwife did not tarry but stumbling into the apartment as she could, she sat herself down in a chair, declaring that in all her born days she had never witnessed such weather, and trusting that it boded good, and was in nowise connected with the end of the world and the extinction of all things sublunary.

'Such lightning—such thunder' added Mrs Padd "I never see since I was a infant, and it was on the day the old king as was George the First died. They said as how it was all a owing to that, and perhaps it was.'

An infant's voice uttering a half stifled wail had an electrical effect upon Mrs Padd. She sprung from her chair as if her hand had inadvertently rested on a torpedo, and darted to the bedside.

'God in heaven!' she cried, "It's a blessed babby, and I wot not by to assist it at the birth."

And then she commenced replacing the bed-clothes as rapidly as she had thrown them off.

"I shouldn't wonder," she remarked, addressing herself to herself for the mother was insensible and the girl who had summoned her did not enter into her consideration at all, "but wot it was born when that ere thunder was a roaring. If's 'be it was, wot a child it will be!"

Upon what line of reasoning Mrs Padd grounded her conclusion we cannot take it upon ourselves to determine but certain it is that she was assured, in her own mind, that the child would *make a noise* in the world.

Meanwhile the girl, who had been groping about the apartment, struck a light, and applied herself, at the midwife's directions, to the task of making a fire. That done, and other preliminaries having been observed, the good woman prepared some caudle and put in requisition the other accessories of a lying in chamber, every now and then soothing the mother, whom she had restored to consciousness, with such speeches as the following.

"Keep a good heart. Wot a thing it was! Lor' bless me! Only to think he should be born before I could get here, and I didn't lose no time neither. Bless his dear soul, fine babby as he is!"

"Is it a boy then?" inquired the mother, faintly, and pressing the child as it lay snugly in her arms.

'Aye is it!' replied the midwife "and a boy of a hundred or a hundred thousand, or a hundred thousand thousand. I shall call him

Boney Herges as we reads of in the Bible, for if he wasn't born when them thunder claps happened, never say my name is Martha Padd any more—don't

"Oh, had his father but lived!" ejaculated Mrs Chatterton

"How long is it since he died?" inquired the midwife, "Its not three months is it?"

"Two months and twenty six days," replied the mother, "this is ———"

The twentieth of November interrupted the midwife

"If he had but lived a little longer—only to have seen the child!" and the widow wept bitterly over the infant as it nestled in her bosom

"The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years
The child of misery baptized with tears

* * * * *

A boy of twelve years old hurried on a Saturday afternoon in July, 1764 from the gates of Colston's charity school situated in St Augustine's Back in the good city of Bristol, to the small tenement formerly visited by the professional Mrs Padd who had long since slept with her father in Redcliffe Churchyard. This boy—this child for he was little more, wore the tonsure cap and the peculiar costume of the school founded by the benevolent merchant of Queen Anne's reign. A blessing rest upon his memory, and upon the memory of all who educate the poor! Dark raven locks clustered round the child's fore head and fell in curls upon his shoulders. His features were peculiarly striking and handsome. Delicate in limb chaste in bodily outline, lithe and agile as the skipping toe—no heir to princely fortunes, no petted scion of a lordly race no child of wealthy parents ever equalled him in grace and beauty. With a step as light and swift as that of the fawn, he fled homeward to greet his mother and sister.

This child was THOMAS CHATTERTON

"Home already Iona!" cried a young woman hastening to throw her arms around him, as he entered his mother's house—Home already! why St Mary's clock has only this moment struck twelve

The speaker was the little girl who twelve years before had summoned Mrs Padd

"Yes dear Mary," answered the boy, "I am home soon for I ran all the way—I couldn't be long coming home to you, you know"

Well, now you are here and as this is your half holiday I hope you will stay with mother and myself and not go and shut yourself up in that back room the whole afternoon," said Mary Chatterton

"Sister dear," replied the child, sweetly, "I *must* go to my little room. I have only one afternoon in the whole week to call my own—only one afternoon in which to write—to write. You know I love you, dearest Mary, and our mother, you know we both love her tenderly. It is to make us all rich one day, sister, that I persist in shutting myself up in that little back room"

"But what do you there? Why will you not let us know how you spend your time? Why will you always lock the door, and take the key away?"

"What do I there? I write"

"But what do you write?"

The entrance of Mrs Chatterton into the apartment prevented the

child's reply She was accompanied by a man who carried a basket of earthenware and china, which he deposited on the floor before he seated himself

"Why, here is Tom come home, I declare!" cried the widow, and she hurried to caress her son, who folded his arms around her neck and kissed her affectionately

"Poor Tom," said the gratified mother, stroking the dark hair of her handsome and petted child "He doesn't often come home to see us—only once a week"

"I am better away, mother dear, replied the boy "I am not a burden upon you, and besides," added the child proudly, "at the school, *I learn*"

Come neighbour," said Mrs Chatterton, turning to the dealer in earthenware, "what have you got to show us? You remember Tom, don't you? You, who are an old friend of our family? See how he is grown, and how handsome he looks

"Aye, he *is* grown, and he *is* handsome indeed," returned the dealer, "I must see what I have got that will please him Serve the youngest first, you know, Miss Chatterton I will make him a present of any little article he takes a fancy to Here are lambs and sheep all in *chancey*—the best *chancey* I warrant Here is a gill going to market Here are a dog and a cat with gold collars round their necks—Come Tom choose where you like

"Oh they are very pretty" cried Miss Chatterton

"Yes indeed they are, assented the child's sister

But the child himself scarcely bestowed a glance at the toys which attracted such admiration

"Here is a cup with '*Thomas*' upon it, in gold letters Would you like that, Tom?" queried the generous dealer "or if you fancy any thing better tell me what it is and I will get it for you

The boy—the boy of twelve years old—answered in the memorable words recorded by his admiring biographers

'Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet, that he may trumpet my name over the world'

* * * * *

It is evening The setting sun sheds his glorious farewell rays upon the matchless pile of St Mary Redcliffe

There is a boy alone in this church

Alone—for no human being but himself is present—no footsteps but his own fall on the silent pavement, or are echoed by the vaulted roof But oh, not alone! for his own aspiring thoughts people the solitude

"And I too, perhaps I," said this boy, this child—said Thomas Chatterton for he it was, communing with himself as with folded arms and wrapt in meditation, he halted opposite the ancient tomb of Canynge—a name familiar to all readers of the poet's works

"Yes—perhaps I," he repeated

He thought of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and Spenser and Milton Entering a pew he stretched himself on the cushioned seat

The rays of the setting sun disappeared and gave place to the sombre melancholy hues of twilight By degrees a deeper shade came on—deeper, deeper, until the old church, within and without, was in darkness The boy slept and dreamed

It appeared to him that a monk approached him with eyes beaming

with pitying affection,—with sorrowing admiration and love And this monk, pausing by the child's side, spoke in a voice of rich melodious sound, and said,—

"It is thy doom, poor boy, that I, who am but a shadow, but a vision of thy brain but a phantom invoked by thy genius from the depths of the dark antiquity that *I* shall be the cause of thy misfortune For *my* sake shalt thou be persecuted Through *my* fault shalt thou die It is thy doom and it is the doom of all inspired teachers and prophets to their generation, to be misapprehended by the world It is upon those who betray it that the world bestows the regal robe and the seat of honour Multitudes cringe before them kiss the dust they tread on and fly like submissive slaves to do their bidding For the Prophet the Messiah and the Apostle—for the poet and the man of genius—for the world's benefactors—are reserved the cross the rack, the gibbet—persecution, penury, and scorn

The boy awoke And he knew it was the monk Rowley who had spoken

It is the year 1770

We can but briefly revert to the events of the few preceding years, in their relation to the life of Chatterton He had produced his matchless poems—works which for forty years after his death were a source of wonder, of perplexity, of controversy among the most eminent literary men which have called forth more learned treatises than almost any single subject that can be named works, written in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, which have been again and again declared to rival Shakspeare,—which have given to his name a magical sound that, to lovers of poetry, is cabalistic—which have gained for him the reputation of a wondrous enchanter, who out of parchment rolls and musty worm eaten records could create poetry that the world has only seen equalled, but which in their mock antique dress, have frightened all idle desultory readers from their pages

He had corresponded with Horace Walpole Lord Oxford, of whom for his treatment of the poet boy, we rejoice to quote the memorable words of Coleridge who reverting to the shameful conduct of the nobleman of Strawberry Hill, indignantly exclaimed, All ye who honour the name of man, rejoice that this Walpole is called a *lord*

He had quitted Bristol, and the home of his mother and sister, where the Penates dwelt and had come to London, as a literary adventurer, to seek his fortune

He had been in London three months It was now August He was nearly eighteen years old, yet with the intellect of a mature prime, and a manly heart, as precocious as his genius, and which could never grow old

The scenes we are about to record must pass for what they are worth But it is confidently asserted that they are not wholly apocryphal¹ It is true they have escaped the research of all biographers of the poet, from Gregory to Thomas Campbell—his last and best biographer And they are so much better than the usual dry

* An unpublished letter of Chatterton's is said to bear evidence in their favour But as they are related they must pass only for what they are worth His death from poison is a fact beyond the possibility of doubt.

details of poet's lives, inasmuch as they possess a certain undoubted air of romance

Chatterton was hurrying towards Marylebone Gardens. A proud night was it for the boy poet. His burletta, 'The Revengo,' with original music, was to be produced. He had free admission and if his composition succeeded, he would receive ten guineas on the following morning. But little he thought of the remuneration. He was ill fed, ill clothed, ill lodged, but he thought not of the morrow, or of the guineas that hung on the breath of popular applause. If he *did* think of them, it was with the resolve to purchase a new dress for his sister, and comforts for his mother. Already, to allay their fears for his welfare, he had sent them trifles, purchased with money that should have bought him food. They would think he was doing well if he made them presents.

And the burletta *did* succeed. Yes, rapturous applause testified to its merits. Undoubtedly the music won the greatest meed of approbation for the burletta itself is light—trifling enough. But the songs were sparkling the wit was pleasant (albeit a little broad, but that was the taste of the day) and the actors (Bannister was one of them) performed admirably. Yes, the burletta *did* succeed.

The poet withdrew from amongst the multitude with the intention of seeking some solitary corner of the gardens, where he might meditate upon his triumph. As he caught the last glimpse of the orchestra he beheld the conductor pointing him out to a group of fashionably dressed persons, among whom were several ladies and one young blooming girl looked upon him with eyes of admiration.

Chatterton was alone. The hum of voices, the laugh of merriment the sounds of singing and dancing fell unheeded upon his ears. He was alone, alone to congratulate himself on this his first real success.

A footstep approached. The poet was about to retreat, but looking up, he beheld advancing towards him the fair girl whose admiring eyes had been fixed upon him. He would still have retreated, but the power to fly was denied him. He could not move. He was entranced—fascinated. Lovely as a goddess, the vision approached, reached him, and remained stationary.

"And are you alone? Do you shun the lights, and the mirth and the company, you who have contributed so much to the pleasures of the evening, you, who are so young and yet a poet,—for they tell me you have written much and divinely,—works which have not yet been published, which have scarcely seen the light?" said the young female,—young, lovely, and imprudent.

"And which never will be published," replied Chatterton, with bitterness. "Yes, which never will be published, for I will consume them to ashes."

"Oh, no," said the rash beauty entreatingly, and laying her taper fingers on his arm. "That would be indeed to rebuke God for his gifts. He has made you a poet for the weal of your fellow men. You dare not stifle the fire of your genius, you dare not destroy the emanations of your intellect. They are no longer yours, but the world's. Your talent is a sacred trust, which you must not bury in a napkin. You must not hide your light under a bushel."

Chatterton was both pleased and astonished.

"Who is my fair counsellor?" he said, with gallantry. "To such

eloquence no one could turn a deaf ear, especially when the pleadings of the tongue are backed by the persuasive glances of such bright eyes as —"

"Forbear!" cried the young lady, hastily and angrily. "I am not used to such language. I leave you on the instant, if you address me so again."

Chatterton was rebuked, rather by the tones than by the words of his companion

"I must leave you even now," she added, "or my friends will note my absence. To-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, walk in St. James's Park. Do you promise?"

"I do," replied the bewildered poet

And now a word about this young lady. She was Lady Fanny — the daughter of the Earl of — Not yet nineteen, of a beauty so transcendently rare, that the best painters, with all their skill in flattering the human countenance, were in despair at their unsuccessful efforts to transfer her loveliness to their canvass, with an elevated mind, mistress of the most refined accomplishments, familiar with foreign and native literature, she had no equal among the daughters of the aristocracy. There was one considerable drawback to so many advantages. She was eccentric — and her eccentricities, though hitherto harmless, were sometimes dangerous to her reputation. Placed under the strict surveillance of a duenna, she set her authority at defiance, and boldly proclaimed her right to gratify every whim and caprice. The duenna at length had grown weary of the repeated resistance offered to her vigilance, and relaxed her efforts to restrain the follies of her pupil.

And poor Chatterton, with lively passions with a heart hungering for sympathy and confidence was drawn, in this romantic manner, into the vortex of this young lady's charms.

* * * * *

The month of August is very far advanced It is the twenty sixth.
Chattanooga's fatal day •

Of the ten guineas promised him by the proprietor of the Marylebone Gardens, he had only yet received one, and that was long since spent. He had not tasted food since the morning of the preceding day.

Oh, how his golden visions had faded! Yet his confidence in the future was not gone. No, he looked yet for renown,—for affluence. Still he relied on the might of his tremendous intellect.

He loved And what was poverty, what was obscurity, what was hunger what was absolute want, what were the changes of time and tide to him, when he flew to his noble mistress ? His physical necessities were all forgotten He had seen her almost from day to day, and she had at length avowed her passion, had told him that she, venerating genius for its own sake, she the daughter of a noble, thought it not beneath her to link her fate with his

Her jewels the gift of her father were very valuable, and on the morning of the twenty sixth of August she parted with them for six thousand guineas. That day she would fly with him, and become his wife.

She had appointed to meet him in the neighbourhood of Kew Gardens, a locality already commemorated by Chatterton in a poem.

the greater portion of which has unfortunately escaped the researches of the collectors of his works,

Lover like, anticipating the time, Chatterton was on the spot two hours before the earl's daughter arrived. She came at length, her cheeks were flushed with the consciousness of wrong doing, though she was sustained by the conviction that her devotion as far as herself was concerned, was elevated and noble. But never did she look more beautiful, than, when extending her hand to place it within his, she bade him to consider it as his own, till death.

"Till death!" cried the poet. "Are you in earnest? Am I indeed blessed beyond my utmost hopes?"

"Till death," repeated the enthusiastic girl. "We will only be separated by death. And even death shall not have power to separate us, for we will die together. Say I not the truth, dearest?"

"Yes, yes, henceforward we will live only for each other," answered Chatterton. "But why do you speak of death?" "Your words chill me, death is for the unhappy. Death is for him who is frustrated in a great object, death is for those who are friendless. But we, we are all in all to each other. Death is not for us," and he folded her tenderly in his arms.

Suddenly, however, he became sad. His heart failed him. *He was about to commit a great crime.*

Stricken by poverty, unable to provide himself with the necessities of life, how could he consent that this girl, this high born girl, bred in the lap of luxury, should forsake her home and friends to become his wife?

And if she did become his wife, how could he support her? Would her father, the proudest of England's peers acknowledge her after such a step? If she did become his wife, would they not have to starve together? They would. Success in literature might be delayed, and then, they would starve.

His companion, divining what was passing in his mind, said producing a paper from her pocket,—for ladies wore pockets in those days,—“Since every wife, dearest, should bring her husband a dowry here is mine. It is but small, I would it were larger for your sake. This is a security for six thousand guineas, payable on demand.”

“For six thousand guineas!” exclaimed Chatterton.

“Yes, it is attested by an eminent goldsmith of the city.”

“For six thousand guineas!” repeated the poet, and he turned pale. His lips quivered, his arms fell listless by his side.

Chatterton was not mercenary. Moreover, he was proud, proud as a fallen angel. Money obtained by his own exertions, by his own transcendent talent, would have been worth treble its current value in his eyes. But money brought him by the generous and too confiding girl, who was willing to sacrifice her reputation in the excess of her erring enthusiasm—money, so obtained,—no, he could not receive it, he could not partake of it. If he had been not altogether penniless he might have been troubled with fewer scruples, but to accept,—not merely luxuries, but the actual means of living,—the positive necessities of life, from his wife's hand,—to feel, that for his home, his garments, for every crumb he raised to his lips, he was wholly indebted to her—forbid it pride—forbid such humiliation!

He said, and only those who have deeply, passionately loved, know

how agonizing were the words,—he said, in tones of the deepest emotion —

“Fanny, we must part”

“Part, Thomas! part!” cried the affrighted girl

“Yes, continued the poet his whole frame trembling with agitation “I have not the power to maintain you,—I will not say in the style of living to which you have been accustomed It were idle mockery to suppose I could promise that I have not even the means of procuring food for you I cannot support myself We should starve—starve for it might be months before I succeeded as an author, and ——”

But why should we starve dearest? What do you mean? Have I not said here is money, and it is my own? Why then should we starve? Will you not be my husband? Will not that which is mine become also thine?

“And do you not understand that I cannot accept that money—that I cannot, circumstanced as I am, share it?” Do you not know that nineteen twentieths of my composition is pride,—PRIDE, infernal pride if you will? See you then though I am poor—though I am humble,—though I am obscure, I cannot stoop to an unworthy action I cannot hear a voice saying to me in the night-watches ‘*Thou art base*’

The young lady would have replied, but she was prevented for a carriage which had driven rapidly to the spot suddenly drew up and three men alighted They were the Earl of —— and two of his menials

“Ha, fly!—fly!” shrieked Lady Fanny, turning to her lover

But Chatterton did not move

“That is the scoundrel,—seize him,” cried the Earl, pointing to the poet and the two men hurried towards him

“As for you, continued the peer addressing his daughter “you have been watched This very day you quit England Did you think that the jeweller to whom you sold your jewels would conclude so heavy a bargain with a girl so young as yourself, without first consulting her father?—ha! does he resist?”

Chatterton was indeed offering no slight resistance to his capture “You have your switches with you,” said the nobleman to the lackeys “thrash him soundly and on the spot, and then let the vagrant go whither he pleases”

“Dearest! remember our pledge,” exclaimed the earl’s daughter, in a voice of frenzy, “remember we said that only death should part us, and not even death shall separate us, for we will meet in another world,—we will meet to-night—TO NIGHT”

The blows from the menials’ switches fell heavily on the poet’s body The earl bore his daughter to the carriage

* * * * *

In a wretched garret in Brook Street, Holborn*, at the hour of eleven, on the night of the twenty sixth of August, 1770, sat Thomas Chatterton on the foot of a truckle bed

Oh God,—what a change had taken place in his appearance!

* The house in which Chatterton perished in “sublime agony,” cannot be pointed out It is in Brook Street, Holborn, but the number is not known Warton, the author of the “History of English Poetry,” made several researches in the neighbourhood, but could not discover the dwelling

Haggard and emaciated—worn for lack of sufficient food, almost to a skeleton—with eyes that, though deeply sunken in his head—so deep indeed that the bony projection of the sockets displayed sharp circular rims around the cavities that contained them—glowed with a fire that might have been lighted in some nether world,—with rigid angular features and dishevelled hair,—a countenance in whose every lineament was engraven the frightful intensity of the agony that consumed his vitals—who, beholding him at this hour, would have recognised the youth whose burletta had succeeded at Marylebone Gardens but twenty nights before? Even his mother would not have known her son even his sister would not have flown to embrace her brother

Chatterton had taken poison. The broken cup in which his own hands had mixed the deadly draught stood on a small deal table beside him. Strewed over the floor of the room were sundry fragments of paper,—poems, written in the fullest anticipation of success and fame, but which were destined never to be beheld by other eyes than his own. In his paroxysm of rage, when he had resolved to spurn the world, which had neglected and persecuted him, and which had deprived him of the mistress of his first and passionate affection, in which he had been scourged by menial hands like a sorry hound,—he had torn into these fragments his last compositions

"Oh God!" cried the dying Chatterton throwing himself back upon the bed and writhing in convulsions "Have mercy!—these pains—these burning pains,—I cannot endure them—they are intolerable—Help me, Lord—help me!—I do not fear death, but this agony it is terrible—my vitals are consuming Ha!—who speaks to me? Do not be angry, mother—Give me water—water, Mary, my sister,—I am frightfully burning—Dash it on my temples—They throb, they burn—my veins are swelled to bursting—give me your hand—your hand, my mother—that is it—clasp my fingers tight—I am coming to you,—I am coming—I ———"

* * * i *

The room occupied by Thomas Chatterton was broken open on the following day. His body was found stiff and cold. His features were frightfully distorted. Some particles of opium were picked out from between his teeth.

A coroner's inquest sat upon his body and a verdict of "Temporary Insanity" was delivered. He was buried by the parish of St Andrews, Holborn, in the burial ground attached to the workhouse in Shoe Lane, the present site of Farringdon Market.

Beneath the muniment room of the church of St Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, a monument thirty feet in height, surmounted by a full length figure of the poet in the dress of the Colston Charity School, was erected by public subscription in 1840. Upon a tablet in the base are engraved these lines, (according to the direction of Chatterton, in a strange composition written three months before his death, and styled his 'Will,' in which he enjoins the citizens of Bristol to erect him a monument on pain of being haunted by his ghost)—"To the memory of Thomas Chatterton Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable." It appears from this that he had long premeditated suicide.

* * * * *

Lady Fanny ——— did not join her lover in the grave. She acquired prudence and corrected (that is the word) her erring enthusiasm, which led her to love “a vulgar poet.” In a few years she made an admirable match. She married a peer who had grown prematurely old at thirty years of age, a worn out debauchee, who would have given his fortune to have experienced a new sensation. She lived a short, dazzling, fashionable and unhappy life, and died in her twenty eighth year.

“NANNA,”

A BALLAD—FROM THE FRENCH

BY HERBERT SMYTHE

He leapt into his bark
 Tho' the heavy clouds did lower,
 He heeds not the scowl of the tempest dark,
 He heeds not the ocean's roar,
 He heeds not his mother's suppliant form
 As she kneels by the maddening sea,
 And prays him to tempt not the wrath of the storm
 And leave her to misery
 But he spreads his white sail, full of mirth, full of glee,
 And he flies o'er the wave singing merrily—
 “I must away!
 I dare not stay,
 For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!”

His youthful brow grew dark
 As he thought of his brother brave,
 How, but a short year since his jovious bark
 Was entombed beneath that wave
 And he fancied his brother's voice he could hear,
 O'er the storm, and the sea-bird's cry,
 “One prayer for my soul ere thine hour draws near,
 The dark hour of destiny!
 But he laughed at his fears, and with mirth and with glee
 He flew o'er the wave singing merrily—
 “I must away!
 I dare not stay,
 For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!”

He reached the wished-for shore,
 And his heart beat light and gay,
 As he flew to embrace his loved one once more,
 Who had mourned him while away
 But hark! from yon minaret's height,
 The toll of the passing bell!
 “That ominous sound! for what spirit's flight?”
 'Tis Nanna's dying knell!
 His fair cheek grew white—with a heart-broken sigh
 He sank—and expiring sang hopefully,
 “I must away!
 I dare not stay,
 For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!”

LEGEND OF THE LOBISHOME.

BY WILLIAM H G KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF," "PRIML MINISTER," ETC ETC

THE wildest and most inaccessible part of the north of Portugal is the province of Traz os Montes, literally, "beyond the mountains."

The face of the country is composed of lofty and rocky ridges, with sides rugged and precipitous, intersected by dark glens whose profound depths the eye cannot reach, and with numerous torrents foaming in their headlong course towards the gold bearing waters of the Douro which stream divides the province from Spain. In parts, too, there are broad and rich valleys, watered by meandering streams, on whose banks grow in vast profusion the sweet flowering almond, the orange, the chestnut, the luxuriant vine, and innumerable other trees and shrubs which afford a continual source of wealth to their cultivators. The inhabitants are esteemed the bravest and most hardy of the sons of Lusitania having never, since the earliest period to which their history refers, bent their necks to the yoke of a conqueror, while the neighbouring provinces have succumbed one after another to the swords of the Spaniards or of the infidels. Their athletic frames, their light hair and blue eyes, bespeak them of the pure Gothic race, unmingled with any Moorish or other southern blood, and their manners retain that primitive simplicity which is the characteristic of most mountain people who associate but little with the inhabitants of the plain. They still cling to their ancient superstitions, nor have the monkish legends, relating to St Anthony, and St John, and various other saints, succeeded in eradicating the tales of wonder and horror which have descended to them from their early heathen ancestors. No one among them would presume to doubt the power of the *fetueira* or witch, the deeds of the accused *Bruxa*, or the almost equally dreadful career of the hapless and condemned *Lobishome*—however incredulous they might perhaps be as to the efficacy of a hair of St Anthony's beard in preserving their sheep from the rot, their fruit-trees from blight, or the necks of their goats among their mountain crags. In other parts of the country the inhabitants are better Catholics if not more honest people, and from thence the histories of saints and saintesses, monks, priests, exorcisers, missals and breviaries, have almost driven away all recollection of the more poetical legends of witches, hobgoblins, ghosts, fairies, and similar fantastic personages who figure even to the present day in more northern climes. Among others in which they place implicit faith, is that of the legend of "Lobishome."

Somewhere about the early part of the twelfth century, after the gallant Count Alfonso Henrique, son of Henri of Besançon, had driven

* Some writers, misled by the name of *Lobishome*, (*Lobo* being a wolf,) fancy it similar to the *Loup-garou* of France, but this is not the case, nor can I learn that the afflicted person is ever transformed into the shape of a wolf. I know not the derivation of the name, nor from what cause the curse is supposed to originate, but all families, rich or poor, noble or plebeian, are equally subject to it, if their sons or daughters pass the number of six, though the seventh is not always the sufferer, indeed, several may be possessed by it. The only infallible safeguard is to call the seventh son Adam, or the seventh daughter Eve. The afflicted ones sit and mope by themselves, their countenances betraying their fatigue and misery, till, pining gradually away, they die. It is believed that they are invariably changed into the form of a horse.

the unbelieving Moors from the northern part of Lusitania, and had been unanimously elected sovereign of the reconquered provinces, there dwelt in the Traz os Montes, a brave noble, Count Rodrigo Soares by name. His castle overlooked one of the valleys of which we have spoken, being situated on the summit of a rocky eminence almost entirely surrounded by a sparkling stream which fertilized the green meadows extending for several miles along the centre of the vale, forming only part of the possessions of the Count. The mountains on each side of the glen were lofty and rugged, crowned in some places by the tall and slender pine, while in others the dark and naked rock pointed towards the sky, or projected from amid the rich foliage of the lower ground. Here and there also were spots which though destitute of trees, were covered with heibage on which browsed numerous flocks of goats, their keepers clothed in the skins of the animals they tended leaning on their long spears or grasping their tough bows ready to strike some soaring eagle, formed picturesque objects as seen against the pure blue ether of that lovely clime.

The Count, though as brave a knight as ever couched a spear and accounted very amiable by his equals when he had his own way, was rather haughty to his inferiors, stern and inflexible when opposed and, when any event occurred to displease him easily thrown into a violent paroxysm of passion, during which period he was often guilty of acts at which, in his calmer moments his feelings would have revolted.

He possessed a wife a lady of great beauty and of high birth who had already borne him six daughters but their union was unblessed by any sons, a sore disappointment to the noble who was naturally anxious to transmit his name and titles to posterity by a lineal descendant in the male line. He was still in the field with his chief when the time drew near that his lady was expected to present him with another infant.

A splendid victory gained, and the approach of the winter season enabled him with the other leaders to break up the army and, as was the custom in those days, to retire with their forces to their homes, to till their fields and to attend to their other agricultural pursuits.

He reached his castle gate in high hopes that a son and heir was about to be born to him. He expected to behold the white dress of his lady fluttering on the battlements to welcome his return, surrounded by their daughters. His pennon was displayed, he sounded his horn and at the well known signal the drawbridge was lowered, when, followed by his faithful escudero, he hurried beneath the iron portcullis.

'Is my lady well?' he exclaimed, as the whiteheaded *majordomo* hastened out to meet him. 'Has the event taken place?' he continued. 'Heaven be praised! And my boy, he is doing well—a fine hearty fellow, like me, I'll warrant. Ha, ha! well soon teach him to couch a spear against the infidels,' he exclaimed.

He stopped short on observing the distressed look of the old man—'What, dotard, speak!' he added hastily 'is it not a boy? Hast thou been deceiving me, ha?' And a dark frown mantled on his brow.

'Alas, my lord,' answered the old steward, 'it is no fault of mine nor of my lady's, the saints so will it.'

"What, is he dead then?" asked the husband, breathlessly

"Alas! no, my lord answered the steward with a trembling voice. No boy was born, it is a *seventh* girl, my lord

"Now, curses on the puling infant! am I thus to be ever baulked of my just hopes?" exclaimed the enraged father dashing his gauntlet with terrific force upon the stone pavement, where it fell with a loud clanking sound, and the feeble wail of an infant came like a distant echo from the lattice of a neighbouring turret

Oh my lord! withdraw that curse from off your child's head" cried the faithful old servant, seizing his master's bridle, and bending his knees in a supplicating posture, "Remember that curses, like pigeons, always come home to roost at night"

"Bah, old man, interrupt me not with thy croakings," cried the knight throwing himself from his saddle, and striding up and down the narrow court-yard with hurried steps

"Will not my lord wish to see my lady?" said the steward "She is well enough to receive you, and longs to welcome your return"

"No," answered the knight, shortly, and continued his walk, his followers looking on in dismay, no one daring to interrupt him, for never before had they seen their lord in such a state, and knew not what might follow

The wail of the new born infant again sounded in his ear "Now curses rest upon that sound, a boy would give a lusty cry I would I could without sin drown it in the moat like a puppy"

As he spoke, an old woman who unperceived had crossed the drawbridge, and made her way through the crowd of attendants approached so as directly to face him when he turned in his walk. He started as he beheld her, for a being further removed from all appearance of humanity could scarcely be imagined. Almost bent double, apparently by age and infirmity, she supported her emaciated form on a curiously shaped twisted stick, whose coils seemed to turn and wriggle like those of a live serpent. The light of one of her eyes was quenched forever, but the other made up for the loss in brightness, if not in size, as it glared out from its deep socket, like a twinkling lamp at the further end of a cavern before the shrine of some saint. The skin of her face and hands was of a dull yellow, wrinkled somewhat like burnt parchment, her nails were like the talons of a bird of prey, and her long black teeth projected far beyond her thin and colourless lips. Her head possessed no other covering than a few tangled grey locks, and her costume consisted of a dark mantle which hung in rags and tatters to the ground, leaving her skeleton like arms completely bare. The retainers hung back in dismay, for no one could tell how this strange being came among them.

"A *feiticeira*! a *feiticeira*!" (a witch, a witch,) they muttered, with looks of terror

The Count quickly recovered his confidence, for he was not a man to be daunted by an old woman. "What want you with me, *minha tia*? (mine aunt) he asked, in a somewhat less angry tone than he had before used

"What want I with you, proud Count? To warn you that curses, like pigeons, always come home to roost at night," answered the old crone

These words the same spoken by the major domo, again roused the choler of the knight. "Begone, old hag!" he exclaimed fiercely

"So you have taken to cursing your innocent child, fidalgo," cried the old woman, not heeding him,—"*your seventh daughter!*"—Ha, ha, ha! Know ye not what her fate will be?"

"I know not, nor care," cried the Count, highly exasperated. "Begone, I say begone!" and, turning to his followers, the chieftain ordered them to put the old hag beyond the walls of the castle.

"I will save them the trouble," she exclaimed, skipping along with unexpected agility and disappeared, giving utterance to cries resembling the croaking of a hundred ravens rather than the voice of a human being.

Days passed on. The Count became somewhat pacified by the tender endearments of his lovely lady, who promised to behave better in future and a day was fixed for the christening of their seventh daughter at which all the neighbouring fidalgos were invited to attend as well as the numerous retainers of the house. Every large mansion in Portugal has a chapel attached to it where all the services of religion are performed that belonging to the castle was within the fortifications, and in those disturbed times when the people might any day expect an incursion of the Moors served as the parish church of the district where without fear of interruption the unarmed peasant might offer up his prayers at the shrine of his patron saint.

Here were now assembled knights in shining armour, the cross emblazoned on their cloaks, each one holding instead of his sword a long lighted taper; their shields and helmets being borne by their attendant escuderos and pages, ladies in rich silks and brilliant with jewels interspersed with the dark robes and cowls of the monks from a neighbouring convent, also with waxen candles in their hands, while outside the open doors a close circle was formed by the retainers in buff coats and high boots then low crowned iron caps tucked under their arms and accompanied by their wives and daughters in many-coloured costume, each one striving to see what was going forward within.

Close to the altar stood the Count and his lady, with the sponsors, the *ama* or nurse holding the infant, while the officiating priest in rich vestments of gold tissue his attendants being clothed in simple white robes muttered forth in Latin from his breviary the appointed prayers for the holy ceremony. He had just taken the child in his arms, who showed her displeasure at the change by setting up a loud cry.

"What shall she be called?" he asked.

"Ernelinda," answered the sponsors, looking towards the Count, who nodded his head in approval.

"What!" exclaimed a croaking voice which appeared to proceed from among the crowd at the entrance of the chapel, "a pretty name that for a seventh daughter you had better call her Eva, or beware the consequences."

"Who dares to interrupt the ceremony?" cried the Count, with rising anger.

"I do," answered an old woman in tattered garments, who suddenly appeared among the assembled knights and gay ladies. "Don't you remember me, Sir Count?"

A bright spot grew on the cheek of the Count, for the old woman's voice reminded him of the insane passion to which he had given way

before his attendants, and he immediately recognized her as the personage who had appeared on his hearing of the birth of his daughter. "Begone, wretched old crone," he exclaimed furiously, "nor longer intrude thy presence among knights and ladies. Proceed with the ceremony," he continued, expecting his commands would be instantly obeyed, but the old woman kept her ground.

"Then you will not call her Eva?" she croaked forth.

"Begone, I say, accursed hag, and thank thy grey hairs that I do not command my retainers to duck thee in the moat," exclaimed the Count, highly exasperated. "Let her be thrust forth from among you—but none of the retainers dared even to touch her."

"You had better not," she answered in the same tone, whisking her snake-like stick around her. "Hear, proud noble. I have warned you once, I have warned you twice, I warn you thrice. I will warn you no more. Know you not that if a seventh daughter be born to a man and she be not christened Eva, the curse of the Lobishome will hang over her?—And, remember you not how you cursed your child? What chance, then, has she of escaping?"

While the old witch was speaking, most of the company turned pale, the stout retainers trembled, and the Countess fell fainting into the arms of the attendant ladies, but the fury of the Count increased to an ungovernable pitch.

"Ermelinda is her name and Ermelinda shall she be christened. Proceed with the ceremony, sir priest!" he cried, and striding towards the hag, he was about to thrust her out with his own hands, when with a loud croaking and derisive laugh, she disappeared from the crowd. Unmoved by this incident, the Count returned to the altar, where his wife was gradually recovering, but without waiting for her complete restoration, he compelled the priest to conclude the ceremony, and the infant was called by the name of Ermelinda.

"Oh call her Eva, in mercy call her Eva," cried the Countess, as she recovered her senses, but it was too late, and her seventh daughter bore not the magic name.

Sixteen years passed away, the youngest, the favourite child of the Countess, had grown into a fair and beautiful girl, just feeling the consciousness of her charms, but suitors came not forward, either for her hand or for that of her sisters, for what noble would ally himself with a family in which the heavy curse of the Lobishome was known to exist? The Count had made overtures to certain other nobles of equal rank with himself, with marriageable sons, but they had been politely rejected. Two daughters had taken the veil, but in those days the practice was not so fashionable as it afterwards became.

One evening, during a violent storm, a horn was sounded loud and long at the castle gate, and after certain parley a stranger knight was admitted. As he entered the hall where the Count, his lady, and daughters, with their chief attendants, were seated at supper he removed his plumed helmet, when his dark brown locks falling over his shoulders, exposed a youthful countenance peculiarly prepossessing.

The fair Ermelinda raised her eyes towards him—their glances met—she cast hers again on the table, but during that short instant they mutually came to the conclusion that they had never before seen any one half so charming as each other.

The young knight having hung his cloak to dry, and his arms against

the wall, was conducted to a seat near the Count, at the head of the board, and opposite to Ermelinda. He proclaimed himself the eldest son of a powerful chief in the north of Lusitania, and that now, unattended save by his squire and page, he was on his way to combat with the Moors in the south, or to be ready for any other adventure which might offer. Few words were exchanged between the young people but the work of love went on notwithstanding. Cupid was busy with his arrows, while the stranger knight carved a wild boar's head with his dagger, the only weapon he retained for that purpose. Before the signal for retiring to rest was given two young hearts were irrevocably lost and won. In those days, when hearts were young and fresh and high born maidens disdained to sell their hands to the man who bid the most, whatever his rank or name courtship was a work of short time. They reckoned not then by days and weeks a few sweet interviews, when the lovers hurried accents spoke all his hopes, and no doubting fears prevented him from learning his happiness, for virtue and honour were not then empty names.

The Count was much pleased with the young knight and pressed him to prolong his stay. Two three four days, he tarried, but on the morning of the second a change came o'er the fair Ermelinda. She appeared at the matutinal meal, pale thin and trembling as if stricken by some mortal disease—no one could suppose it possible that in so short a time she could have become so altered. To the earnest enquiries of her parents she made no answer, and when the young knight with fond solicitude entreated her to tell him the cause of her malady, she burst into tears, and begged him to continue on his way. Commands, threats and tears were equally unavailing in wringing the secret from her bosom.

On the fourth day from the arrival of the young knight, he knelt at the feet of the lovely maiden, but tears and broken exclamations of despair were the only answer she made to his sighs and protestations of unalterable affection.

"Go, go, gallant stranger," she cried in accents of anguish, "Go seek renown on the field of battle, against our country's foe, and think no more of the hapless Emelinda. To wed with me were a fate too dreadful to be named for one noble like thee. Oh depart, and let not the memory of one so wretched as I am dim the bright lustre of your future days." And tearing away her hand from his impassioned grasp, she rushed to her chamber, in the western turret, overlooking the moat. No entreaties could draw her from thence till the pennon of the young knight, who, with a sad heart, took his departure, was seen fluttering in the distance. For long the secret was untold, and day by day the once fair laughing maiden pined and pined away, but at length the Count, who was about to take his departure to join his sovereign, was walking on the battlements of his castle, his heart bowed by grief at the misery of his child, whose graces and beauty had so won his heart that he loved her dearly, when he perceived a one-eyed hag hobbling round the outside of the moat. A dreadful suspicion flashed across his mind, for he recognized in her the identical old woman who so many years ago had appeared before him, she had not grown older, nor certainly less hideous than before.

"Did I not tell thee, proud Count, that curses, like pigeons, come home to roost at night," she croaked, "ha' ha' ha'!"

Quick as lightning the Count flew down the stone steps and across the drawbridge towards her, but when he reached the spot where he had seen her she had disappeared.

The next morning the women of the hapless Ermelinda went as usual to her chamber, but she was not there, her bed was cold, and she had evidently long arisen. Every possible search was immediately made in the castle and the neighbouring mountains and woods but no sign or trace of her could be found and at length they were compelled to inform the Count of the additional calamity which had befallen his house. He lifted his head at the words and sunk down, muttering 'It is true, it is true, she is a Lobishome.'

Day after day passed away, and she came not. The Count remained insensible to all that took place, but still he lived on.

Strange rumours went abroad in the neighbourhood of the castle and an inquisitive, prying, half-witted shepherd declared, that he had been watching one night outside the castle walls, when he saw a white form descend from a window in the western turret, swim the moat and hurry towards a wild glen, celebrated in the neighbourhood as the abode of witches and hobgoblins. He declared that he had followed as fast as his feet could carry him, and arrived in time to see a female throw off her garments and place them carefully under a stone. Immediately the figure began to expand and change into the form of a white horse, with streaming tail and flowing mane. Away away over lull and dale, across foaming torrents leaping terrific precipices, the demon impelled animal flew. The shepherd on the mountain side grew pale with fear, and his dog crouched trembling at his feet, as, like a whirlwind, or a flash of lightning, it passed by. The peasants in their huts drew the matting over their heads, as the tramp of its feet on the hard rocks broke the stillness of night. Two or three hundred miles were traversed in the course of the midnight hours, and covered with foam, and trembling in every limb, the white horse would return to the spot whence it set out, there again to resume its human form. There was now no doubt on the subject, that such was the fate of the hapless Ermelinda. Night after night, compelled by an unseen destiny she quitted her chamber, borne onward, she knew not how, towards the sequestered glen, the wildest in that wild region. Hopelessly she attempted to resist, a power superior to her own volition, bore her on.

It was on the second night after the arrival of the young knight, that the dreadful impulse seized her. From that time her happiness departed—her bloom faded. For many weeks, without any intermission, except on the Sabbath eve, was she compelled to pursue her midnight career of horrors, conscious all the time of her own individuality, and knowing that nought could rescue her from her fate but death, or a chance, which her maiden modesty forbade her to hope. She thought she would rather suffer her present fate.

Meanwhile the sword of the young knight had drunk the blood of many a Moor, hundreds had fled before his conquering arm, and immortal was the fame he had won, but neither the tumult of war nor the honour he had gained could drive from his mind the fair Ermelinda.

The fight was done, when at the close of day, after a hot pursuit into the very heart of their enemy's country, he found himself in a

rocky defile with his two faithful attendants. Dismounting, they allowed their steeds to slake their thirst at a fountain by the road side, and to crop the tender herbage which grew near, while a crust of bread and a draught of the pure water sufficed to restore their own exhausted strength. By this time the shades of night grew on, and as this was no fit spot for Christian men to tarry in they continued on their way, but there appeared to be no termination to the defile. They had other causes to urge them on, besides the expectation of meeting with foes, for clouds obscured the sky, and ever and anon bright flashes of lightning threw a lurid glare over the scene.

On a sudden a loud noise broke the stillness of night. " 'Tis the tramping of a steed, cried the young warrior, couching his spear," "Do your duty like Christians, 'tis a Saracen foe approaches."

The young knight pressed his spurs to the flanks of his unwilling courser, who seemed inclined to swerve aside from the approaching foe. At that moment a flash bursting from the sky revealed a white steed, fire darting from its eyes, foam from its expanded nostrils, its mane streaming like a snowdrift in the air.

It was truly a terrific object, but the warrior trembled not, and throwing himself from his steed, who leapt in fear across the path, he stood with spear in hand to meet it, at the same time piously making the sign of the cross.

Onward it came towards him, and ere another thought could cross his brain the sharp point of his weapon had pierced the neck of the terror-stricken animal. When sinking on the ground, it became instantly changed into a female form, scarcely to be distinguished in the obscurity. Taking off his mantle, he enveloped her in its folds, and then by the aid of his squire lifted her carefully on his own steed. The damsel, if mortal maid she was, spoke not a word: she seemed in a trance, her senses confused and amazed. With that light form calmly resting in his arms the gallant knight continued proudly onward on his course, for in the days of chivalry the protection of female honour was the devoir of every true knight, its betrayal the work alone of scoundrels, the very weakness of the fairer sex made it incumbent on man to guard them the more strictly. As the calm light of the early morn grew upon the world, the knight gazed on the face of the sleeping maiden. He looked again—he could no longer be mistaken—they were the features of his beloved Ermelinda!

He pressed a kiss upon her brow, and the colour mantled in her cheeks, but it awoke her not, for worn out by weariness and dismay, nature took long to recruit her strength. The truth now flashed upon him she had been afflicted by the Lobishome, but he had broken the terrific spell, and from henceforth she would be his and his only. They were yet environed by perils, for they were still in the land of the Moors, and as they were about to emerge from the narrow gorge through which they were travelling, several horsemen were seen galloping towards them. The little party couched their spears, the white turbans and glittering scymitars of the advancing horsemen bespoke them foes, but could Christians, with a lady to protect, succumb before a host of infidels? The spear of the knight transfixed the breast of the foremost, his sword clove the skull of the second, and many others falling before his conquering blade, his followers imitating his example,

he cut his way through the ranks of the vile infidels, and soon left them far behind

After this adventure he proceeded to a convent situated on a rocky eminence, inhabited by pious nuns, who for the sanctity of their lives were respected even by their Paynim neighbours. Into their care he committed the lovely Ermelinda to recover her strength, and to procure the necessary habiliments suited to her rank while he and his attendants watched outside the convent walls. He procured also a cream coloured palfrey, with gold embroidered accoutrements and a female attendant to serve as waiting woman to the noble maid, and on the second day, the party proceeded on their journey, stopping at night at convents or other religious establishments or at the castle of some noble, for in those days, hostilities the mark of modern degeneracy and inhospitality, were unknown in the land. We do not attempt to describe the sweet expressions of love and gratitude with which the damsel delighted the heart of her gallant deliverer, nor his protestations of unalterable affection now listened to with no unwilling ear, as she related to him her sad fate by having been a victim to the curse of the Lobishome, from which she would never have escaped except by death or having been boldly attacked by some one who should draw blood from her veins and thus break the spell. For many days the brave Count Rodrigo Soares lingered on in misery and despair. He had received the last offices of religion, the dark cowed monks standing round his couch, at the foot of which knelt his wife and weeping children, when the watchman on the tower reported that he saw the pennon of a knight in the distance. "A lady and several attendants were afterwards descried, and soon after a horn was sounded at the castle gate, the drawbridge was lowered, and the young stranger knight was seen leading a veiled form into the chamber of the Count. The dying noble raised his head, the ladies rose from their knees, the monks started, as throwing back her mantle there stood in all her pristine loveliness the fair young Ermelinda. "The curse of the Lobishome is removed by the blood which has been shed, yet you had a near squeak for it, Sir Count," croaked forth an old woman who had followed the party into the chamber, "beware in future how you curse and swear." Glancing her single eye round on the assembly, she hobbled out of the apartment, and was no more seen in the neighbourhood of the castle. We need say little more, the Count recovered, and ever proved a strong bulwark to Christendom the story became known, and now that the dreadful stigma no longer rested on his family, the hands of his daughters were eagerly sought, that of the fair Ermelinda being given to her gallant deliverer.

The young bride having sown *her wild oats*, if she had not eaten them, and having seen a wide extent of the world, in rather a hurried way it must be allowed, became, notwithstanding her former midnight wanderings, a most exemplary and domestic wife, the joy and delight of her noble lord.

SOY CONTENTO

BY CHARLES HERVY

Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla
 So runs the proverb, tho' I own
 I quote from memory alone
 Having no book of reference by me
 With the exact words to supply me
 All know (or if not, more's the pity)
 That Seville is a charming city
 With many a relic *de los Moros*
 And a grand *Plaza de los Toros*,
 But now it is my aim to show
 What very few perchance may know,
 How in a hamlet passing small,
 Some five miles from the city wall,
 Once dwelt a monk of pious fame
 Padre Domingo was his name
 A father of his flock was he
 Such as in Spain you seldom see
 No Jesuit keen no *bon compere*,
 No bigot tho' devout in prayer,
 But a good soul too wise to mix
 In party strife and politics,
 Who called Gueñil is plagues of Pharaoh,
 And never heard of Ispartero
 His face was thin his hue was sallow,
 Upon the very verge of yellow,
 His lips were pale his voice was weak,
 What so like parchment as his cheek?
 But yet it must be owned altho
 Each feature did some symptom show
 Which furnished evidence presumptive
 That the good Padre was consumptive
 His wrinkled brow and cheekbones bare
 The fruit of fasting, age, and care
 And solitary meditation
 All much increased his reputation,
 And trumpeted his fame afar,
 He was so very popular

Pity it is the best of men
 Should, in nine cases out of ten,
 Tho' free from deed or thought of sin,
 By some sly knave be taken in
 Pity it is that even they
 From the right path ne'er led astray,
 In whose hearts peace and virtue lodge,
 Are seldom proof against a dodge

The shades of night began to fall,
 When in his own confession il,
 Padre Domingo gazed intent
 Upon a kneeling penitent
 A being in whose cunning face
 'Twas easy at a glance to trace—
 Altho' he pulled as strange a phiz
 As John Keever's was, and Kealey's is,
 Altho' he rubbed his eyes and moaned,
 Snuffled, tried hard to weep, and groaned,
 As if of woe he had a heart full—
 The living scramble of the "Artful"
 With cautious hand and watchful eye

He marked his opportunity,
 And while the father pitying heard
 Each deep-drawn sigh each broken word,
 His finger than the steam arm quicker,
 Raised the priest's robe, and stole his
 tucker

"What is thy crime?" the Padre cried,
 "I stole," the penitent replied
 Bad, bad, indeed till thou canst heal
 The wrong— but first what didst thou
 steal?"

'A watch, most reverend father — "Oh!
 Haste, give it back, this instant go
 Take it good Padre — "Take it!"
 why

It isn't mine, so why should I?
 Let the right owner have his due
 "He won't receive it — Phillioo!
 This is a curious matter very,
 I may say quite extraordinary,
 My son — it appears to me,
 The long and short of this must be,
 As he won't have it (silly man!)
 To keep it were the better plan
 So, not in sorrow to involve thee,
 Freely and fully I absolve thee
 Yet, ere thou goest friend I meant to
 Ask thee thy name — 'Thy *Soy con-*
tento

This said he rose and walked away,
 Lie you Jack Robinson could say
 The Padre thought no more about it
 Nor once the strange confession doubted,
 Until the hour to ascertain,
 He sought his watch, but sought in vain
 And groaned, He has it by San Piscal,
 And I've absolved that *precious rascal*!

At vesper time the holy man
 With solemn voice the mass began,
 While the mute congregation listened,
 When all at once, the priest's eve glis-
 tened,

There could be no mistake, he saw
Soy contento at the door
 The Padre shut the book, for he
 Could scarce read on attentively,
 And to the wonder and dismay
 Of all who came to church to pray,
 Women, ~~and~~ boys, and girls, and men
 too,

Called "*Soy Contento! Soy Contento!*"
 The thief, still lounging by the door,
 Heard this, nor cared to hear much more,
 So (thinking it just possible
 He might not soon escape so well,
 Tho' *he* the matter for a quiz held),
 Gave the priest one sly look, and—
 mizzled,

But at the threshold paused to cry,
 "If you're content, why so am I"

THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY DRINKWATER MADOWS

IN former "leaves" I have alluded to country actors occasionally doing strange things, generally from necessity, as to acting characters not in their "line of business," and I shall anon mention several extraordinary exhibitions, which I have witnessed, both in town and country, for London theatres have frequently afforded the public opportunities of seeing strange things in the way of performances on benefit nights, when tragedians have, for the nonce, become singers and comedians, and comedians have endeavoured, in like manner, to transform themselves into tragedians. At present I will notice a few extraordinary doings of London actors when "starring in the country."

In the summer of 1816 I was a member of the Harrogate company. The theatre was small, neat, and comfortable—we had a succession of stars and good houses. The visitors to this then very fashionable, and still most beautiful watering place were liberal in their patronage and not churlish as to their applause, I have seldom seen a country theatre better or more respectably conducted.

Amongst other 'stars' Mrs Renaud—late Mrs Powell—visited us for four or five nights, during which she acted *Llira* in 'Pizarro,' *Euphrasia* in 'The Grecian Daughter,' *Alicia* in 'Jane Shore,' but on the occasion of her benefit and 'last appearance' she played *Hamlet*, an extraordinary circumstance in those days, when actresses were not so much in the habit of 'wearing the breeches' and playing male characters as at present. Ladies then, when applying to country managers for an engagement, named in the first place the 'line of business' preferred, and if desirous of playing characters in which it might be necessary to dress in male attire, would write, "I am a good breeches figure."

Mrs Powell's *Hamlet* was good, she had seen much of John Kemble, and, no doubt, copied him in a great degree. Her playing the part was considered very strange, and proved very attractive, she looked admirably—her figure was very commanding, her deportment graceful and easy, she was highly applauded and solicited to repeat the character, which she did, to another crowded house. Strange as this lady's playing the Danish Prince appeared to us all, her acting a part in the farce on the occasion of her benefit, was still more strange, and *such* a part! one of no consequence or character, a mere trifle, generally acted by some inferior person, there being "nothing to be made of it" whatever. The part was Mrs Scout in the "Village Lawyer."

We were much puzzled to find out the cause of her selecting the part, but all our conjectures were useless, we could not arrive at a just conclusion, and, therefore, she being a most kind, affable person, free from the "airs and graces" occasionally then met with in stars, we inquired of her *why* she acted such a part, and so determined to *Scout* the audience. She told us she had not seen the farce for many years, but that she had never forgotten the effect of Mrs Scout's flourishing Scout's face to make him appear pale and ill when old Snarl comes to visit him. "I laughed immoderately," she said, "and thought it the most comic thing I ever witnessed." I have long de-

terminated to act the part, in order that I might so use the dredging-box and I think I may venture to do so on this occasion at any rate I will do it, I am determined, especially as the manager says I ought to play in the face on my own night and I think I have selected some thing very opposite to Hamlet."

Well—act Mrs Scout she *would* and act Mrs Scout she *did* During the evening she spoke frequently of her anticipated pleasure, and said she longed to cast off her "inky cloak" and put on her homely woman's garb. "I have provided myself," said she, "with a large dredging box, I have borrowed it from my lodgings, for I don't like to trust to your property man, lest he should give me a small one, not half large enough. I have filled it with hair powder and shall cover Scouts face to my heart's content. I wish the play was over—I long for my joke."

Thanks I to myself thinks I. I'll have a joke too—at least I'll try. I found Mrs Powell had placed the dredging box on the dressing table, I watched my opportunity stole to her dressing room whilst she was apostrophizing Yorick's skull emptied the box of its white contents filled it with lamp black with which I had provided myself, and returned to my unsuspecting comrades, looking 'as innocent as a sucking dove.'

The play being over, Mrs Powell hastened to free herself from her male attire and assume a dress of a very opposite description. A child anticipating the gift of a new toy never vinced greater anxiety and impatience than did this lady for the arrival of the time when her joke (mine) was to be performed. She was dressed in an old fashioned printed gown coloured stockings, high heeled shoes with buckles, white hair combed smoothly over a roll, a prim looking cap of ancient make, long black mittens with a white apron and kerchief completed her costume. She was no more like "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form" than I to Hercules. I never beheld a greater transformation, she looked like a comfortable country old lady clean and tidy.

The scene commenced in which Scout feigns illness, and in which his wife powders his face to give it the appearance of paleness (the author has not so set it down but it has been for years the custom to do it). I saw the lady's eyes sparkle with delight as she prefaced her colouring by saying, "Now, my dear, let me flour your face to make you appear pale and interesting. I warrant I shall make an excellent nurse, now for the dredging box." As she took it from the table on the stage on which she herself had placed it, Scout seated himself in his easy chair, tying a white napkin over his head, she bustled about, screwed the lid of the box tighter, to prevent its falling off, and, placing herself at his side, commenced her dredging. I shall never forget her look of astonishment on finding, not "black white, but white, black."

For a moment she was transfixed—looked first at the box and then at Scout's face—the discolouration appeared magical to her—she resumed her work, dredged on until his face became quite black, which, contrasted with the white napkin bound over his head and round his face, produced a most ludicrous effect, and excited in no small degree the risible faculties of the audience, but the effect upon Mrs Powell was painfully laughable. Finding Scout's face of a

colour so very opposite to that which she intended, caused her to laugh so immoderately that I really feared she would burst a blood vessel or throw herself into hysterics, for she continued to laugh more violently than I had ever witnessed from any person before, hers was indeed "Laughter holding both his sides,—she positively shook again, and I doubted whether she would ever be able to unlaugh herself, to speak was impossible, she tried, but all in vain, and there sat Scout, quite ignorant of the cause, fancying it was the flour and his sick grimaces which caused her laughter and that of the audience, for they by this time had caught the joke and the cause of her mirth.

To add to the comicality of the situation, Scout, unconscious of the change began to rub in the colour on his face, which soon gave it the appearance of a very dark bronze, and increased if possible, the laughter of the lady who at length, on Old Snarl's entering was able to exclaim, not in the words of the author, but in her own, 'Ha ha, ha' ha, ha ha' for heaven's sake give me a chan—ha, ha ha' Ha, ha ha' my husband is very ill, ha, ha, ha' he is dying—ha ha ha' and I am still worse—Ha, ha, ha,—ha ha, ha'—that horrid dredging box will be the death of me—ha, ha, ha' who did it—who did it? Ha, ha, ha' ha, ha ha' '

With this she fell into a chan, and continued to laugh so violently as to render her continuing the scene impossible, therefore the prompter, finding how matters were gave a shrill whistle, and 'hey presto,' a scene descended and shut her from the audience. On coming to herself, she declared she was 'rightly served, and though she had painfully enjoyed herself beyond all expectation, she would never again make her appearance in the 'Village Lawyer'.

Mrs Powell (Mrs Renaud) left Covent Garden in 1816 in consequence of being forfeited for refusing a part cast her in a new piece, which she considered quite out of her line, and degrading. After 'stairing' some time in the provinces she found it somewhat difficult to obtain engagements, and being, as she said, 'very comfortable in the Harrogate theatre,' she arranged to continue with the company for some time longer, for the small consideration of one pound for every night of her performance, and half the receipts of a benefit in each of the towns in which she might act with us.

We only played three nights in each week, and as she could not be called upon for each of those, her remuneration was not very large especially as at times she did not act for several successive nights, her characters being confined to tragedy, however, she remained with us several months, and left us "universally regretted" and, as she said greatly regretting her departure. I have witnessed many acts of charity and kindness in members of the theatrical profession, and several of the lady here alluded to she was always ready to contribute to the needy, one of her acts of charity in particular I remember. We were about to remove from one town to another at a considerable distance, our prompter was a very old man, nearly seventy years of age, with a wife but a few years younger, who acted trifling characters. Their joint salary amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-one (not pounds) *shillings per week*, on which they contrived to live, and "pay their way," as they said. He had been prompter in this company upwards of five and twenty years,

which 'showed honesty on one side and respect for it on the other' Their benefit nights, in general, yielded them but little profit, and their last benefit proved anything *but* a benefit therefore they were in a sad condition to undertake a long journey, though the poor old man was willing to walk it, a task which his aged partner could not perform. They had no kith or kin to whom they could apply for assistance. He said they had outlived every relation they had in the world, their old friends were dropping off daily "and added he "at our time of life we must not expect to make new ones. There was a time when I used to set the table in a row but now my thrice told tale fills dull upon the ear my voice is going, my eyesight failing—and without these what is a prompter."

Before he made his distresses known to the manager and the company who subsequently assisted him, Mrs. Powell suspected the true state of his finances, and *unsolicited* aided him greatly enhancing her charity by giving him *half* the money she herself possessed at the time, although the aforementioned long journey staid her in the fact also to accomplish which she was compelled to request an advance upon her engagement from the manager. Here was charity twice blessed.

This lady soon after became a member of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh and for a considerable time prior to her death being unable to act she was in a great degree, if not entirely supported by Mr. W. Murray, the manager of that theatre. Unfortunately Mrs. Powell never availed herself of the opportunity of becoming a subscriber to the Theatrical Fund of Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Mrs. Powell made her first appearance in London, at the Haymarket in 1787, in *Alcina*, in 'Juno Shore' under the assumed name of Mrs. Farmer. She died in Edinburgh in 1832. The first time this lady ever spoke in public as she herself told me was at a sort of forum, or debating society, in the Haymarket, on the subject of the slave trade having been moulated, as she said, by the eloquence of a negro whom she heard speak there one evening when by chance she walked into the room. This lady experienced much distress in the early part of her life, and was persuaded by her friends to attempt the stage a friend having interest sufficient to obtain for her an appearance at the Haymarket.

In the summer of 1816 I acted in Tunbridge Wells Mr. Dowton *the* Dowton, being then the manager. During the season he acted *Shylock*, in which, if I mistake not, he subsequently appeared at Drury Lane, somewhat to the annoyance of Edmund Kean who declared, if he persisted in it, he himself would act *Doctor Cantwell*. I do not remember Dowton's *Shylock* sufficiently to say whether I thought it good or bad, but *why* he should not play it I cannot understand. He was in the habit of acting serious characters, was the original *Hassan*, in the *Castle Spectre*, and, I think, *Orozembo*, in "*Pizarro*."

In August, 1824, during my engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Mr. Dowton's "annual engagement" took place during which he generally performed a round of his favourite characters,—Sir Anthony Absolute, Falstaff, Doctor Cantwell, Sir Robert Bramble, Restive, &c. &c., but although he was a very great favourite in Liverpool, his benefits were not generally good, merely respectable, and on the present occasion he was advised and (over) persuaded to undertake a very extraordinary character, no less than Mrs. Malaprop, in the "*Ravals*," depriving

himself of one of his most celebrated performances, in which, at this time, he was unrivalled. It was thought his performing the lady who so "ingenuously misapplied her words without mispronouncing them," would attract a crowded audience, but, though the house was good, it was not great.

I dressed in the same room at the theatre with Mr. Dowton, and witnessed his repentance before he committed his "disgusting act," as he termed it.

"Renounce me," said he. "How could I be such a fool as to consent to make such an ass of myself! I—I—I deserve to be pelted! Why did I say yes? I—I—I ought to be ashamed of myself—*ought!*—I am. I never felt so contemptible in my life. I shall disgust the people, I shall, I hope they will hiss me. I—I—I don't know which will go home most disgusted myself or the audience. Renounce me! I—I—I must have been mad to think of such a piece of stupidity. Here, Marshall, (the dresser) give me the petticoat. Why—why—why—um I to put that padding round me?—that's what they call a bustle, I suppose, eh? Well put it on. I suppose I may wear my breeches for the farce, underneath my petticoats, eh? Blanchard (the Sir Anthony of the evening), I—I—I wish you'd be taken ill. Can't you to oblige me? then we'd make an apology for you and I could play Sir Anthony, and let Mrs. Taylor the proper person, do this d—nable creature, eh? What—what—what do you say eh?"

'With all my heart, my dear Dow,' said Blanchard, "if you can manage it, but, thank heaven, I'm perfectly well and the manager, my boy, wouldn't stand any excuse, you may depend. Besides I have been dining with some friends at my inn, and have promised to return to supper with them, so I can't be ill, you know, my boy, don't bother about the part, the folks will laugh heartily, depend upon it. What a precious figure you'll look, Dow my boy!"

As Dowton advanced in dressing his horror increased. "There, make haste, Marshall, make me up, I shall be an elegant figure. Renounce me! I—I—I am beginning to look like Mother Cheshire, and not much better than Moll Flaggon. Well, well, go on, finish me. What, what, what, am I to have more padding? Damme don't stick the pins into me so, can't you get on without that? There, now give me the wig. Stop, let me paint my face. I—I—I suppose I mustn't paint my nose. I'm glad I'm to leave Liverpool to-morrow, for I should be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I—I—I shall be pelted. Wha—wha—what's that a turban? Renounce me! She's not a Turk!—oh, head dress, eh? There, that'll do, damme, I've a great mind to paint the old wretch a beard. Where's the fan Marshall? if I haven't a fan, what the devil shall I do with my hands?—I—I—I shall be sticking them in my breeches pockets. There, now I'm ready for the sacrifice, like a lamb for the slaughter. Here goes, like a precious fool as I am!"

Thus he went on until the time arrived for making "his first appearance in that character." He was very warmly received. Certainly he looked as little like Mrs. Malaprop as any one I ever saw dressed for the part, his face, in particular, being very unfeminine. At first he kept very quiet, and was content to merely speak the words not attempting anything more. The first scene passed off dully enough, which appeared to annoy him.

'There, you—you—you see how quiet they are, they are disgusted already, they treat me with silent contempt—I—I—I shall never get through the part—Serve me right—I wish they'd hiss.'

So he went on. His second scene was with Captain Absolute in which he was more spirited than at first. I fancied he would do something strange, and stood in the wings to observe him. During the scene Miss Malaprop informs Captain A. of her having detected her meet in correspondence with Ensign Beverley, and says, in continuation 'I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him, but, behold this very day I have intercepted another letter from the fellow, I believe I have it in my pocket.'

As Dowton uttered this he fidgetted in his chair, fumbled about his dress for the aperture usually placed in ladies' gowns when pockets were in fashion, but not finding it being unaccustomed to such garments he used no hesitation but placed his hand immediately under his petticoats, and drew from the pocket of his inexpressibles the letter alluded to, exhibiting of course the lower portion of his dress in which he was to appear as Restive in the farce. This drew forth loud and continued laughter from the audience who appeared to consider the deed as a mistake of Dowton's, as he was unaccustomed to female attire.

Whether the good humour evinced by his friends encouraged him, I cannot say but certainly his spirits improved and instead of concluding the scene by almost forcing Lydia Languish off the stage saying 'Hussy, hussy, I'll choke the words in your throat' come along come along' he seized the young lady in his arms and forcibly carried her from the stage, nor did he release her until he placed her on a sofa in the green room. The same night he acted Restive in the farce of 'Turn Out' and certainly never with greater effect, but I believe he never repeated Miss Malaprop.

Mr Dowton having been in the profession upwards of fifty years retired from the stage, June 8th 1840, when he played Sir Robert Bramble in the "Poor Gentleman," which was thus cast—Lieutenant Worthington, Mr Cooper, Frederick Mr F. Vining, Ollipod Mr Hailey, Humphrey Dobbins Mr Bartley, Corporal Fop Mr W. Farron, Farmer Harrowby, Mr Webster, Stephen Harrowby Mr Meadows, Sir Charles Cropland, Mr T. Green, Warner, Mr Grimby Valet Mr Fitzjames—Emily Worthington Miss E. Free Miss Mac Tab, Mrs. Glover, Dame Harrowby Miss Talcure, Mary Harrowby Miss Humby, Madame Grist Madame Doris Gras, Miss Deley, Miss Rainforth, and Mr Braham sang during the evening. The entertainments concluded with the farce of "Gretna Green," Lord Lovel, Mr Fitzjames, Mr Tomkins, Mr W. Bennett, Lardon, Mr Oxberry, Jenkins, Mr Wrench—Betty Finnikin Miss Kelly, Emily, Miss Lee. Mr Sheridan Knowles delivered an address on the occasion, written by himself. The performances took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was crowded to excess and, as the performers granted their gratuitous services, a handsome sum was realised, and an annuity for life purchased for "*The Veteran Dowton*."

THE ORDER OF TRUTH

BY FRANCIS BROWN

MANY are the orders that have risen among the nations, from British Arthur's knights of the round table to the no less chivalrous sisterhood of Hungary, arrayed against the mighty march of fashion in what old divines would call "the wicked wastefulness of our costly apparel." There have been the Brothers of St John, the Knights of the Temple, and the Teutonic Order, all famous in their day but now left far away among the things that were. Faith, Mercy and Charity, too, have had their orders, and still, we trust they have amongst us many a true knight or it may be, dame companion, who walks without either badge or device. Yet among the old world's nobler institutions there was one, which though unchronicled by herald or historian, numbered amongst its members some of the most blameless and distinguished characters of their land and age, the order accumulated no wealth, committed no crime, and yet was the shortest lived of all the knightly brotherhoods of the period, and neither prince nor people have ever since attempted to revive it.

About the time that the never to be forgotten Don Quixote set out on his first expedition, there lived a Spanish prince, known in his country as Don Alphonsa, fifth duke of Alst, he had large estates, many friends and an only daughter Donna Ellenora accounted by common consent the fairest as well as the most prudent, signora in Spain. The duke had early lost his duchess, and mourned for her with an unforgetting and constant love, but time had long ago softened his sorrow and it was said he could now look on the faces of living ladies with an eye undimmed by the memory of the dead. Many were the sweet smiles that greeted his glance for Alphonsa had not yet quite passed his prime and might have formed a second brilliant alliance, but for the bright eyes of a certain signora Catherine, a gay though portionless damsel of the ducal court, too far beneath his noble lineage to wed, and too fair to be easily forgotten.

Never was the valiant Don, whose exploits Cervantes has recorded a more devoted admirer of chivalry than Don Alphonsa. His court, for he kept the state of a sovereign prince, was the resort of all the troubadours, knights errant, and injured dames in Europe. In his own person he was considered the pattern of all knightly merit, having fought against the Turks, defeated two Moorish champions, and maintained the honour of thirteen slandered ladies, on the point of his lance, but the subject on which Don Alphonsa delighted to honour himself was, an unswerving adherence to truth in the smallest matters, which he maintained was the sum of all Christian and heroic virtue, and the distinguishing mark of a true knight and an honourable man. Ellenora was quite as ardent a friend of chivalry as her father. Charming, motherless, and just eighteen, none better loved the martial list or gallant tournament, where she always presided as the acknowledged and unrivalled queen of beauty. No lady in Europe had inspired so many romantic lays or valiant deeds of arms, for Don Alphonsa had no son, and Ellenora was his heiress, and marvellous as it may appear such things were noted even in the days of chivalry. Noble knights and royal princes strove for

her smiles, nor did they strive in vain, for Ellenora smiled alike on all, and her father had such confidence in the lady's well known discretion and was besides so much occupied with the care of signora Caterina that he left the choice of a husband entirely to herself—a rather extraordinary occurrence for that age—stipulating only that her chosen must be a Christian knight of family equal to her own, and of unblemished honour. These requisites Ellenora believed she had found combined with a fair young face and a loving heart—matters more sought for by the eye of eighteen—in a knight who had lately come to seek his fortune in the ducal court, named Sir Raymond of Gascony. In the list he overthrew the proudest champions, and in the banquet none could equal him in courtesy, his lands were all on his shield, and his gold was all in his corslet, but the noblest blood of Christendom was in his veins, and by the laws of old Castile he might well expect to wed with a princess.

Don Alphonsa himself commended the youth, and all things might have gone well with Ellenora and the suitor of her choice, but one unlucky day when the whole court, knight and squire, dame and damsel, were engaged in the royal sport of falconry, every hawk played its part well except the donna's which either from fear or perverseness refused to attack the game, and kept fluttering about till the heron was brought down by the bolder falcon of her father. The duke loved a jest almost as well as his knighthood, and rallied his daughter on what he called the noble training of her falcon, but young Sir Raymond, as in duty bound by the ancient and still standing code of courtship gallantly protested that Ellenora's hawk had soured the highest of all, and would have certainly brought down the game, but that his sight was dazzled by the more than sun-like brightness of his lady's eyes.

Don Alphonsa knew the falsehood, and could not forgive it, even though committed in homage to his daughter, he cast one withering look of scorn upon the knight, sternly commanded him to depart from his court and territory, and forbade his daughter ever from that day to speak or think of one who had proved himself a disgrace to the order of knighthood.

Sir Raymond was not so deficient in the proverbial assurance of his country as to submit silently to this hard sentence, he bowed low to the donna, and then announced his determination to fight to the death any knight who would dare to dispute his statement regarding the donna's falcon, or support the don's declaration touching himself. Whether it was out of deference to the lady's feelings or to Sir Raymond's prowess, we are not prepared to say, but the challenge remained unanswered, and the knight departed, with one long sad look upon his lady love, to fight for Christian Greece, against the sons of Othman. Whatever Ellenora's grief might be, she gave no sign of it by word or tear, but it seemed of short duration, for scarce was Sir Raymond gone, when she warmly approved of her father's justice in banishing him, and declared her own resolution of never wedding a husband whose words did not reach the highest standard of knightly veracity. Don Alphonsa congratulated himself on having a daughter at once so dutiful and discerning, but his opinion of her wisdom and virtue rose still higher when she proposed that, as a prince and a knight, he should immediately institute an order to restore the primeval purity of the ancient faith, and be known for ever throughout Christendom as "The Sacred

Order of Truth, into which none should be admitted who had been heard to utter the slightest falsehood for a month and a day.

The rivals of the banished Sir Raymond unanimously applauded the donna's proposal, especially as some gentle hints were given that from the intended order her future partner should be chosen, and the duke caught at it at once, for the thing was after his own heart and he proceeded to found the order according to the ancient institutions of chivalry.

Numerous were the candidates for the new distinction, as soon as the duke's intentions were known. Half the nobles of Spain crowded to his court, but alas there were few among the multitude against whom rivals or enemies did not prefer some well substantiated charge which rendered them ineligible. One had broken his vows of love, another had slandered his rival, a third had embellished his own exploits, and a fourth overrated the cost of his armour, and at length after the most diligent search, only six knights could be found in all respects worthy of admission.

The first was Don Bernardo, of Castile, a knight of most noble lineage but of small estate. The second Don Armando, of Navarre, with a princely fortune, but a mushroom family. The third was Sir Cosmo, of grey Seville, who never told the number of his years, his locks were gray, but his heart was green with the shadow of youth for the knight was still unwed. The fourth was named Count Florimer of Granada, whose lady love had left him for a tumbled cur. The fifth was Sir Isadore of Biscay, who never had a lady love at all for nature in the general distribution of beauty had entirely forgotten him. Don Alphonsa himself was the sixth and the grand master of this venacious brotherhood, which was duly constituted with the usual ceremonies, the decoration a snow white ribbon and the device of "Truth shall prevail" embroidered on badge and banner by the still more spotless hand of the Donna Ellenora.

When things had reached this state of perfection, the duke thought it incumbent on himself to give a princely banquet in honour of the institution (for the power of feasts was known in the days of tilt and tournament as well as in our own,) after which it was agreed, that each brother should go forth with horse and armour as a knight errant of truth throughout the world to correct all who might oppose it, by either his sword or example.

The guests were met, and the feast was spread. Knights of valour and dames of beauty, the flower of all the Spanish nobility, in the gay and gorgeous trappings of the times, crowded the hall of Alsa. Some mingled in the measures of the joyous dance, some sat in scarce less joyous converse or listened to the lays of the minstrels as they sang of love or war, but every eye would turn towards the Donna Ellenora as she appeared in all the splendour of a princess, surrounded by her father's new made knights, they the envy, and she the admiration of all the other gallants, and the duke himself, from his regal seat, casting many a tender though stealthy glance on Signora Catherine, who sat among the dames of her own degree at the lowest end of the hall.

The "Brothers of Truth" seemed to be aware that the present opportunity was not one of every day occurrence, and each endeavoured to improve it after his own peculiar fashion. Don Bernardo interspersed his compliments with delicate allusions to his own exalted origin and the knight of Navarre did not forget to let fall some passing hints

regarding the extent of his possessions Sir Cosmo assumed his most youthful tone, and that he could have made such gallant speeches without infringing the fundamental law of the order, remains as a standing proof that the gifts of knights in that respect, at least, equalled his graces. The Counts of Granada and Biscay also did their best, and the Donna listened and smiled, as though the name of Sir Raymond had passed from her memory like a shadow from a quiet lake but at length addressing Don Bernardo, she said, "I trust, Signor, that the castles and estates which your noble ancestors won from the Moors have descended to you as well as their illustrious titles, for nobility without an estate is like a knight without armour."

The Count sat for a moment as if uncertain how to answer but the Donna's last words still rang in his ears, and with a reddening cheek and hurried tone he replied, "True, true, fair lady, but I have cause for gratitude to my ancestors who have left my fortune and honours equal to each other."

"It is well, Sir Knight," said the Donna, "but no fortune can equal the honours of a noble house whose ancient line ascends to remote antiquity." Then, turning to the knight of Navarre, she said "Tell me Don Armand, was the griffin which is borne on your shield ever the arms of your house or why did they adopt the symbol?"

The knight's colour deepened, but he answered— "The cause of its adoption, most noble Donna is lost in the obscurity of ages. I know not if there be any herald on earth who understands it, for he that was best skilled in the story of my family died about the time of the siege of Granada."

"A time when many a brave knight fell," said Donna Ellenora, "but it was a great and glorious event that broke for ever the Moorish sword in Spain. Doubtless, Sir knight, she added addressing Sir Cosmo "you well remember it?"

"I remember it," cried Sir Cosmo without either blush or hesitation "Pardon me, fair lady, by the cross I was not then out of my cradle clothes."

"Well, Sir Cosmo," said the Donna, with one of her sweetest smiles, "we ladies do make sad mistakes. But perhaps you may remember the long grief of the valiant Count Florimer, when forsaken by the fair Rosalta who left his love and her Christian faith? Fie upon the false dame, to wed a Moorish knight!"

"On the faith of a true knight, fair Donna," cried Count Florimer, "I never sighed for dame or damsel save the sweet lips, which the world's fame hath decerned, though it could not sully by this false tale."

"It is, indeed, a false world, Count," said the Donna, still smiling, "Yet report hath not assigned to you so dark a lot as to the noble Isadore of Biscay, on whom it is said no maiden hath ever smiled."

"Believe it not, fair lady," cried the Biscayan, with eagerness to which Sir Cosmo's haste was like a valley stream compared with a mountain torrent, "Believe it not, this vain report takes its colour from my modesty, for as I am a Christian knight, more proofs of ladies' favour have been showered on me than ever were enjoyed by prince or peer since the days of the noble Lancelot, but I hold it unfitting to boast of such things." The last of Count Isadore's speech was concerning a French princess, who threatened to fling herself into the sea, because he would not return the passion which his beauty had inspired, but unfortunately the greater part of what he said was lost in

a grand burst of music which now called the brave and the fair into that wide palace hall to join in their country's fandango then the dance of those who sat in the high places of Spain. Old and young grave and gay rose and responded to that mirthful call, and Donna Ellenora stood for a moment beside her father but he saw her not for his eye was fixed on Signora Catherina, as she swept by in the rapid maze of the fandango. Fair as the lady was, Spain had many a more graceful dancer but the young Signora had set her heart upon excelling in that also and woe be to him who would gainsay her claim by word or glance, for mighty is the wrath of vanity.

'Tell me, my noble father,' said Ellenora lightly touching Don Alphonsa's hand, 'Tell me whom think ye the best dancer in yonder gay group.' The Donna's words reached the ear of Catherina who gave her castanets another twirl, and glanced half keenly half imploringly at the Duke the die was cast, and the Grand Master of the Order of Truth at once answered, 'Signora Catherina is the best dancer in the hall.'

'It is well, Don Alphonsa,' said Ellenora, adding in a whisper which reached no ear but her father's, 'yet there was a knight of noble lineage of stainless valour, and of friendless youth, banished for ever from the court of Alsa, for vain words lightly spoken in praise of one on whom he looked with the eyes of the warm and the young, and this hour six Spanish knights of high and approved integrity, chosen for the holy brotherhood of Truth from all the peers of the land, have told as false a tale.'

The banquet was gay, and the revel long, but it passed away as brighter scenes have done, and the next morning six more white ribbons and a stainless banner were laid upon the altar in the palace chapel where the knights had kept their vigil.

The brothers of Truth returned to their respective homes, but their steeds and armour were brought forth only in the service of the tournament, and when the spring returned, a gayer banquet was held at the ducal hall to celebrate the bridal of Sir Raymond of Gascony and Donna Ellenora. Old lords have said that the knight became Duke of Alsa and father of the famous general who laid waste the Netherlands, for Don Alphonsa never wedded, but grew old gazing on Signora Catherina, nor ever again attempted to establish the Order of Truth.

AUGUST

BY EDMUND OLLIER

Earth, sky, and air, and man, and ocean old,
 Joy at thy coming bounteous August Earth,
 Like a young bride, thoughtless of wintry dearth,
 Is one wide undulating sea of gold.
 The sky—a blue domain for Phoebus bold—
 Through clefts of Alp-like clouds laughs warm and clear,
 And o'er its breast the languid summer air
 Creeps dreamily. The sea is peaceful-soul'd,
 Throbbing with gentle pulses on the sand,
 And Man walks forth, and sees all Nature yield
 Her treasures at his sovereign beck and call
 A season rich to overflowing,—grand
 With kingly pomp in every hill and field,
 Lovely in wide-spread blessings over all

STRANGE INCIDENTS FROM REAL LIFE

BY GEORGE RAYMOND

THE failure of a long established Baltic house at Kingston upon-Hull, fell heavily on its respected master, a man approaching seventy years of age. This occurrence took place in 1805—a period distinguished from our own, rather by those mutations the social world has since undergone, than by any great chronologic remoteness, and our recent generations appear as abruptly to have put off one set of dress and manners for another, as a drama takes up or disposes of a scene in a far country, by the mere shifting of the canvass. But this sudden downfall, though administering largely to the bitter cup which fortune had already placed in the hands of Mr Hussey, had not yet filled it to the brim—hope had not quite abandoned him, and he had still a wish to live,—filial ingratitude completed the measure of his earthly woe.

Such was the event—the causes thereof it will be necessary briefly to retrace.

Mr Hartop senior clerk in the house of Hussey and Co at the time of the above failure, had been originally drafted from an entomological swarm of “grey coated” parish urchins, by a certain long sighted attorney, and thereupon taken under the protection of his professional wing. The boy’s duties were to turn his hand to any thing—a term which soon explained itself into every thing—a kind of universal agency, in which the little Crichton won all the reward which applause and promises are apt to bestow. His pay, otherwise, was but small, yet there was always something in his very occupations which produced a sense of remuneration in the mind of the lad, for he could not but perceive his master was unapproachable in chicane, that he could find the blind side even of an eagle, and that a needle’s point was in fact no prototype of his practice. These observations sweetened wonderfully the labours of a youth like Hartop, who when at “the school,” would always prefer cheating a companion out of sixpence, himself, to receiving a shilling from his godfather, the publican, who had only cheated others.

But great men are sometimes the sport of little accidents, as the illustrious Marcellus who after achieving many mighty projects by dint of hard fighting, was at last overthrown in fancied security. In such wise, was the check mate of Hartop’s first master, for he who had been able to beat the parson at quarter sessions in the morning, and prove more than his match at “put” in the afternoon, was at length detected in receiving one sum of money and paying over another, in the course of some professional transaction—a piece of every day malversation and scarcely above the dexterity of a country appraiser.

But amongst those more particularly awakened to a sense of virtuous indignation at the above event, was the boy Hartop—his astonishment far surpassed that of any other person in Hull, and the interest he felt in those who might have been victims to the long practised frauds of the attorney, was excessive. Having, however, about this very period, transacted some little roguery on his own account, (the amusement of his leisure hours,) in which a plain sea-faring man was the dupe, he contrived to shift the brunt to the shoulders of his

ex guardian, which could not possibly make much difference to one already bowed low by the weight of infamy, while to himself it was a most incalculable relief

Here then, terminated the first stage of Hartop's progress—but his abilities, and what was still more incontestable, his address, offered such strong appeals to public commiseration at his bereavement, that he was not long without new friends, and amongst them Mr Hussey, who, as he was now making rapid advances into the vale of years, would fain assign the up hill path of business to some one more vigorous than himself. No one could be better fitted to the old gentleman's purpose than the stranded Hartop, in fact, they agreed that Providence had clearly made a special interference in the matter. An engagement was the result, and the houseless boy introduced forthwith into the counting house of the first merchant in Hull.

Mr Hussey was a widower, having but one child, a daughter, who was about Hartop's age. Margaret was decidedly a handsome girl—a dark, striking beauty—a “*demarche asee, port noble, pied petit*”—the banks of the Tagus could scarcely match her,—one who paused not to cheat you of your heart, but at once robbed you of it, which having appropriated, like all ill gotten wealth was speedily abused,—a rare and costly edition of that sex, more agreeably studied in humbler copies of the work.

Hartop found his way almost as soon, into the confidence of the merchant, as into his counting house. Alike distinguished for observation, assiduity and despatch, he was invaluable and so punctual in his movements, that those of the town clock might have been regulated by them. The direction of the firm in a short time devolved absolutely on him—he represented its credit and prosecuted its claims, so that at length, the only person known or thought of in the house of Hussey, was Mr Hartop.

In the service of his late master, our adventurer had had various opportunities for forming an acquaintance with the affairs of his neighbours, and amongst them, the real state and condition of a burly grazier, who had been accounted marvellously well to do in the world, a report which turned out by no means incorrect, although he had been for some years a client of the *unrolled* attorney. His wife had just found leisure to bless him with one child—a daughter, for with the exception of a short absence from domestic affairs, which the event of a lying in usually exacts, the good woman had scarcely been out of the kitchen four hours together since her wedding day.

The above inquiry being thus satisfactory, it forcibly struck Hartop he should have no objection to make the young lady his wife. True he did not love her, but in all probability she would be wealthy, and in that case he should love her, while the affection which riches begets would have the virtue of constancy, which is far more than beauty or accomplishments could have any right to expect, as the first will fade and the operation of years render the latter monotonous. Besides which the lady, as he had understood, was sickly, any neglect therefore on his part, Providence, in all probability would step in to requite, and by taking her entirely to itself, assign to her a better alimony than either he, or indeed this world, could presume to promise. Having therefore attended a short consultation with the most vigilant friend he had in the world, namely himself, he went so far as to settle

the very day of his marriage, which having done, with much complacency, he rose from his chair, with the determination of making the young lady's acquaintance, a preliminary step which until now had not troubled his deliberations.

This however was soon accomplished, for Hartop, who had the art of picking the wards of the most complicated human sagacity, was not long in unlocking the confidence of the grazier, which in fact he found nearly as ductile as that of the merchant himself. The time he expended on the farmer was certainly not great, but he made the most of it, as some prudent persons will make ten shillings go as far as a guinea. He visited him at the most advised times, as when a Highland drove had been just brought to his pastures—his swine ready to farrow, and invariably presented him with the county gazette. Thus, with unqualified commendation of his treatment of cattle, (not forgetting to make it at the expense of every other grazier in the shire,) won the old gentleman's heart in about three weeks, and having in the mean time presented the good wife with six bottles of old Jamaica rum, he considered he had done quite enough. The young lady's consent he knew would be easy for she was a very pliant child and in every respect the counterpart of her mother, with the exception only of being a few years younger but sickness had so invaded her, that on many days she looked the elder.

Mr Hussey highly approved of the match, and Hartop having been now some years in the worthy merchant's service under the free terms already stated, the old gentleman would at times good humouredly observe, that "verily John Hartop was far better acquainted with the affairs of the firm than he himself, a surmise which undoubtedly did great credit to his penetration, for none could have been much nearer the truth. He took this opportunity, therefore, of declaring an act of generosity which he had for some time contemplated, namely, his proposal to give Hartop a share in his business, but this Hartop positively refused—"No, dearest Sir," exclaimed the young man in all the warmth of gratitude, "for the present I am indeed satisfied, my poor endeavours are already amply rewarded, suffer me, my kind benefactor, by longer service, better to merit so liberal an offer."

This speech at once brought tears into the eyes of the old man. He pressed the youth to his bosom and called on God to prosper his future days. The result was, he made Hartop a most handsome *douceur* towards the formation of his matrimonial establishment, which, with a certain sum the grazier thought fit to advance, "until it should please Heaven to take him, as he said, opened a fair prospect to the connubial country.

In due time the marriage was solemnized. The wedding day passed as most of them do, "all ladies and gentlemen concerned" in their best clothes, best looks, and best behaviour, and Hartop, who had never seen so much of his wife as on that morning, offered her many civilities on the score of the ceremony.

About this period, a certain personage Sir William Bazleton, took up his abode in the neighbourhood, renting a small tenement, which he called a shooting box, for the purpose of following that or any other sport which his inclination might suggest. Sir William was of an old but needy family, the improvidence of his father had materially impoverished the estate, but what his thoughtlessness had only began, the

vices of the son most thoroughly accomplished, for within three years from the heir's taking possession he was not worth a guinea. Sir William had not become vicious by fatal example alone, for he was depraved by nature: his term of pupilage was but of short duration, and he became a master early in the school of sinfulness. The hazard table had but half satisfied his soul by merely yielding him the proceeds of success, for his full content was to know he had left his opponent a beggar: the triumph of unholy passion was not yet complete till misery dogged the footsteps of his victim.

To such a person, the attractions of Margaret were of the highest order. Her beauty, which wanted only that feminine character to render it perfect, was by this very defect the more agreeable in the eyes of Sir William: while that taint of suspicion which for some time past had settled on her fame, was to him a very beauty spot on her figure. Her freedom of deportment and total contempt of parental restraint tended easily to an early mutual acquaintance; their tastes assimilated, and by a kind of free masonry of sentiment, they seemed perfectly to understand the secret of each other's happiness. Margaret was also the only child of the most considerable merchant in Hull, a fact which, tending to multiply the baronet's designs, suggested also the most intrinsic results. Their friendship had been formed in secret, and their intercourse, by common consent, was still clandestine, for Sir William well knew that his manners pleasing as they were to the daughter, would be by no means acceptable to the father, but possibly by first leading her silently into error, he might at last be accepted through the very disgraceful necessity of the case. As for Margaret, though ambitious of conquest, she had never sighed for matrimony, a reclaimed husband she considered as any other reclaimed animal, but a tame creature—the *feræ natura* were alone worthy of admiration.

But Margaret who had long taken the lead in the "battue" against the entire breed of bachelors, having brought them down singly and in coveys, so that there was not a head of game left to any female shot in the whole congregation of St ———, began to turn her attention in a new direction. Hartop had become a married man, and although she would have despised a triumph over a mere clerk in her father's house, yet he had also become a very considerable personage in the borough, while the "married man" offered the prospect of pleasing variety to her sports of the field, for, ensnaring the affection of a husband from his wife, must surely be a far higher achievement than merely beating into her toils whole flights of starveling bachelors, while it afforded an opportunity for making one of her own sex miserable, against the whole of which she had long vowed the most un placable aversion.

Wary had been the steps of Hartop from the very poor-house cradle. His onward course had never been interrupted by any temptation of the instant—which had long ranked him high in the army of saints, but the evident favour with which Margaret now regarded him, was a severe trial to his moral fastnesses. He was trembling, on the defence. As to his marriage, had the advantages which such an union held out to him, been offered in the lease of a public house, he would as soon—perhaps rather—have taken the latter. His affections were therefore his own, but his state of man subject to a fearful hazard. His deport

ment to his wife, however, underwent no change, he was still respectful and sometimes courteous, and as the lady herself was by no means of an ardent constitution, she was quite persuaded that her own state was precisely that essential empyric which has afforded the means of immortality to so many beautiful poets.

Mrs Hartop in the second year of her marriage produced a son, a circumstance which also produced much satisfaction to her husband, for he had begun for some reason or other to be mortally tired of taking his wife abroad, and this event following on a sickly constitution, most opportunely suggested a fair reason for never taking her abroad again.

But a circumstance now happened which, in having eluded the calculation of Hartop himself might have been deemed out of the very orbit of events, and this was the second marriage of the grazier, within five months from the burial of his first wife. The death of this lady had been occasioned by a surfeit brought on by her wilful superintendence in the cooking an Irish stew—a dish of which Hartop was immoderately fond. She had exerted her endeavours on the occasion with undiminished success, and like an old Roman died in the midst of glory. The grazier, to do him justice, mourned for her loss as much as a grazier could do, and in all probability would never have died unt of a second mate, had it not been whispered him, that the fair one had more than once dreamt of him. The individual in question was from a neighbouring grass farm remarkable for its fitness and fecundity, and if bulk alone was evidence of worth the good grazier might indeed have pronounced he had gained a prize—she was positively the very richness of the soil.

But alas!—artful, covetous and followed by needy relatives, she had marked the poor grazier for her own, from the very moment the Irish surfeit had achieved its victory, and triumphing in her turn, over the farmer of horned cattle, she became his second partner, and was now exhibiting every indication of having lost as little time in meeting his longings as a father.

To Hartop this was indeed a portentous sign in the heavens he had studied. The fabric of ages was destroyed, and the system of unwearying watchfulness but mere vexation of spirit. Having opened the flood gates of his life in invectives, which might have swept the very farm itself from the surface of the land, he was restored again to the calm dead sea of his pristine nature. His views on the grazier were obscured, blotted for ever, and the only satisfaction left him, was in the removal of all restraint in respect of his deportment towards the lady, his own wife, whom he now began to treat with every avowed demonstration of hatred, which was quite refreshing after so many months of irksome dissimulation.

But from the dark recesses of his mind, there were still other pent-up passions, which gaining equal freedom, began to threaten an ascendancy over him. For the present, however, he was indefatigable in the business of the house—early and late was he engaged on some portion of its affairs, whilst its remotest correspondent received renewed advices, and all habits were rigidly enforced.

Margaret, who had noticed the matrimonial current not quite so glossy as it was wont to be, placed all the discomfort to the account of her own charms, which, like those of Phryne, she would fain declare

more absolute than the laws of Greece Hartop, the hardy Scythian, who believed was near crouching at her feet, and as triumph alone had been all the plumage she coveted, she now turned abruptly from the barbarian, to the more polished tributary of the polished Baronet

It was on one of those brilliant mornings at the opening of the year, when Nature, shorn of her suit of many tints, was robed more delicately white than any bride we remember to have seen—when the sun, but a short time in the heavens, disclosed the kingly oak, in a coat of spangles, and the sportive river, now vaulting over those bounds between which it had late so languidly crept, that Margaret descended from the baronet's phaeton, at the verge of a meadow which lay between the premises of Mr Hussey and the main highway Glowing in health, exulting in the holiday of youth and animated, no doubt, by the contest of warm phrases which had just taken place between herself and companion, she looked at that moment a Livia or an Agrippina!

Having kissed her hand to her charoteer, who was expressing his state of the forsaken, as though he had picked up his lesson at the opera she was now advancing to the path which led directly to her father's house Hartop was at that instant coming towards the line in a diagonal direction, and Margaret, who had watched the baronet safe off the confines of the plain, loitered, as though suddenly touched by the splendour of the scene She paused as one held in admiration of Nature and her works, but with the inward belief that the only claim the goddess had to any such homage, was centered in herself

Hartop had reached the spot on which she was standing "Miss Hussey," said he, accosting her

"Dear! Mr Hartop," cried she, in a languid tone of recognition which would have added something to the fame of a Pritchard or a Clive, "How you startle me!"

"You were in meditation, then?"

"I was thinking, Mr Hartop, that our beloved nature exists but under a cruel law, which deprives her of her warmest clothing at the very season she would need it most," having said which and discharged a glance at him which was intended to transfix him quite, she was moving on

"Pardon me," interrupted Hartop, in a manner new as it was impressive, "Chance has at once conceded me what diligence has hitherto failed to overtake—an opportunity like this Margaret, listen to me"

A slight paleness overspread her countenance as he spoke, and she suffered him to take her hand, while he further addressed her

"Margaret, listen to me You are yet young, but long, too long, has been the day of your dishonour Blessed with an outward form in which the best might have rejoiced, and the noblest coveted endowed with faculties which aiding a generous spirit might have won the gratitude of mankind, you have comeed them only to the frightful traffic in human woe, and to the dishonour of the divinest gifts Treacherous and cruel to the sex that claims you, you have gained but the scorn of ours, when most you thought to triumph You have trampled on human sympathies, and rioted in the vibrations of wounded confidence On the altar of a sinful vanity you have sacrificed your neighbour's peace Such is the sum of the cruel, base coquette! but retribution fails not, and

justice will be worked out by the humblest of your victims Margaret, hear me—that justice I might now avow myself the instrument of effecting Me, me you have deemed not unworthy your pursuit—what you have sought, you have gained, (as gained you have before,) but never will I weep in secret—I love you, Margaret—by all the fortitude I have vainly rused, I love you, Margaret! You have won me, lady, and if there be a vow yet more solemn than the resolute heart of man has ever pledged to by that I swear you shall endure me!

“Mr Hartop!” exclaimed his terrified listener “What wild offence is this? What is the language I have heard? Let me fly and proclaim at once this outrage!”

“Do so!” retorted Hartop, with a smile of calm security, “do so! a word—a breath of mine, shall cover you with shame and brand you with a falsehood See! see!” continued he, in the old cunning of his nature, “See! Margaret, the value of character—for *that* have I laboured, and, to your confusion now, have laboured with success—renounce me and tell them all how passionately I love you Think you, that poor remnant of good name which possibly may yet be yours, will avail you one instant against the lifted finger of my denial? Tell them that I love you—tell them that we must fly—fly, Margaret, together!”

“Fly!” repeated Margaret, recoiling with a look of scorn, which the speaker rather than the sentiment provoked, “Fly, and with thee! the daughter of the first merchant in this city!”

“At least then, listen to me further,” said Hartop, as he fixed his resolute gaze on the indignant beauty, “this hour is suited to disclosures, and one avowal you have already heard The house of “Hussey,” Madam, is on the eve of bankruptcy—within a few weeks domestic ruin will surround Nay—Margaret, I understand you, but my books will bear the malice of inquiry—my negotiations may be weighed to the value of a hair—against Hartop, not a fraction will remain in question Yet, Margaret, he has been careful—frugal—and has the means to uphold and succour the idol whom now he gazes on Oh! Margaret, mine is not the passion of a day, but the secret anguish which time has wound about my heart Hear me, by that—fly from the danger destitution, which await you—fly from the world which presently will load you with upbraidings, and throw you off to perish in its scorn—fly, Margaret, to triumph in a heart that beats alone to cherish you!”

Terror had evidently overspread the countenance of his hearer She was near sinking to the earth—“Ruin! ruin!” she repeated, in tremulous accents, “but what—what hope have I in thee? Have you not a wife, Hartop?—ties which—”

“Hold! Margaret,” interrupted he, with his wonted calmness—“of these you should have thought when first you marked me as a victim to your arts—do not prate of conscience, duty, you have lived only to despise, nor challenge me upon those very grounds which you have sown with bitterness!”

“Hartop!” exclaimed Margaret, as though suddenly restored to a sense of pride—“Quit me, quit me, slanderer It cannot—cannot be! ’tis a vile, base scheme, and there is yet one who shall avenge me!”

“And who is he?” demanded Hartop, perfectly unmoved

“Sir William Bazleton! who has this morning offered me his hand!”

"Sir William Bazleton!" repeated he, in a tone of pointed derision, "Sir William Bazleton! and will he, the sordid, skulking dependant on hourly cunning, for a day of liberty—bankrupt in reputation and exposed in fraud—the taunt of station, and the rabble's jeer—when this ruin shall overtake you, (as presently it will,) when they on whom you have trampled and heaped insults shall trample in their turn and savagely repay their debt of scorn—think you this shattered blaggart will raise a finger for your aid, or advance one step to shelter you?"

"Oh! spare me! spare me! Hartop," cried Margaret in a burst of unforged agony, as though some maddening recollection at that moment had taken possession of her senses—"spare me this terrible suspicion!—what can I do?"

"Live! honoured—cherished—in one heart loved and cherished! Margaret," again exclaimed Hartop, passionately—"in one bosom dwell securely prosperously!"

"Bazleton!" ejaculated the terrified Margaret, "can it be possible!—the world—the merciless, exulting world—save me from that!"—and she clasped her hands with the violence of one despairing.

"I will—I will!" said he, with equal energy.

"My father—my aged, sinking father!" continued Margaret abstractedly—"he will die—he will die!" Hartop, leave me—leave me, I say!"

"Your father!" repeated he, in a tone of measured severity—"Your father! Margaret—what cant—what puling artifice is this!—your father! When had he ever cause to bless the tender vigilance of a child?—never! When rejoiced you in his prosperity or partook his sorrows?—never! A stranger—a willing, froward stranger have you been to every dictate of his heart a contemner of his confidence. Selfish and unfilial, when did you ever forego one idle pleasure to assuage his solitude or beguile a tear?—never! never!—and do you now, when danger—ruin, inevitable ruin, is at your heels——"

"Oh! crush me! crush me at once!" uttered the frantic beauty, "but do not torture me. Bazleton! impossible—the world indeed!"

"Torture you,—loved idol of my soul!—Oh! Margaret—believe how willingly I would restore you to your court of spells—to your career of joy. Trust me, and I will. Listen to me," continued he in accents intended to inspire implicit confidence. "Creditors are sometimes generous, turning their just demands to gifts and benefits. Your father's wants will not be continued. Hark you! Margaret, your very flight will be as an appeal to their humanity, and the desertion of a child will purchase the protection of strangers for the father. Nay—start not, Margaret—but such it will be. Let no pernicious, sickly sentiment, qualities which yet you have despised, stand in the only path which opens to your safety. Margaret, you must fly to safety, ease prosperity, and by this one act more, which public clamour may condemn, you will at least be satisfied your parent has obtained that shelter which else perhaps had never been bestowed. This done—Oh! think again from what you will be snatched—for what you will be preserved!—the full enjoyment of your heart's best ambition—the marvel, the admiration of the crowd!"

Infamous as was this address, and urged by a manner that but ill concealed the deadly promptings which gave it utterance, it was still

calculated to the purpose. The vain, frail heart of his victim, quailing one moment in the awful recollection of crimes already passed, could yet be hurried into still deeper accountabilitys by the coarse language of pestiferous adulation. They fled together.

A brief span of time was passed in such joys as spring from such adventures, but retribution was at hand—namely, that misery which alone is consequent on a course of sin.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES

BY CHARLES HERVELY

VENICE

I

IN the year 1427, Stamati, a native of Candia, conceived the bold idea of robbing the cathedral of St. Mark of some of its most precious treasures. Having succeeded in concealing himself in the church until the doors were closed at night, he contrived to enter the treasury, and abstracted by degrees, its most valuable contents, which he hid in a vault underneath the steps of the cathedral. In the morning he took advantage of the unlocking of the doors to escape unobserved, amusing himself by wandering about the city during the day and returning towards evening in time to be locked in as before. This continued for six nights, when having added to his store of plunder the Doge's cap, valued at more than 200,000 crowns, he prepared to decamp with his booty but first, unluckily for himself, resolved on confiding his secret to his friend Gerio, likewise a Candian by birth. Having brought him privately into his apartment, whither he had by this time transported the spoil, he proposed to share the whole with him. Gerio feigned compliance and advised a speedy departure from Venice, adding, that he would arrange his own affairs as quickly as possible, and rejoin him.

Instead of this he went straight to the Doge's palace, and, either from fear of discovery or scruples of conscience reported the matter to the Council, by whose orders Stamati was immediately arrested, and the treasure recovered. The criminal was condemned, after a short trial, to be hung between the two columns on the Piazza of St. Mark. he is said to have petitioned his judges that the rope might be gilt, but whether his request was granted or not is not recorded.

II

In the arsenal at Venice is shewn a curious dressing case, containing six small cannons, which are so adjusted as to explode on the opening of the case. This is said to have been sent as a present to the Contessa Sarati, by Francesco Carrara, the last Lord of Padua, famous, or rather infamous, for his cruelties. The unfortunate lady, little suspecting the nature of the *cadeau*, hastily touched the spring by which the box was opened, and immediately fell, shot through the heart. In the armoury are also preserved several pocket crossbows and steel

arrows, with which the same wretch was accustomed to amuse himself by killing or wounding all those against whom he bore a grudge without their knowing from whence the blow came. He was strangled at Padua, in 1405, by a decree of the Venetian senate, as a fitting punishment for his abominable crimes.

III

The Venetian nobility of the ancient *régime* were divided into three classes: the first in rank were those whose ancestors were noble before the existence of the republic, the second class comprised all who had acquired their nobility by services done to the state, and the third consisted solely of those who had purchased their titles. Notwithstanding its *parvenu* origin, this last class obtained its fair share of honours and dignities, for, thanks to the sovereign influence of wealth, its possessors were frequently raised to the highest offices in the state, from which the poorer though more illustrious *nobili* were excluded. Nevertheless, it has been said with truth, that nowhere was poverty more respected than in Venice, and for this reason, as *all* the nobility had a voice in the grand council, where every public functionary, even including the Doge himself, was elected by vote, the rich nobles, who aspired to place and power, found it necessary to ingratiate themselves with their poorer brethren, one dissentient voice being sufficient to blackball the most popular candidate.

The Venetians tell the following story in illustration. A poor noble, before setting out on a journey, went to pay his farewell respects to his neighbour, a wealthy signor, and, in the course of conversation, begged him to lend him a travelling cloak. The signor, not foreseeing the consequences of his refusal, declined granting the request, and the poor noble was forced to shift as he could without a cloak. Some time afterwards, the Doge dying, this same rich *magnifico* came forward as a candidate for the vacant honour. He was on the point of being elected when the poor noble, who had meanwhile returned to Venice, entered the council chamber, and was immediately assailed with many profound reverences by the obsequious candidate, and his vote solicited. "Signor," replied he, making, if possible, a lower reverence than the other, "*io staro senza farol, e lei senza corno*"—(I will remain without a cloak, and you without a ducal cap.)

IV

Travellers should be on their guard against the impositions practised by Venetian picture dealers, as even the most experienced *connoisseur* may easily be taken in by them. Not long ago a gentleman visited a celebrated *dépôt* of paintings in this city, and, happening to fancy a particular picture, agreed, after some little bargaining with the dealer, to purchase it. All was settled, but the gentleman insisted on taking it home with him, having his gondola at hand. "What," said the dealer, "have you any doubts of my sending you the original? Put your own seal on the back, and satisfy yourself." This was, however, declined by the purchaser, who, sending for his servant, ordered him to carry the picture downstairs in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of the collector. On arriving at his hotel the gentleman found, after a close scrutiny, a copy neatly inserted in the frame.

behind the original, which copy he would have sealed, had he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. Of course he kept both, the dealer, as may readily be imagined, never appearing to claim either

V

The Venetian dialect is far more harmonious than either the Neapolitan or Genoese. Its principal peculiarities are the substituting *x* for *s*, and *g* for *c*. *Che* becomes *ghe*, and *il el*, as in Spanish. The *u* is often omitted when coupled with *o*, as *omo* for *uomo* and the use of the *z* is frequent. The two first lines of a favourite air may be quoted as specimens —

“ *El (il) gusto del boccolo*
Gha (ha) Nina vezzosa,

differing, in truth, scarcely at all from the present Tuscan. A collection of poems, in the Venetian dialect, was published at Venice in 1817, under the editorship of Bartolomeo Gamba, forming fourteen volumes

VI

While sitting one afternoon at the window of our hotel (the Leone Bianco) we saw several boats moored at the side of the canal, and filled with large fish, which were brought out one by one, and decapitated with a cleaver in the presence of two officers of police. On inquiry, we learnt that they had been caught near Istria, and were opened by direction of the Government, in order to ascertain whether they were fresh and fit for public consumption. We were also told that these fish, which are greatly esteemed by the Venetians, were seldom caught except in very stormy weather

VII

Among the numerous mosaics in the Cathedral of St Mark are representations of the four evangelists. Above the figure of St Mark is written, in old rhyming Latin,

“ *Sit nobis Marce, celesti gratus in arce,*

and above that of St Luke,

“ *Quo lucet Lucas, nos Christe piissime ducas* ”

In the same church are four lions, also in mosaic, two represented in the water and two on the land, the former are fat and sleek, the latter miserably lean. These were intended by the artist as types of the Venetians themselves, the lion being their national emblem thereby intimating that their prosperity and glory depended upon the seagirt position of their city, which if they relinquished for the land, their speedy decline would follow

VIII

The following miracle is detailed in a volume anciently kept in the sacristy of St. Mark. On the completion of the Campanile, from the summit of which Galileo is said to have made astronomical observations, a workman, employed in its erection, lost his balance and fell from the top. Being endowed with sufficient presence of mind to invoke the aid of St. Mark, and inwardly vowing that, in the event of his delivery, he would for the future devote himself to the service of the saint, he was miraculously supported by a beam jutting out from the tower, which impeded his further descent without injuring him,

until, by means of a rope let down from the summit, he reached *terra firma* in safety. The legend adds that, "mindful of his vow, he passed the remainder of his life in devout works, and *saluberrimè diem clausit extremum*."

IX.

The manufacture of beads is carried on in a small island about an hour's row from Venice, great quantities of them are annually exported to Greece and Turkey, and the remainder supply the Venetian artificers with the materials for making bracelets and other ornaments. The process is kept very secret, the workmen not being allowed to show anything except in the presence of the master. In the same island is the glass manufactory, but the specimens shown us were clumsy and ill formed, and of an inferior quality.

X.

In the sacristy of the Chiesa di SS Giovanni e Paolo is a picture, recording the following miracle — Saint Dominic arriving in port after a long voyage, found that he had no money to pay for his passage: he therefore humbly besought the aid of Heaven and his prayers were answered by the appearance of a large fish, which rose from the water, and passively surrendered itself into his hands. Regarding this as a signal mark of the Divine favour, the saint took the fish, and opening it, discovered a coin, by means of which he was enabled to discharge his debt.

HAROLD

(From the German of Uhland.)

BEFORE his gallant company
Rode Harold, dauntless knight,
And through the forest wild they rode,
All in the pale moonlight.

They bear the flags in battle won,
That in the wind wave high,
They sing the songs of victory,
That echo to the sky.

What in the bushes stirs and lurks,
And with the branches bends?
What rises from the streamlet's foam,
And from the clouds descends?

What throws the flowery buds about?
What strain so sweetly sounds?
What dances through the warriors' ranks,
And on the horses bounds?

What sweetly kisses, gently soothes,
And holds so fondly prest?
The knight unhorses, steals his sword,
And leaves no peace nor rest?

It is the airy elfin train,
No mortal can withstand,
The warriors soon have vanished all—
Are all in fury-land.

Alone the bravest still remain'd,*
Bold Harold—dauntless knight,

From crown to sole ensheath'd is he
In armour glittering bright.

His brave companions all are lost,
Their arms around him strew'd
The horses, from their masters' trees,
Run wild about the wood.

In bitter sorrow rode away
Proud Harold, dauntless knight,
Through the wild wood he rode alone,
All in the pale moonlight.

A streamlet trickles from the rock,
Its crystal waters gleam,
He springs to earth, unclaspeth his helm,
And drinks the cooling stream.

But scarcely has he drunk, his limbs
No more their vigour keep,
He sits perforce upon the rock,
He nods, and sinks to sleep.

And now, for many hundred years,
He sits and slumbers there,
His head upon his bosom sunk,
With hoary beard and hair.

When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And storms the wood afright,
In dreams he tries to grasp his sword,
Old Harold, dauntless knight.

EHRENSTEIN

BY G P R JAMES, ESQ

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT an hour and a half after Ferdinand's song had ceased, the door of the chapel which had been closed, opened and two figures came forth under the green shadow of the forest leaves. The first was that of Adelaide of Ehrenstein, and her face bore tokens of recent agitation. By her side appeared good Father George, with his head uncovered, and no staff in his hand. He was speaking with the lady earnestly, but gently, and he still continued to walk on with her for some yards up the hill. More than once as they went Adelaide's eyes were turned to either side of the path, as if she feared or expected some interruption, and though she said not a word to indicate what was passing in her heart, the good father marked the sort of anxiety she seemed to feel, and at length paused, saying, "Well, my child, I will go with you no farther. You will be quite safe on your way back, and if you attend to my voice, and follow my counsel, you may be happy yourself, and save others worlds of pain."

He did not pause for a reply, but turned and re entered the chapel, leaving Adelaide to pursue her way through the wood, with almost every part of which she had been familiar from infancy. Nevertheless, as she went, she still continued to look timidly around. She did not go far alone, however for just as she passed the first turning which hid the chapel from the eye, there was a step near, and Ferdinand was by her side.

"O Ferdinand," she said, "I am terrified. What is it you want to say? If any one were to find me here with you alone, what would they think?—and my father, if he heard it, it would bring destruction on your head too."

"Fear not, fear not," replied her lover, "turn into this path with me, dear Adelaide, it will bring you as quickly to the castle as the other, and we can speak there more freely."

His fair companion hesitated, but taking her hand in his, he led her gently forward, though not without a glowing cheek, and eyes cast down. It was a small footway, which horses could not travel and wound with many a turn up to the top of the high hill on which the castle stood. The short, green, mountain turf, the broken masses of rock here and there, the straggling boughs reaching across, and the wild flowers springing uncrushed, even in the midst of the path showed that it was trodden by no very frequent feet. The green branches crossing on high, shaded it from the sun, except when, about the hour of noon, his searching rays poured down, slept on a mossy bank here and there, or chequered the grass with dancing light and shade. The dove and the wood pigeon murmured overhead, the breeze sighed faintly through the leaves, and the nightingale still in song, thrilled his rich notes upon many a bough above. There was a tenderness and yet a freshness in the air—there was a calming and softening light upon the way—there was a loveliness and a promise and a wooing

gentleness in the whole scene, that fitted it well for lovers and for love. The voice of nature seemed counselling affection, the aspect of all things harmonised with the passion in each of those two young hearts, and though Ferdinand was not skilled enough in the mystery of association to have chosen that scene, as one likely to melt and touch the heart he sought to make his own, yet he could not have found one in the whole earth better adapted for the tale he had to tell. He lost no time ere he told it, and though his words were ardent—ay, and even impassioned—yet there was a gentleness in his whole tone, a soft and deprecating look upon his countenance, a tenderness as well as a warmth in all he said, which prevented the young and timid woman's heart from feeling much of that sort of apprehension with which it often shrinks from the first touch of love. Brought up with him almost from her childhood, unlearned in the ways of the world, left nearly to solitude since her mother's death, with no other companion in her girlhood but him who walked beside her, and loving him with a love that had still increased, Adelaide felt it less strange to listen to such words from him, than she would have done with any other human being. She felt it less difficult, too, to reply to him, timidly yet frankly, not concealing what she felt, even when she did not speak it.

He told her how long he had loved—for a few short years, or even months, were long in their short lives. He told her how the affection of the boy had grown into the passion of the man, how the fraternal tenderness of early life had warmed into the ardent affection of maturity. He told her, too, how hope had been first illumined in his heart by light that seemed to shine forth from hers, how words that she had spoken without feeling their full import, had bid him not despair, how smiles from her lips, and rays from her eyes had nourished and expanded the flower of love in his bosom. He went on to relate how he had trembled and feared, and doubted and hesitated, when he first became conscious of the full strength of all his sensations, how he had put a guard upon himself, how he had refrained from seeing her alone, how he had resisted many a temptation, but how the power of the passion within had overcome all prudent care, and had made him more than once speak words of tenderness, in spite of every effort to restrain them. With the rich, wild imagery of a warm and glowing imagination, and a heart full of eager affection, he depicted the pangs he had endured, the struggles he had undergone, the cares and anxieties which had been his companions during the day, the bitter and despairing thoughts which had haunted him through the night. But at length he explained how hope had dawned upon him, how assurance and comfort had been given him the night before, and how one, upon whom they could both depend, had encouraged him to persevere, and held out mysterious hopes of fortune and success.

He did not, indeed, pursue his tale evenly to the close, for more than once his fair companion murmured a few words of compassion for what he had suffered, of anxiety for his safety, of doubt regarding the future, all of which were very sweet, for all showed him too happily, too brightly, that he was loved in return, and when at length he referred to his conversation with the priest, and to the expectations which had been held out, she looked eagerly up in his face, replying, without disguise, "So he said to me, Ferdinand." He spoke of strange and mysterious things, of my fate, and that of my house, being linked

to yours by an unseen tie, which, if it were broken, would bring ruin on us all. I could not understand him. I doubted, for I could scarcely believe such happy tidings true."

She paused and coloured, as soon as the words were spoken, and blushed more deeply still, when he asked, "Then they were happy, dear Adelaide?"

"You do not doubt it?" she murmured, after a moment's silence. "But, at all events," she continued—suddenly turning from the question—"my mother told me, the very last time she held me in her arms, to trust to what he might say, and now he bids me give myself to you, without fear or doubt—I know not what to think."

"Think that he directs you right, dear Adelaide, replied her lover, eagerly, "and oh, follow his guidance, and the guidance of your own heart."

She was silent for some minutes, walking on by his side till at length he asked, "Will you not promise, Adelaide, will you not promise to be mine?"

"How can I—how dare I?" she answered. "Without my father's will what good were my promise, Ferdinand?"

"All, every thing to me," answered her lover, "for that promise once given you would not break it, dear one. Who can tell what your father may design—who can tell that he may not some day seek to drive you to a marriage with one you hate, or, at best, can never love?" But that promise once given to me, would be strength to you, my beloved as well as comfort and assurance to myself. It would be the rainbow of my life, a pledge that there would be no more destruction of all hopes. Oh, dear girl, do not refuse me, give me back comfort and joy, give me back light and sunshine, give me that security against all I dread, give me that support in danger, that consolation in affliction, that object of endeavour, and of hope. Were it but the voice of a lover, Adelaide, you might well hesitate, you might well doubt, but one who has no passion to serve, who is calmer, alas, than I can be, who knows more than we know, and judges more wisely than we can judge—one for whom your dear mother bespoke your confidence, one whom you promised her to trust and to rely on—he urges you as strongly even as I do, and bids you follow the course in which love would lead, not for my sake alone, but for your own also."

They had reached a spot, by this time, where the wood fell back a little from the path on one side, and a low rocky bank appeared on the other, crowned with old beeches. A spring of bright clear water welled from the stone, filling a basin that some careful hand had carved below, while above, in a little niche, was placed a figure of the Virgin, with the infant Saviour in her arms, and Ferdinand, extending his hand towards the well, added, earnestly, "Here I, at least, Adelaide, saw that dear lady for the last time, here she taught us to kneel down and pray together, not many days before she laid that injunction upon you. And now, dear Adelaide, now you will not refuse me—now you will follow the counsel to which she pointed—and promise to be mine."

There was love in her heart, there was a voice in her own bosom spoke more eloquently than his, she wavered—she yielded. He saw the colour come and go—he saw the bright eyes full of tears—he saw the lip quiver—and he cried, "Oh, promise, promise, Adelaide!"

"Well, I do," she murmured, and at the same instant a voice near seemed to say, "Promised, promised!"

Both started and looked round, but nothing was to be seen, the clear light streamed through the trees on the top of the bank suffering the eye to see for some way between their trunks, the open space behind was considerable, and no place of concealment appeared to be near

"It was but the echo, dearest," said Ferdinand, and pronouncing a word or two sharply, there was a slight return of the sound. Adelaide was not satisfied, however, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said in a low tone, "Come away, come away. Oh, heaven, if any one should have discovered us!"

"No fear, no fear, dearest," replied her lover, walking on by her side, "but to guard against discovery for the future, Adelaide, we must devise some means of communication. Is there any one near you whom you can trust, my beloved?"

"No one but Bertha," answered the lady, "I can trust her I am sure, for she is good and true but yet I do not think I could ever make up my mind to speak to her on the subject first."

Ferdinand mused for a moment or two with a smile upon his lips, and then replied "I almost suspect, Adelaide, that Bertha will not require much information. If I may judge by her look to day, she is already aware of more than you suspect."

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Adelaide, "do not say so, if she is, my conduct must have been very imprudent."

"Her eye may have been very keen," replied her companion, "but if you think you can trust her, I will speak to her upon the subject myself—cautiously and carefully you know, dear one, so as not to tell her more than is necessary at once, but, indeed I can foresee many circumstances in which we shall have absolute need of some one to aid us—of some one who can give tidings of each to the other, when all opportunity of private intercourse may be denied us."

"You must judge, Ferdinand, you must judge," answered Adelaide, "but, indeed, I fear I have done wrong already, and tremble to look forward to the coming time. And now leave me, dear Ferdinand, we are near the castle, and you ought not to go with me farther. Every step agitates and terrifies me, and I would fain seek my own chamber, and think."

Still Ferdinand lingered, however, for some time longer—still he detained his fair companion—nor would he part with her till love's first caress was given, and the bond between them sealed upon her lips. But at length Adelaide withdrew her hand, half smiling, half chiding, and hurried away, leaving him to follow some time after. When she reached the castle, she passed the room where she had before been sitting, catching, with a glowing cheek, a gay, arch look that Bertha directed towards her, and entering her bedroom, cast herself upon her knees and prayed, while tears of agitation and alarm, both at her own sensations and at what she had promised, rolled over the dark lashes of her eyes, and trickled down her cheek. Young love is ever timid but in her case there were other feelings which moved her strongly and painfully. She was not satisfied with her own conduct, she feared she had done wrong, and for that one day she acted the part of a severe

censor on herself True, her father's demeanour little invited confidence, true, he was often harsh and severe, even to her, true, from him she could expect no consideration for her wishes or for her feelings, but yet he was her father, the one whom she was bound to love and to obey, and her own heart would not altogether acquit her, even though love pleaded eloquently on her behalf I have said that she thus felt and suffered for that one day, for, as will be seen hereafter a strange and sudden change came over her, and, with no apparent reason, she soon gave herself up unboundedly to the full influence of her attachment The human heart is a strange thing but very often, for visible effects which seem unaccountable, there are secret causes sufficient for all

CHAPTER V

THINK the men who rise from a low station to a throne, and it certainly must be a grand and triumphant sensation which they experience when first they sit in the seat of sovereignty, and feel their brows pressed by the golden circlet of command with the great objects of ambition all attained the struggle up the steep ascent to power accomplished and the end reached for which they have fought, and laboured and watched through many a weary day and night But the exultation of that moment, great as it may be, is nothing to that which fills the heart of youth in the first moment of successful love The new throned usurper must be well nigh weary of repeated triumphs for the step to the throne is but the last of many a fatiguing footfall in the path of ambition He, too must foresee innumerable dangers and difficulties round, for the experience of the past must teach him that in his race there is no goal, that the prize is never really won that he may have distanced all others but that he must still run on Not so with the lover in the early hours of his success, his is the first step in the course of joy, and the brightest because the first Fresh from all the dreams of youth, it is to him the sweetest of realities, unwearied with the bitter task of experience he has the capability of enjoyment as well as the expectation of repose The brightness of the present spreads a veil of misty light over all that is threatening in the future, and the well of sweet waters in the heart seems inexhaustible

With what a different step Ferdinand of Altenburg trod the halls of the castle on his return, with what a different view he looked on all things round him! The gloomy towers, the shadowy chambers the long cheerless corridors seemed full of light, and there was a gay and laughing spirit in his heart which had not been there since love first became its tenant He could have jested, he could have sported like a child, but, alas! there was no one to jest or sport with, for not more than five or six men were left in the castle after the train of the count and the little band of Sickingdorf had departed Adelaide, too, remained in her own apartments, whither he dared not venture, and none of the two or three girls who attended upon her—and who, with an elderly dame, whose principal function appeared to be to quarrel with the chief butler, formed all the female inmates of Ehrenstem—ventured forth for nearly two hours after his return, Bertha, indeed, looked at him once, as he paced the battlements below the window of

the room in which she sat, but maliciously kept the casement closed, suspecting, perhaps, that he had had enough enjoyment for one day. Anxious to speak with her, and to carry out his plan for making her the means of communicating with her mistress, Ferdinand, as he turned back again, ventured to make her a sign to join him, but Bertha took no notice, and plied her busy hands on the embroidery frame where she sat, without seeming even to see him. The poor lover's first happy day promised but a dull passing. Those were not days of many books, and perhaps, in the whole extent of the castle not more than four or five were to be found, but Ferdinand could not have read even had they been to be procured, for his whole thoughts were in that busy and excited state, in which it was impossible to fix his mind with attention upon anything but his own fate and projects. He went the whole round of the castle. Then he saw that everything was in order. He spoke to the men, who were in the execution of their daily duties, but often, as he went, he fell into a fit of thought, where fancy rapt him far away, wandering in bright sunny lands, side by side with her he loved. At length, returning to the corridor above, through which he knew that both Adelaide and Bertha must pass, if either came forth from the lady's apartments, he stationed himself at one of the windows, and continued to gaze out over the wide extent of forest, and hill, and dale which the prospect presented. All was silent and quiet. A deadly stillness hung over the whole place, the sunshine itself seemed to sleep quietly over the motionless masses of the trees, and never was there an hour or a scene in which a young lover might indulge the glittering visions of imagination with less to distract or interrupt his thoughts.

The last four and twenty hours had been busy ones in Ferdinand's life, busy in emotion if not in action, and they had been varied too by many a change of sensation, by much dependency, by awe and fear, and by hope and joy. But, if the truth must be told, it was only on the hope and joy that his mind dwelt. The strange and fearful scenes through which he had passed the night before, were forgotten, or, at least not thought of—the sorrows that were past gave but a sort of shadowy relief to the bright aspect of the present—difficulties, impediments, dangers, were unheeded or unseen.

For not more than half an hour, however, was he suffered thus to dream, for at the end of that time, the door at which he had looked up as he passed on the preceding night, was opened and closed, and turning quickly round, he saw Bertha gliding down the corridor towards the top of the staircase. She laid her finger on her lips as she passed him, and, without speaking, he followed where she led.

The gay girl took her way to the battlements on the shady side of the castle, to which few of the rooms of the building were turned. There she paused, and looked gaily at Ferdinand, with her dark eyes sparkling, and her pretty little lip curling with fun and malice. "Imprudent young man," she said, as he joined her, "how can you do such things? first singing a love song under my window, and then making me a sign to come and join you. I am a great deal too good natured and too tender thus to indulge you. If our lady were to find out that we are lovers, she would tell her father, and then we should soon both be sent out of the castle."

She spoke as gravely as she could, and her gay look might give

some indication of what was passing within, yet Bertha's eyes were always such merry ones, that Ferdinand felt not a little embarrassed how to answer what perhaps might be a jest but which might yet be serious also. She enjoyed his perplexity for a moment or two, and then asked in a sharp tone, 'Well, sir, why don't you speak if you have anything to say?—If you don't, I must give you something to talk about—Tell me sir, what is it has made my mistress so sad since she went out and met you in the wood?'"

"Sad, is she?" exclaimed Ferdinand alarmed, 'I know nought that should make her sad

"Well she is," replied Bertha "for she is shut up in her own room and Theresa compassionately looked through the keyhole and told us she was weeping,

'Good heaven!' exclaimed Ferdinand still hesitating whether he should acknowledge that he had met Adelaide or not—nothing I have ever done could give her pain

"Well, don't look so terrified sir," answered Bertha, "there are a thousand other things beside pain that make women weep sometimes joy—sometimes fright, and perhaps it is the last in this case

But why should she fear?" asked Ferdinand

"Nay, that you know best," replied Bertha "you've neither of you thought fit to tell me anything about it, but you had a great deal better for if you don't depend upon it you'll get yourselves into all manner of difficulties and dangers. You are both of you as imprudent and as ignorant of such matters as if you were twelve years old and I should not wonder if you were to have yourself strangled for making love to your lord's daughter and to get her either shut up in a convent or married in haste to some fierce old baron, who may maltreat her, as my good and noble lord the count used his poor wife

"Nay now you are trying to tease me, pretty Bertha," replied Ferdinand of Altenburg. "As I see you know a great deal, I may as well tell you all and I will if you can be serious—but if you go on in jest with me, I will jest with you, and my find means to tease you too

"Nay I am not jesting at all," answered Bertha more gravely, "all I have said is true enough, and I can tell you I have been in a great fright for you both for some time, for during the last month I have been terrified every day lest others should see what was plain enough to my eyes. Do you consider what it is you are doing, and what sort of a man our lord is,—that he would no more hesitate to put you to death in the castle ditch than to eat his breakfast?"

"He dare not," answered Ferdinand boldly, "he may do that with a serf or a vassal, perhaps, but I am neither the one nor the other, and as noble as he is."

All women love daring and the youth's answer pleased his companion well, yet she could not help jesting with him a little upon what she called his pride. "Oh, yes, you're a gentleman born!" she said, "you have made us all know that, but now, Ferdinand, talk a little reason, and don't pretend to say what our lord dare do, or dare not do. He dare do many a thing and as before now, which perhaps neither I nor you dream of. But in a word, young gentleman—for I must not stop long—I have seen for some time all that is going on here, and would

have given a great deal to stop it, but I did not know how, and now it is too late. The only thing to be thought of at present is what is to become of all this—on my life my knees shake when I think of it—and I am not apt to be afraid of a little adventure either. What is it that you two propose to do?’

To say the truth, this was a question for which Ferdinand was not at all prepared with an answer. He had laid out, indeed, no distinct plan of action. Youth and love are strange rulers upon circumstances, and he replied simply, “Go on loving I suppose.”

“Oh that plan will never do,” answered Bertha laughing, “you can’t stop there. In the first place you would neither of you be content to go on loving like a couple of turtles in two separate cages all your lives, and besides, things would soon happen to drive you out of such idleness of love. Any day of the week my lord may think fit to marry his daughter—and what would she and you do then? I must think of some plan for you poor things, for I see you are not fit to devise any for yourselves.”

The only plan, my pretty Bertha to be followed at present,” answered Ferdinand after a moment’s thought, “is for you to befriend us and give us help as far as you can in whatever circumstances may occur, to let me know every thing that happens to your lady that I do not see, and I will take care that you shall know every thing that occurs to me, in order that it may be communicated to her. I am sure it is your wish to serve her, Bertha—she loves you dearly and has such confidence in you that she told me I might trust you implicitly.”

“I would serve her with my heart’s blood,” replied the girl warmly. “though Heaven forbid that I should have to do so,” she added laughing. “for I would a great deal rather have that heart’s blood where it is and see her happy too, poor girl. But hush! I don’t know how that’s to be done—and if I am to be the messenger between you Master Ferdinand, there will be nothing for it but for you to make love to me,—or at least get the people of the castle to think you are so doing.”

“Oh, that won’t be a very difficult task,” Bertha replied the young man, with a glib air, “and all we can do is to watch events, and take advantage of them as they arise—at least till we have further counsel from Father George as to how we ought to act.”

“Oh is Father George in the secret?” cried Bertha, clapping her hands joyfully, “then there is hope. The lord of the abbey against the lord of the castle will always beat in the end. But what says the good father?”

“He says every thing to encourage us,” answered Ferdinand, “and, unlike you, fair Bertha, nothing to discourage.”

“He knows more than I do,” replied Bertha, “more than any of us, and he has some reason, I’ll warrant. I wish to Heaven I could see him, but I dare not go down so far, for fear I should be missed. He was with our poor lady in her last hours, and doubtless could tell a tale, if he would—Well, well, men are strange creatures. I wonder women are such fools as to make themselves their slaves. I’ll never marry, not I, for I never yet saw the man that was not as soft as a dormouse while he was courting, and as hard as a hyena when he was married. But there comes old Sickendorf riding up through the wood, I must away, for he’s the greatest old tell tale in the world,

with the gossiping tongue of a grandmother, the spite of a monkey, and the heart of a wolf."

"Stay, stay, Bertha!" cried the young gentleman, "if we are to seem lovers you know, it is as well that the old man should see us, and if he catches sight of you walking here with me, without perceiving who it is distinctly, he may fancy it is Adelaide, and make mischief there."

"Well, then, keep at a little further distance, Master Ferdinand" replied Bertha, "for though I don't mind that people should say I listened to a love tale there being no great harm in that I would rather they did not think it too warm a one, for women have a character to lose though men have none worth keeping."

But then dear Bertha it is understood that you will befriend us, said her companion "and will keep our secret, and give us all sorts of information and advice."

"Ay ay," answered Bertha "and I must risk putting my hand into the beehive and being stung to death to get you two the honey. I am older than either of you and ought to know better but you are two such poor foolish imprudent things, that if I did not help you, the one would die of a broken heart and the other of a broken neck very soon, so I must even run the risk. But I must have some talk with Father George very soon, for if he does not give me some assurance and comfort I shall dream of nothing but being strangled every night. Here they come here they come Sickendorf and his gang. Heaven and earth, what have they got, all those horses loaded with they must have been plundering Neustadt. Now cannot you make me a fine speech, Master Ferdinand swearing love and eternal constancy such is you men tickle poor girls ears with, just to let old Sickendorf see you in the act of prostitution?"

"I will give you a kiss, pretty Bertha" replied Ferdinand gaily "and that would do better but just now you told me not to come near."

"Oh that would be too close a gift to deal" answered Bertha, laughing "There, he sees us, hark he is calling out to us! I will run away as if in a fright, and let him see my face as I go."

She did as she proposed and in a moment after, the old knight came riding along under the battlements calling up to Ferdinand with a loud laugh, "Ah ha, you young dog! That's what you stayed at home for, to chat with pretty Bertha on the walls!"

No great harm in that, Sickendorf replied Ferdinand leaning over to speak to him, "I dare say you have done such a thing before now yourself, and will do it again many a time. Both she and I like to walk in the free air better than being stifled in the castle all day long, and why shouldn't we take it together?"

"If that were all, why didn't you go on the other side, where folks could see you?" replied the old man, still merry "No, no, youngster, I'm too old a campaigner for that. However, it's no business of mine.—We've made a glorious forage the rogues did not expect to be called upon in such a hurry, so that all the capons were strutting before the doors ay, and the geese too. How many geese have we got, Martin?"

"Nineteen, sir," answered the man, and the old knight was riding on when Ferdinand called after him, laughing, "Why that's just the number of your troop, Sickendorf!"

The other shook his fist at him, good humouredly enough, for his

heart was expanded by the success of his expedition, and, to say the truth, Bertha had done him but scanty justice. He was a thorough old German knight of the times—a character which had generally more or less of the reiter in it—as ignorant as a boor of every thing but war, brave as a lion, superstitious in a high degree, bloody when enraged or opposed, rapacious as any beast of prey, and holding fast by the old maxim, that anything is justifiable in love or war. Far from thinking the worse therefore, of Ferdinand, if he had made love to all Adelaide's maids together, he would only have considered it a very laudable method of employing his idle hours and would never have thought of reporting it to the count as a matter of blame. He looked upon deceiving a poor girl with tales of love, or beating a boor nearly to death who resisted any unjust demand as one of the privileges of a soldier and a gentleman which it was not only just but expedient to exercise from time to time to keep such rights from falling into desuetude, and after he entered the castle turning his thoughts to other affairs he gave no further attention to the proceedings of Bertha and Ferdinand, only jesting the young man for a moment upon his love making, and declaring he had shown bad taste, for that Theresa was by far the prettier gul of the two.

"That's because you are as black yourself as one of the andirons," answered Ferdinand, "and therefore you think every fair faced girl with flaxen hair a perfect beauty. I dare say you've said sweet things enough to Theresa, and therefore I wouldn't for the world try to spoil your game if you won't spoil mine."

"Pooh, nonsense, I've given up love these twenty years," said Sickendorf, "but I won't meddle with your affairs. I wouldn't mar a nice little plot of love for half the lands of Ehrenstein, so go on your own way, I'll not interfere."

"Upon your honour?" asked Ferdinand.

"Upon my knighthood," replied the old man. "So long as you do your duty as a soldier, I'll not meddle with your love affairs. But on my life I am mighty hungry for I've had nothing but a flagon of wine since I went, and I can never wait till supper time."

"Oh, I made the cook put by for you at dinner," answered Ferdinand, "the whole of a roast chine of roebuck though Metzler and Herman looked at it as if their very eyes would have eaten it. I knew you would come home like a wolf."

"That's a good boy, that's a good boy," answered the old knight, "I won't forget you for that. You shall have the skinning of a fat village, some day, all to yourself, but I'll go and get the reh braten for I could eat my fingers."

And away he went to satisfy his appetite, which was at all times one of the best.

CHAPTER VI

AN hour or two went by and it was drawing towards night, when Sickendorf, after having appeased the cravings of hunger, was walking up and down the ordinary hall, for want of anything else to do. Indeed, the piping time of peace to a soldier of his stamp was a very

dull period, especially at that season of the year, when many of the sports of the field were forbidden, and any little incident that broke the monotony of the castle life was a great relief. There was nobody in the hall but himself, and he was cursing the slow flight of time, and thinking the count very long upon his road home, when the lifting of the latch of the door made him turn his head, and he instantly exclaimed, with a hoarse laugh, "Ah, who are you looking for, Mrs Bertha? Ferdinand is not here."

"I was looking for you sir, answered Bertha, with perfect composure, at the same time walking up to him. 'I do not think my lady is at all well,' she continued, 'she has been moping by herself all day, and says her head aches'."

"Ah! that's bad, that's bad," answered Sickendorf. "No one should have a headache but a boy of sixteen who has been drunk overnight. But what can I do pretty Bertha? I'm no leech, and am more accustomed to bleeding men than bleeding women."

"Ay but Sir knight you can send down to the chapel in the wood, where one of the monks will be found. They all know some thing of leechcraft, and if Father George is there, he knows a great deal."

"But it's growing dark," said Sickendorf. "The gates must be shut in ten minutes and we want all the men we have about the place. Better wait till the count comes back and if she should be very bad, I'll tell you what you must do: mull her a pint of zeller wine, put plenty of spice in and a spoonful or two of honey. Let her drink that down at one draught—that will cure her—it's just what cured me the only time I ever had a headache."

"Ay but what would cure you might kill our lady," replied Bertha, who did not at all approve of the prescription. "I pray you, Herr Von Sickendorf send down one of the men to the good Father. What would you say if this were to turn out a fever, after you refused to send for help?"

"A fever!" cried Sickendorf, "what has she done to get a fever? She has neither ridden fifty or sixty miles in a hot sun nor lain out all night in a damp marsh nor drank three or four quarts of wine to heat her blood. Well, if I must send, I must. But mind, I do it with no good will, for I don't like to send any of the men out after gates closing." Thus saying he put his head out of the door, calling, till the whole building echoed again, "Martin, Martin—Martin, I say!" and then returning to Bertha's side, he continued, "I don't think much of the monks. They can't be such holy men as people say, else they'd keep the wood clear of spirits and devils, and things of that kind. Why, one of the men, who was looking out from the turret during the storm last night, vows he saw some kind of apparition just down below the castle chapel, fencing with the lightning and playing at pitch and toss with balls of fire. Then all in a minute it vanished away—Ah, Martin you must go down to the chapel in the wood, and tell the priest to come up and see the Lady Adelaide, who is ill. So let him bring his lancet with him."

"Nonsense," cried Bertha, "she will need no bleeding. You soldiers think of nothing but blood."

The man Martin dropped his head, and did not seem at all to like the task, but then gave a look up through the window to the sky, and

walked away, grumbling something which was heard by neither the old knight or the young damsel Bertha having performed her errand, was then tripping back, but Sickendorf caught her hand, saying "Stay a bit, my pretty maid, and chat with me as you did with young Ferdinand this morning."

"No, indeed," cried Bertha trying to withdraw her hand "that was in the free air and sunshine not in a dark hall—let me go, sir." And the next moment her eyes fixed upon something at the farther end of the long room and she gave a loud scream and started back.

Sickendorf let go her hand and turned round to look in the same direction where two doors opened into the opposite sides of the hall. Both apparently were closed but yet from the one to the other, he distinctly perceived a tall shadowy form clothed in long garments, stalk slowly across and disappear. The old man who would willingly have confronted a whole host of mortal enemies and plunged his horse into a forest of pikes now stood rooted to the ground with his teeth chattering and his knees shaking a thousandfold more terrified than the young girl beside him. Bertha seized the opportunity to hasten away to her mistress's apartments and Sickendorf thought the line of her retreat by the door behind them so excellent that he followed as soon as he could regain strength to go.

Never in Sickendorf's life had he so eagerly desired companionship as when he quitted the hall but companionship he could not find of the kind and quality which befit his rank and station. The old utter would have felt himself degraded by associating with the common soldiers or any body who had not Von before his name but Ferdinand he could not find. His companion old Karl von Mosbach had accompanied the count, with all the other persons of gentle birth who filled the various monarchical offices which then existed in the household of a high nobleman and not even a crossbow man who, as was generally admitted had a right to sit down to table with a knight could be discovered by an worthy friend as he went grumbling through the castle. "Hundert Schwarm!" he exclaimed "to think of my seeing the ghost! Sancta Maria! who'd have dreamed it would have come into the hall! it looked mighty like our dear poor lady that's gone, to me, only it had a long beard and was six foot high—I wonder if our good lord did put her out of the way as some people think. What could it want in the hall?—Very saucy of an apparition to show itself there, unless it were at meal-times, when, poor thing, it might want something to eat and drink. It must be cold and hungry work to go shivering about all night in vaults and passages, and to sneak back to its hiding hole at daylight—I'd rather stand sentry on the north-east tower in the middle of January. I wonder if I shall ever be a ghost—I shouldn't like it at all—I'll have this one laid, however, if it costs me five crowns out of my own pocket, for we shan't be safe in our rooms, if it goes on in this way, unless we huddle up five or six together, like young pigs in a sty.—Donner, where can that young dog Ferdinand be?—I won't tell him what I've seen, for he'll only laugh. But I'll call him to talk about the Lady Adelaide—he's very fond of her, and will like to hear about her being ill," and raising his voice, he called up the stairs which led to the young gentleman's room, "Ferdinand, Ferdinand, I want you, scapegrace!"



"What is it, ritter?" answered the voice of Ferdinand from above
 "I'm busy just now—I'll come in a minute."

"But I want you now," answered Sickendorf, who was determined not to be left longer without society than was necessary, "come hither and speak to me."

Ferdinand said a word or two to some one above, and then came unwillingly down the stairs. "Ah, wild one," said the old knight, "what would you have given to be in my place just now? I've had a chat with pretty Mistress Bertha, just between light and dark in the hall."

"Indeed!" answered Ferdinand. "I dare say it was very innocent. Sickendorf, and so was my chat with her cousin, the little miss. But what might she want with you?"

"Why the Lady Adelaide is ill," replied Sickendorf.

"Ill!" exclaimed Ferdinand, more than a little inquisitive. "What the Lady Adelaide? She seems quite well this morning."

"Ay, but women changeable as the wind," said Sickendorf, "and she is ill now, however, so I've sent down the boy, the footman, to run up and to say what I tell you."

"Why, Father George, is not your own wife a physician?" said Ferdinand, "giving me good counsel lately."

"Send him down, then," said Ferdinand, "and I will answer Sickendorf," and then came up with him. "I've heard to say,"

Ferdinand spoke away with much more than that which had brought him thither, and returned in a very good mood with the old priest, whose face, as far as Sickendorf could tell, in the morning darkness, expressed much less than that which the lover's countenance had displayed.

"Tis nothing, nothing," he said, after a long while with the old knight for a moment on the lady's illness, "a small trifling that will soon pass. But I will go and see, and I cannot help Ferdinand and the old steward, for at the door of Adelaide's apartments he went in without ceremony."

While he remained, and he stayed for more than an hour—Ferdinand and Sickendorf continued walking up and down the corridor or only went beyond it to order the hall and the passages to be lighted, but as then conversation would probably not be very entertaining to the reader, we will pass over the particulars, till the good father's return. By the time to Sickendorf's great comfort and consolation, there was as much light shed through the corridor from a great cresset at one end, and a lantern at the other, as the passages of the castle ever displayed. It was not very brilliant indeed, but sufficiently so to show that Father George's countenance was perfectly cheerful and calm, and in answer to the eager questions of Ferdinand and the less anxious inquiries of the old knight he said, "Oh, the lady is better, 'tis but a little passing cloud, and she will be as well as ever ere the morning."

"Have you let her blood?" asked Sickendorf.

"No, no need of that," answered Father George. "Her illness comes but from some melancholy fumes rising from the heart to the head, that I have remedied, and she is better already, but I must hasten back, for I may be needed at the chapel."

"Stay, stay, good father," cried the old knight, "I have something to ask of you. I will go with you to the gate." And walking on with Father George, he entertained him with an account of the apparition he had seen in the hall, and besought him to take the most canonical means of laying the unwelcome visitant by the heels in the Red Sea or if that could not be done for a matter of five or ten crowns, at least to put up such prayers on his behalf as would secure him against any farther personal acquaintance with it.

Father George smiled quietly at the old knight's tale, and assured him he would do his best in the case after due consideration. Then hastening away, he passed down the hill, and had just reached the door of his temporary dwelling when the sound of many horses' feet coming up from below announced the return of the count to Ehrenstein. Father George, however, did not wait to salute the nobleman as he passed, or to communicate to him the fact of his daughter's illness, but entered his little cell and closed the door, listening for a moment or two as the long train passed by, and then lighting his lamp.

In the mean time the count rode on, with somewhat jaded horses, and at a slow pace, looking to the right and left through the dim obscurity of the night, as if he too was not altogether without apprehensions of some terrible sight presenting itself. More than once he struck his horse suddenly with the spur, and not one word did he interchange with any of his followers from the time he crossed the bridge till he arrived at the castle gates. He was met under the archway by Sickendorf and Ferdinand, with the *schlossvogt*, or castle bailiff, and two or three of the guard. "But he noticed no one except the old knight, whom he took by the arm, and walked on with him into the hall.

"What news, Sickendorf?" he said. "Has any thing happened since I went?"

"Ay, two or three things, my lord," replied Sickendorf. "In the first place, the Lady Adelaide has been ill, headachy, and drooping like a sick falcon.

"Pooh, some woman's ailment, that will be gone to-morrow," replied the count.

"Ay, so says Father George, whom I sent for to see her," answered Sickendorf. And finding that his lord paid very little attention to the state of his daughter's health, he went on to give him an account of his foraging expedition in the morning, dwelling long and minutely upon ducks, capons, geese, sheep, and lambs, and dilating somewhat at large upon his conversation with sundry retainers and vassals of the count, whom he had summoned in the course of his ride to present themselves at the castle on the following day.

Such details were usually very much desired by the count, whose jealous and suspicious disposition made him eager to glean every little indication of the feelings and sentiments of the people towards him, but on the present occasion Sickendorf's long-winded narrative seemed to weary and irritate him, and after many not very complimentary interjections, he stopped him, saying, "There, there, that will do, there will be enough, doubtless, both of geese and asses, capons and boors," and he remained standing, with his eyes fixed upon the ground in thought.

"I fear, my good lord," said the bluff old soldier, who generally took

the liberty of saying what he liked, "that you have not been very successful in your expedition, for you seem to have come home in a mighty ill humour. I suppose the money is not so much as you expected."

"No, no, it is not that," answered the count. "I never expected any till this morning, so it's all pure gain and a good large sum too, when it arrives. Heaven send it come safe for Count Frederick has not brought it with him, but trusted it to some of the lazy merchants of Venice. No, no, it isn't that, Sickendorf. But there are things I love not about this place—By heaven I have a great mind to take a torch set fire to your old rafters, and burn the whole of it to the ground."

'Better do that to your enemy's mansion than your own,' answered Sickendorf, drily, and a good deal surprised at his lord's vehemence.

'Ay, but my enemy has a house that won't burn,' answered the count. "You can't burn the grave, Sickendorf—that's a vain effort. What I mean is, that these stories of spirits and unearthly beings wandering here and there around us oppress me, Sickendorf. Why should I call them stories? Have I not seen, do I not know?"

'Ay, and I have seen too,' answered Sickendorf, "but I never knew you had, my good lord."

"Why this very night," continued the count, grasping his arm tight, and speaking in a low tone, "as I came through the woods, whenever I turned my eye, I saw nought but dim figures flitting about amongst the trees, none distinct enough to trace either form or feature, but still sufficiently clear to show that the tale of the peasants and the women is but too true."

'Peasants and women still!' cried Sickendorf. "knights and soldiers too, if you please. Why, within the last two months ghosts have been as plenty in the castle as hollyberries on the hills. 'Tis but this very night that as I stood talking to Bertha about her lady's illness here where we now stand—just in the twilight between day and night a tall, lank figure, in long, thin flowing robes—it might be in a shroud, for nought I know—crossed from that door to that, and disappeared. We both of us saw it for he scarce made me turn round. So you perceive this very hall itself is not safe. There should always be a tankard of red wine standing here, for I've heard that spirits will not come near red wine."

"Methinks we should soon find plenty of ghosts to drink it," answered the count, with a bitter laugh. "But it is very strange. I have done nought to merit this visitation."

"Something must be done, my good lord, to get rid of it," replied Sickendorf, "that is clear, or now they will drive us out of this hall as they drove us out of the old one. That's to say, I suppose it was the ghosts drove us out of that, for though you did not say why you left it, all men suspected you had seen something."

The count took a step or two backwards and forwards in the room, and then pausing opposite to Sickendorf, he replied,

"No, my good friend, I saw nought but in fancy. Yet was the fancy very strong. Each time I stood in that hall alone, it seemed as if my brother came and stood beside me, walked as I walked, and when I sat, placed himself opposite, glaring at me with the cold glassy eyes of death. It was fancy—I know it was fancy, for once I chased the

phantom back against the bare, cold wall, and then it disappeared but yet the next night it was there again. Why should it thus torment me?" he continued, vehemently. "I slew him not, I set on none to slay him, I have done him no wrong!"

And he walked quickly up and down the room again while Sickendorf followed more slowly, saying, 'Well, my good lord, it's clear something must be done to stop this, or we shall not get soldiers to stay in the castle. The rascals don't mind fighting any thing of flesh and blood, but they are not fond of meeting with a thing when they don't know what it is. So I thought it the best way to speak with Father George about it, and ask him to lay my ghost, at least I've had enough of it, and don't wish to see such a thing any more.'

"You did wrong you did wrong Sickendorf answered his lord. "I do not wish these monks to muddle. They will soon be fancying that some great crime has been committed, and putting us all to penance, if not worse. We must find means to lay the ghost ourselves—spirit or devil, or whatever it may be."

"Well, then my good lord, the only way is to laugh at it, replied Sickendorf. "I dare say one may become familiar with it in time though it's ugly enough at first. One gets accustomed to every thing, and why not to a ghost?' Well jest at him and if he comes near me I'll throw the stool at his head, and see if that will lay him. I am sorry I spoke to Father George, if it displeases you but, however, there's not much harm done, for the grey gowns of the abbey know every thing that goes on and the devil himself can't conceal his game from them."

'Too much, they know too much,' answered the count. "they are the pests of the land, prying and spying and holding their betters in subjection. We're but the vassals of these monks Sickendorf, and if I had my will, I'd burn their rookery about their ears."

"Ah here comes Karl von Mosbach!" cried Sickendorf, glad to escape giving an answer to his lord's diatribe against the monks for whom he retained all the superstitious veneration of an earlier period. "Ah, and the Lady Adelaide too. Why, bless your beautiful eyes you girl there told me you were ill, fair lady."

"I have been somewhat indisposed but am well again now," answered Adelaide, advancing to her father.

The count, however, took little notice of her, calling Bertha to him and making her give an account of what she and Sickendorf had seen.

'Fancy, fancy, my dear father," cried Adelaide, when the girl had done, laughing much more joyously than was her wont. "These tales are told and listened to, till the eyes become accomplices of the imagination, and both combine to cheat us. Bertha came down in the grey twilight to say that I was ill, and I will warrant, went trembling along the dark passages, and taking every suit of armour, and every shadow through the window of soldier or warder passing without for a grim spirit in a shroud."

'Nay, nay, dear lady," cried Bertha, and was about to defend herself when the count cut her short, turning to his daughter, with a smile and saying,

"So these tales have not infected your fancy, Adelaide? You have no fears of ghosts or spirits?"

"Not I indeed," answered the lady "First because I have never seen them, and next, because I know they would not hurt me if I did. If they be unsubstantial, they cannot harm me, and if I be innocent, they would not seek to do so if they could. I fear them not, my father, and I only pray that if any are seen more, I may be called to behold them too."

The fair girl spoke more boldly and more lightly than she usually did, and through the rest of the evening the same cheerful spirit did not leave her. Seated with her father at the last meal of the day she cheered him with conversation and asked many a question regarding Count Frederick of Lemnigen, and those he brought in his train.

"There is none that will fit thee for a husband. I fear my child," replied the count who had caught a portion of his daughter's gaiety, "they are all bluff old soldiers like Sickendorf or Mosbach there. Even his very jester is white-headed, and his dwarf like a withered pippin."

"Methinks it would not be easy to jest if one were old," said Adelaide. "Gravity and age I have always thought twin sisters."

"No, no," replied the count, "that is because you know nought of the world, dear girl. Why Count Frederick himself is just the same gay, joyous soul as ever and he is as old as I am or a year older. Now, I dare say to your young eyes I seem to have reached a vast antiquity, for it is only in looking back that space seems short. To me it appears but yesterday that I was a boy."

"Nay, I do not think you so very old," replied his daughter smiling, "when I set you against Sickendorf you seem but a youth."

"But when you compare me with Edmund," replied her father laughing, "I am quite an old man—is it not so, child?"

Adelaide neither answered nor coloured, as might have been perhaps expected, but smiled faintly and fell into thought. For it is wonderful what a vast chain of associations is very often spread out before the mind by a few very simple words, and those associations are nine times out of ten totally different from any that the speaker intended to awaken.

Before she had roused herself from her reverie, Sickendorf had taken up the conversation saying,

"And so, my good lord, Count Frederick is as gay and jovial as ever." I remember you and him, and the late count your brother—all curly-headed boys together, two merry ones and one grave one—for you were always more serious than the rest."

"Because I had less cause for merriment," replied the count with a cloud coming over his brow. "They wanted to make a priest of me at that time Sickendorf and it was not to my taste. But do not let us talk of those days, the past is always a sad subject. You will see our friend to-morrow, for he will be here ere night-fall, and may stop a week or more, so that we must have all things prepared. The great hall, too, must be made ready for we shall not have room here. The easements must be mended early to-morrow, and the dust cleaned off the walls and binnets."

Sickendorf did not answer, but looked at the count stedfastly, with an inquiring air, in reply to which his lord nodded saying,

"It must be done."

"By my farth, my good lord," cried Karl von Mosbach, "you won't get many people willing to do it, for every one says that the hall is haunted, and we love not even passing by the door."

"We will have it sprinkled with holy water," replied the count, somewhat bitterly, "but do not tell me, that any of my men will refuse to obey my orders, or I will shame you all by a girl."

There was no reply and the count demanded angrily, addressing himself to none in particular,

"Are you afraid?—Höre Adelaide, will you undertake to deck the hall with flowers, and strew the floor with rushes?"

"Willingly, willingly, my dear father," answered the fair girl. "And you shall see how gaily I will trick it out."

"I beseech you my lord to pardon me," said Ferdinand, "but I am not afraid at all to obey any thing that you command, and I can very well spare the Lady Adelaide the trouble in the hall, if she will but wreath the garlands for me."

"You have a heart of steel, good youth," replied the count, "what if I tell you now to go and bring me the banner which hangs between the shields at the farther end of the hall?"

"I will do it at once, my lord," replied Ferdinand, rising.

The count fixed his eyes upon him, and Adelaide also gazed at him earnestly. The young man's cheek might lose a shade of colour, but still he seemed perfectly willing, and his lord nodded, saying, "Go."

"I must take a light, or I may not be able to get down the banner," replied Ferdinand.

"The moon shines clear through the casements," answered the count. "You will want no other light."

The young man made no reply but drew forward his sword belt a little, and walked calmly to the door. One or two of the men followed him out of the room, not with the intention of accompanying him, for none of them very much liked the task, but merely with the idle curiosity of seeing him cross the passages and enter the hall. In a minute or two they returned and one of them said,

"He has got in, my lord, but whether he will come out again I can't tell."

"Got in!" repeated the count, "what do you mean, Ernst?"

"Why, we watched him from the stone steps," replied the soldier, "and he lifted the latch and shook the door, but at first it would not open. After a while, however, it was suddenly flung back, and in he went."

"Did he close it behind him?" asked the count, and Adelaide gazed anxiously on the man's face, in expectation of his answer.

"Some one did," replied the soldier, "but I can't tell whether it was he or not."

Thus saying he took his seat again at the table, and all remained silent for several minutes, waiting with different degrees of anxiety for the result.

"The boy is mad," murmured Sickendorf to himself, after two or three more minutes had elapsed and then he added aloud,—

"Hundred thousand! we must not leave this lad to be strangled by the ghosts, or devils, or whatever they are, my lord?"

"I will go myself," replied the count, rising from the table, "let those who will follow me."

"Stay, let us get some torches," cried Karl von Mosbach

But just at that moment there was a clang which shook the whole castle, and while the party assembled gazed in each others faces in doubt and consternation the door of the hall in which they were was thrown quickly open and Ferdinand entered bearing a banner in his hand. His face was very pale but his brow was stern and contracted, and advancing direct towards the count who had come down from the step on which his table was raised, he laid the banner before him.

His lord gazed from the banner to his face and from his face back to the banner, which was torn and soiled, and stained in many places with blood.

"How is this?" he exclaimed at length. "this is not what I sent you for."

"This is the banner my lord," replied Ferdinand, "which was hanging between the two shields at the further end of the hall, over your chair of state."

Old Sackendorf bent down over the tattered silk on which was embroidered a lion with its paw upon a crescent, and as he did so, he murmured with a shake of the head,—

"Your brother's banner, on which he carried with him to the East."

"What have you seen?" demanded the count, suking his voice and fixing his eyes upon the young man's countenance.

"Not now, my lord," replied Ferdinand in the same low tone, "another time, when you are alone, and have leisure."

The count made no reply but seated himself again at the table and leaned his head thoughtfully upon his hand for a moment or two, while the rest of the party remained in groups around, some gazing from a distance at the banner some looking at it more closely but none speaking in a louder tone than a low whisper. It was not indeed that they were kept silent by any ceremonious respect for their lord for those were days of much homely freedom of demeanour and that distance and reserve did not exist between a chief and his followers which a higher and more fastidious state of civilization has introduced but there was a feeling of awe approaching to terror in the bosoms of all which oppressed them in their speech. Each asked himself what could this mysterious event mean? how had the banner come where it was found? what did it all portend? for none in those days of superstition doubted that the event which had just taken place was an omen of others yet to come. The pale cheek with which Ferdinand of Altenburg had returned too and his grave, stern look, as he stood by the table where he had lately been sitting attracted observation, and led every one to believe that there was more to be told, though they had not heard his reply to their lord's question.

At length however, to the surprise of all, the count suddenly shook off his gloomy and abstracted look, and pushed across the flagon of choice wine, which stood at his right, to his young follower, saying with a laugh,

"Come, drink a cup of wine to me, Ferdinand the ghost queller. By the Lord, there is not a braver man amongst us than thou art, boy! Would to heaven that all here would follow thine example! I for one, will do so, and think no more of these strange things than if they

were but the whisperings of the wind through the trees Drink, good youth, drink!'

Ferdinand filled a cup, and drank to his lord, and the next minute the count rose again, exclaiming,

Now to bed, to bed We must all be up by cock-crow for our preparations I will sup in the old hall to-morrow, if all the devils on the earth or under it should be its tenants

And thus saying he left the room followed quickly by Ferdinand, who did not choose to undergo the questionings of his comrades The others remained for a few minutes, shaking the wise head and commenting gravely and then by threes and fours quitted the hall and retired to rest but there was much oil burned in the Castle of Ehrenstein that night

THE RETURN FROM BATTLE

BY MRS TONSONLY

' Open the window, mother dear! let the bright sunshine in
The joyous shout would ring near I hear the trumpet's din
Uncle's the customs round my bed the air is soft and mild,
Oh! mother, throw the casement wide! Be still, be still, my child

I love to see the soldiers pass in all their proud array
Then glancing specs their prancing steeds their banners broad and gay
I love to see the soldiers pass— Thou canst not see them now,
Thy chamber window is too high—thy couch of pain too low

' Then, mother tell me who returns as rank by rank they come
Does my dear father fill his place? comes my young brother home?
Ah! mother I can see your brow flush with a sudden joy
' Yes, God be praised! my husband come—home comes my noble boy!

' The men it seems have all passed by loud peals the trumpet's strain
I hear the chargers clattering hoofs oh, mother! look again
Dost thou not see our gallant guards? do they not proudly ride?
Our valiant emperor at their head, my lover by his side

Barchaded rides our emperor methinks I see him now
His casque of steel and burnished gold hangs at his saddle-bow
Barchaded too my lover rides he lifts his standard high,
The conquering eagles soar aloft, the silken streamers fly

I let me rise and braid my hair, my weariness is past,
The languor leaves my beating brow my strength is coming fast,
And I shall live,—for *he* returns to lead me forth again
When summer dews and cooling airs shall soothe my burning pain

" On, mother mother! do not pause the sunlight blinds mine eyes
I see the banners waving high—on high the eagle flies
Oh mother! mother! is he there? My child, I look in vain,
But lay thee down and take thy rest, for he may come again

No mother, no! thy cheek is pale I know you look in vain,
My dear one lies in distant land, he never may come again
Mother! I sink—I faint—I die—my hope my life is o'er!
' Yes, faint, my child! and die, my child! thy lover comes no more "



CÆSAR BORGIA
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS"



CHAPTER IV

'I blame not him who discredits, for indeed, with the proof in my hand, myself could doubt it — *Truth's Troubles*

'GRAMMERCY, our Lady!—grumercy, good sir monk!—fie to be a monk with an arm like thine, which could bear down a stand of pikes! exclaimed Sir Reginald panting for breath and unclasping his gorget.

My cousin fair Alice, must surely be praying for me now to bring thee so in the very nick.'

Your horse, sir knight, is in this instance the wiser animal of the two: he feels the danger coming: replied the monk hurriedly. 'The torrent wind! the torrent wind!—call to your companions to make to the shelter of the rocks on this side for I see it is tearing up the water along the whole line of the river to the left!

Singular as was this intimation, the commanding tones and gestures of the monk induced Le Beaufort to act as if he clearly understood the nature of the approaching danger. He shouted and waved to his friends to quit the centre of the stream and join him behind the projecting rocks to which the Dominican had forced his course to retreat. They had barely time to act upon the counsel ere a rushing roar louder than the noise of the cataract, which seemed as if the mountains were rending in an earthquake broke upon their hearing. Rider and horse stiffened alike with amazement and terror, for while the air where they stood was scarcely sufficient to lift the manes of their horses a whirlwind of prodigious violence which must have hurried them over the abyss, had they stood in its line of advance, roared along the left shore of the river and drove the waters before it like a herd of snow white bulls rushing over each other in mad confusion. Wind and waves thundered on to the edge of the cataract, where a singular phenomenon, sometimes observed in the mountainous regions of the north, took place. The wind, pursuing its impetuous career over the torrent, cleared away the mist which overhung it, in a circle, and for a few moments revealed a scene of great beauty and grandeur. The torrent might be seen foaming wildly down among vast rocks until it reached the bed of a river which flowed through a narrow but richly wooded valley formed by an amphitheatric of rocks the bases in their turn of mountains which towered above until lost in blue sublimity. The amphitheatric opening directly in front revealed an immense plain, bounded only by the Mediterranean the waters of which were distinctly visible, rolling of a dark violet hue against the bright line of the sunset.

Midway down the ravine through which the torrent thundered although the eye at first scarcely noticed it, the rocks projected and receded in such a manner as to allow space and verge for the monastery of which our travellers were in search. A wall running round the edge of some cliffs and two old gray towers, were all that was visible of it among the windings of the rocks and the shadows of the overhanging pine and beech trees. A bridge formed by a single arch, bare and undefended spanned a narrow neck which the opposite cliffs formed below the monastery, and no other means of approach could be discerned. But the whole landscape vanished almost immediately for when the whirlwind had passed the mists again arose in their cloudy masses.

'They will feel this wind ere many hours elapse on the sea' said the Dominican, as if following with his gaze the career of the tempestuous visitor.

'The Holy Virgin have pity on mariners then,' said Le Beaufort, crossing himself.

And on all men all need it, returned the monk.

'Surely the devil rode in it, with his whole sabbath of witches' continued the astonished English knight. "But how, brother, by what rare gift did you behold this wind coming?"

'Nay 'tis a four footed beast that sees the wind,' replied the monk somewhat churlishly for he spoke without the least appearance of jocularity.

'Holds the proverb true of your red Italian pig' said the knight good naturedly smiling. "Howbeit I am your debtor and I pray you take this gold chain of thirty links, and hang it on your holiest shrine an offering from Reginald Le Beaufort. Nay 'tis no unlawful plunder, but a reward given me by the noble Duke of Ferrara that day his son and I kept the lists at Fossombrone against all comers, for one mortal rise and set without once being worsted. What ails the man that he will not take it?"

I am a humble brother of the beatified Dominic, and not of the Cuthusians, who inhabit this solitude to whose saint your offering is due, replied the Dominican, glancing at his white habit. 'But you may well mistake these bedabbled robes for russet. From Ferrara' Methought your Italian rung with a touch of the tramontane non in it. You and these gentlemen are doubtless of France.'

"St George forbid, or that I should mate with catiffs who fly at the blast of an English trumpet, as if it were Roland's" exclaimed Sir Reginald. 'And foul fall the day when any Englishman shames to say as I would in the world's teeth—I am one. These gentlemen my friends, are worthily approved Italian knights, belonging to the Duke of Ferrara.'

"How say you, sir" when one is a black knight of St John, the other an ecclesiastic, exclaimed the monk.

"True, I had forgotten, my brains are whirling on a mill wheel" muttered the English knight confusedly, and the canon who had several times made an effort to break the conversation, although the roar of the waters prevented his hearing distinctly what was said, hastened to the rescue.

"We are all on a holy vow to the jubilee" he said. 'But methinks we shall be staved, or blown to death, or murdered by ban-

ditti, on the road, unless some Christian will guide us in mercy to a shelter

The priestly knight's hood was blown back by the wind, in his rapid advance, and the Dominican surveyed him as it seemed with a particular degree of attention from the depths of the cowl in which his own countenance was so completely shaded as almost to baffle scrutiny. But the singularly fiery gleam of his eyes, the haggard outline of the features duskyly discernible, his great stature, and the musical depth and sweetness of his voice, were potent challenges to curiosity.

I will do my endeavour, for I seek some such matter myself brother, returned the monk. "More especially as—but that it is well known that Monsignor Don Alfonso has crossed the Alps I could almost have dreamed, despite that sacred habit, that I beheld the prince himself in the weeds of a knight hospitaller."

Nay there are many gentlemen in Italy who resemble the good Duke Ficcol, for I never heard that he was a hater of the fair," said Messer Bembo, hastily interposing. "But prithee how is this convent to be reached for we have already been disappointed in a castle where we had made up our minds to sup and sleep," but man proposes—the proverb rhymes.

"But is such not often true, or where are we to look for refuge?" replied the Dominican, in a mournful and musing tone. "I was seeking a path in these rocks by which to descend to the valley below the torrent, in which the convent is situated when I heard your horses struggles. But there is a truer proverb than yours, Messer Canonico—that, what strips the sheep clothes the hedge, for 'tis an extreme misfortune to a noble gentleman which has brought me hither to be your guide."

What hath happened, I pray you?" said the canon, with great eagerness.

I bear news which will spread a general consternation in Rome," replied the Dominican. "A most noble gentleman of the Orsini family, passing through these mountains with few attendants, on a secret mission, 'tis said, from the confederated barons to our Holy Father, has been seized by banditti and his retinue murdered. Yesterday, returning from Loretto I was surprised by a party of the same band who would have forced me to grant them absolution."

And you refused, brother?" interrupted Bembo, startled at the magnanimity of the deed.

Yea, though they threatened to roast my feet off at a slow fire," replied the Dominican, calmly. "Finding that I was inflexible, they offered me my liberty on condition that I took a message from them to Rome demanding a ransom of ten thousand gold crowns for their prisoners redemption. At first I refused, whereupon they blindfolded and led me to some cavern in these rocks, known only to themselves where they have confined the Orsino. After showing him to me at a distance, chained to a rock, in which was sculptured a colossal crucifixion, the captain of the robbers, or disbanded soldiers for I know not which they are, swore to me that until some messenger, and but one, returned with the ransom, the unfortunate gentleman should neither taste of food nor drink, were it to be but one day or all time."

"Monsters without faith, hope, or charity!" exclaimed Messer Bembo.

"Why then pause you even for an instant, brother?" said the Knight of St John

"It is not long since they released me, after vainly attempting to move them to mercy, and, as I have told you, I cannot find the way to the valley below," replied the monk

"Can you not guide us to the place where these banditti await their ransom, I bear one in my scabbard," said Le Beaufort, with his characteristic impetuosity

"Your ancestors indeed, have fought at great odds, but not as one to forty," said the Dominican

"We are more than muster here," replied Le Beaufort "A wind of my horn summons twenty stout fellows, whose flesh hath borne iron so long, that it something partakes of its qualities

"It were in vain, the brigands know all the passes of these mountains, and could easily elude our search and would perhaps murder their prisoner in their rage," said the Dominican "But I will tell you a strange imagination which haunts me How we entered the cavern I cannot divine, they bandaged me high up in the mountains and when they suffered me to remove the fillet, I found myself in a craggy cleft, overlooking the hollow rocks which form the cave But I noticed a yawning mouth of granite at one extremity and from the foaming clouds which every moment rushed in, and the minute uproar I imagined that it was below the fall of some torrent Moreover, the crucifixion helped to kindle my suspicions

'Suspicious brother in so blessed a sign' interrupted the canon

'Hear me out master canon' said the Dominican in the same imperturbable narrative tone 'The disciple of St Bruno, who three hundred years ago founded a convent of his order in these mountains, was an anchorite who abode in a cavern over which this torrent falls—a blessed silence compared with the distracting tumults of the world With his own hands he struck a crucifixion out of the solid rock which is recorded among the good deeds which enabled the church to canonize him among her triumphant warriors He died one night alone in his cell and when the Carthusians came to bury him, they found that his body was gone and only a heavenly perfume remained as if angels had been there Many pious pilgrims came to visit the cave, but as no other means of entering it were known but by passing through the cataract, so many lost their lives in the attempt that it was at length forbidden by a papal bull to make it Yet, I cannot help thinking there must be some secret entry to the cave, which the Carthusians may have concealed as there were rumours roused that the saintly founder was assassinated on account of the extreme severity of his government and which the robbers may have accidentally discovered'

"'Tis a strange tale, indeed to be true," said Messer Bembo with a slight sneer "But if matters stand thus, I would advise you to hasten on your journey to Rome"

'The Orsini have good reasons for keeping their treasures out of Rome and I doubt if, even in this exigency and to redeem the heir of their great house, they could raise ten thousand gold crowns anywhere nearer than Venice—too late to save the young lord from his menaced doom!' returned the monk, eyeing the Hospitaller with keen attention

"The heir of the Orsini—what, Signor Paolo?" exclaimed the

latter with visible interest, adding in a colder tone "Why, since the Borgias intend him for their son in law the rusty ducats of the Vatican will surely be forthcoming were the sum ten times to be told"

The monk laughed, but it was gloomily and derisively, without the least tinge of mirth

"If you listen to the little birds singing an' they be wise, ye will hear them say little on that matter" he said "'Tis known what remarkable love the Borgias have as yet shown to their sons in law, and I see not why they should display less tenderness towards one who is also the great strength of their rebels against them, whose subtlety, if any can above ground, matches their own"

'In the plain vulgar tongue, brother of St Dominic, tell us what you mean' adjured the canon, with a bewildered stare

'Moreover Duke Valentino is at Fienza, carrying on his siege there, and the Pope is not so headstrong and fierce as of old, and does nothing without direction,' returned the monk apparently avoiding a direct answer

"Is not Cæsar's lieutenant, Don Remiro that wolf of justice who hath so nigh extirpated the Black Bands, to be found in Romagna" said the Hospitaller "Tut tut, there is always a long stream of blood flowing from his abode whereby to find him

Force were of no avail they will flee and take their secret with them," replied the Dominican "Moreover, Paolo is probably at this moment dying of cold, hunger, and terror, in the dismal cavern below But I marvel not that friends to the Duke of Ferrara should be willing to let his son's rival perish, even by so terrible a doom"

"Now, by our Lady's tears at the cross, I will not leave these mountains until I have redeemed Paolo Orsino, or shared his fate, exclaimed the generous Hospitaller with sudden vehemence

'And as we are the very cow and calf of knighthood, by the same, I will not leave you until this matter be determined,' said Sir Reginald and, raising his horn, he blew a cheerful blast but he had no great occasion for that expenditure of breath, as the men at arms wearied and alarmed at the long delay, came straggling into sight

"It is a profane and heathen tempting of Providence, a wicked oath from which I absolve you both" said the canon infinitely alarmed, but without heeding his dehortation, the knights entreated the monk to endeavour to recollect if he had no clue by which to guide them to the abut possessed by the robbers He shook his head mournfully

"Then let us even take the blessed saint's own way, and clamber up the torrent," said the gallant English knight

'It is possible the Carthusians may have some tradition left, which may be easier to follow than you might find it to climb a rope of water,' replied the Dominican "At all events, the night is coming, and you will need torches Moreover, your armour must be laid aside in such an attempt, for it requires the liness of the serpent to glide among those slippery chasms, where a false step is perdition Therefore let us in the first place find out our way to the monastery,—and yonder methinks—nay, 'tis certain—is the cleft for which I have been searching so long"

CHAPTER V

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes"—*Macbeth*

The sun was now completely set, and the shadows of the rocks had shifted, so that some which had been concealed projected, and others vanished into darkness. A red glare down a pile of massy rocks crowned with pines of immense height, the trunks of which were so weather stained as to seem of old rusty iron, revealed a steep and very narrow defile, which after ascending for a short time, apparently broke off abruptly in mid air.

But on reaching the summit, under guidance of the Dominican, the travellers found that the path continued, descending through a sloping forest, which clothed the sides of one of those wild sierras. Thence, by a winding succession of precipices over the torrent, they emerged on a species of platform of bare rocks, on which one side of the bridge rested.

To cross this bridge, which was scarcely wide enough for a single passenger, which had no parapet, and which seemed to shake with the thunder of the cataract, whose white waves rolled at a ghastly depth below, appeared scarcely a possible feat for a horseman. But Le Beaufort, laughing at the canon's exclamations of terror, set spurs to his horse, and crossed the bridge at a gallop, waving his hand in triumph when he reached the opposite ledge. The Knight of St John followed more leisurely, but with even greater coolness, for he checked his steed in the centre of the bridge, and surveyed the cataract with calm attention.

The waters, rushing in a vast body over the highest pile of rocks, fell in one headlong sheet to another which jutted considerably, and on which they dashed themselves into a sea of foam, rolling over in a hundred separate torrents, which in their turn were flung and torn to pieces on the precipices they encountered in their descent. The hollow darkness below the projecting rocks of the second fall, marked the entrance to the cavern, but the Hospitaller's attention was caught by a strange red glow on the impetuous waters which rolled over it as if from some fire within. As he gazed it died out, and he was left in doubt whether it was an illusion of his imagination, or some phenomenon peculiar to those volcanic regions.

Meanwhile the canon was shouting lustily to him to cross and leave the way clear, for although in mortal trepidation, there was no resource but to follow. The canon's mule took the bridge steadily, while he himself endeavoured by stretching both arms to assist in keeping the balance. But whether from the force of imitation, or from some good reason of its own, the mule paused directly in the centre of the bridge, and in spite of all the canon's earnest entreaties and caresses, for he dared not provoke it to open mutiny by blows, would not stir a single inch until William of Bampton, who followed, pricked it boldly in the haunch with his spear. Setting its tail, and uttering a shrill cry, the

mule then tremblingly advanced, and, by slow degrees, during which the canon crossed himself a hundred times, they reached terra firma in safety. The men at arms followed in an orderly file.

The Dominican brought up the rear, and as the twilight had now deepened into darkness, the knights awaited his passage with some anxiety. Both the Hospitaller and Sir Reginald perceived him reach the middle of the bridge, where he too halted, as if struck with some object before him, to which he visibly pointed. The knights looked in the direction indicated, and again observed the mysterious glare lighting up the torrent with extreme splendour, for an instant. When they looked round, the monk had disappeared.

All united in declaring that he had not crossed the bridge, neither had any one observed him return, or fall. Exceedingly alarmed and surprised, the two leaders dismounted and crossed over the bridge in search of their guide, but could discern no traces of him, nor obtain any reply to the shouts with which they almost overpowered the unceasing roar of the waters. If he had fallen over, he must certainly have been instantly dashed to pieces, and his shattered carcass hurried away by the rapid stream. But those black depths denied all means of ascertaining, and the only contrary hope which they could devise, was that the monk had taken panic at the prospect of the enterprise in which he had engaged them, and had withdrawn from any share in its prosecution. With this thought, however, mingled a superstitious feeling which although none avowed, all felt and which both the appearance and disappearance of the stranger were well calculated to excite.

Engaged in sombre rumination on their adventure, the travellers at length proceeded on their way, guided by the distant chaunt of the Carthusians at vesper, and reached a massive gate between two high cliffs, formed of slender pine boles welded together with iron. A twisted brass horn finely polished hung as at the drawbridge of some giant's castle in old romance, which, when Sir Reginald blew it, gave out a singularly wild screeching blast, being probably fashioned so as to utter a shrill cry which could be distinguished amidst the noise of the near waters.

There was a short pause, and then an old monk made his appearance after withdrawing two vast wooden bolts. He wore the dull red Carthusian garb, fastened round the waist by a rope to which hung a wooden cross, but true to his obligation of silence, he made no reply to the knights' request to be allowed shelter for the evening, beyond pointing to the monastery which was immediately in front.

With this tacit permission they continued their road, and arrived at a narrow causeway by which they ascended to a still narrower portcullis, above which, piled among the rocks, and sometimes perhaps cut in their substance, arose the monastery. Knocking with their spears at the gate, a monk appeared at the window of a tower above the portcullis, and after reconnoitring, set some machinery in motion, by which the portcullis was raised. They then found themselves in a long narrow yard, cut in the rock, on each side of which were caves artificially excavated, and which were probably intended to be used by travellers as stables. Immediately they had entered, the portcullis was lowered behind them, and having performed this duty, the janitor himself descended.

The monk was a lay brother, and seemed to be exempt from the periodical fit of silence to which the Carthusian rule subjects its members. He received the travellers with bland courtesy, regretted the badness of the accommodations which he had to offer, especially as the best at his disposal were already occupied by a numerous company of soldiers, escorting the ambassador of Florence to Rome. He added, that the prior was at vespers in the chapel, but would see them as soon as he had concluded his devotions, pointed out what premises were unoccupied in the rock stables, and where they might find straw for their horses, and invited the commander to follow him into the monastery forthwith. He then led the way up a very steep succession of stairs, cut at intervals in the rock, and ushered them into the great hall of the convent.

As this apartment had formerly been a natural cavern, it presented an exceedingly gloomy aspect, being of great extent, with windows only on one side, hewn in the solid granite, and set exceedingly deep. It was crossed at intervals by archways, marking the termination of many flights of stairs leading by galleries to the upper parts of the monastery. In the centre of the hall was a long stone table, with benches of the same material immoveably fixed, for they were cut in the rock. A pulpit, supported on a pillar, was similarly sculptured in the wall, from which a monk usually read some passages of the Scriptures or homilies during every meal. Five or six pinewood torches were stuck in holes at far intervals in the granite, and shed a dismal swarthy light the gloom of which was not diminished by the enormous pile of red embers which glowed on the hearth in a cave, or rather chimney, at the extremity of the hall.

The travellers found here the party with whom they were to share the hospitality of the alpine fathers. In addition to several long bearded, silent Carthusians, who were engaged in attendance on their guests, the stone table was occupied by some thirty men at arms, feeding on a kind of black barley bread, cheese, curds and milk. Beside each man crossing the table lay a spear nearly double his own height, its point barbed like a fish hook, so that on being withdrawn from a wound the flesh must be fearfully lacerated. Their armour was at once strong and rich, bright from the smithies of Milan, and apparently manufactured in imitation of the ancient Roman military garb—grooves of polished steel, bare knees, short kilts of quilted steel, breast and back pieces of gleaming plate, helmets surmounted by silver eagles with outspread wings and sun soaring upward gaze. A round shield with a spike in the centre, a short sword, and a massive mace intended to knock those on the head whose armour denied the sword access when overthrown, completed the uniform.

It needed not the additional emblem of Cæsar Borgia's motto encircling the arms of the church in their mantles, to inform the newcomers that they beheld a detachment of the terrible guard of that leader, known throughout Italy for their cruelties and valour. He had selected this body from almost all the nations which battled in Italy, and principally of those whose ferocity and crimes had rendered them outcasts even from the direful armies which disgorged them, and whose wild wolf natures he alone had found it possible to control. Accordingly their complexions presented almost every hue, from the sable Moor to the white haired German, but all were men of great stature,

and remarkable for thew and muscle only to be acquired by lives of toil, and the fierce exercise of war

Seated in a vast wooden chair, a seat of distinction usually appropriated to the superior of the monastery, for all the other seats were stools basking as it were in the warm refulgence of the fire, sat a personage whom this formidable escort attended. He was a man in the prime of life, of a good stature, somewhat spare in flesh, with sharply defined, but handsome Italian features. His eyebrows had an habitual curve downward, as if accustomed to brooding thoughtfulness, the mouth in repose had an expression of singular unhappiness, and yet whenever breaking from this musing calm, the eyes and features lighted up with a satirical and yet jocose brilliancy, and his smile was full of humour and vivacity.

This personage wore a long crimson cloak, probably the ensign of some dignity, for the rest of his garb was of dark velvet, and, for an age delighting in rich garnitures, exceedingly plain. He was apparently amusing himself with watching the gambols of one of those unhappy attendants on ancient grandeur whose office it was to entertain their rude lords with the vagaries of their disordered and reckless wits, whose brightest sparkles indeed were supposed to be caused by the flaw in the understanding as a broken mirror distorts and splinters the light into effects more curious and brilliant than the smoothest surface.

The fool or jester in question, however, was evidently no ordinary member of the hairbrained fraternity. His figure as displayed in his motley garb, was remarkable for its grace and suppleness and although not powerful, and of common height, yet its exceeding limberness and serpent like vivacity of movement would have made even a gladiator pause with the feeling with which the strongest eye any animal of the reptile species ere attacking it. His features, as well as could be ascertained amid the grotesque daubing and patches which covered it, were fine in outline and almost femininely delicate in finish. His mouth might have been called beautiful, but that, when at rest it remained parted with a slight, but very odious expression of blood thirstiness. But the eyes were the most singular, they were set very deeply under his perfectly arched brows, and might without any exaggeration have been compared to diamonds in sparkle and infinite variety of tint — sometimes aglow merely with unmeaning glitter, at others flaming with strange wildness and the multitudinous feverish fancies of a mind diseased.

The jester was busied in playing with or rather teasing two enormous bloodhounds which shared the hearth with him, endeavouring with many antic tricks and allurements to induce them to put their great paws into the hot embers to draw out some chestnuts which he was roasting. The dignitary was so absorbed in laughing at this dangerous sport, that he scarcely noticed the arrival of the new guests, until the clank of armed feet start'ed him. Glancing round, and observing the chivalric strangers, he arose to salute them. The fool stared at them with a lacklustre gaze, and then shaking his shaggy red hair over his face, as if the matter in nowise concerned him, resumed his divertisement with the dogs.

"Have I really the happiness, in this step of my painful pilgrimage, to encounter your worthiness, Messer Machiavelli of Florence?" ex-

claimed the canon, in a tone by no means so joyful as his words, but perceiving that subterfuge would be in vain, and that the ambassador had immediately recognised him

"And if he pleases not your reverence, there is only another to send for," said the jester, pointing downward with a very expressive gesture, then giggling vacantly he stirred the embers with an iron pole kept for the purpose

"Mean you the devil or Cæsar Borgia, lad?" said the ambassador, smiling "But do I behold the mirror of Parnassus, the quintessence of all learning and ingenuity, the Hercules of theology, in the person of Messer Bembo of Ferrara, lean canon of a fat cathedral?" he continued, in a highflown but somewhat ludicrous tone of compliment "If I obtain no other reward for my journey across the Apennines, this is sufficient But surely your party is not so much in favour at Rome, my dear Pietro, as to render a penitential journey thither of any particular advantage to your affairs?"

"I do not go to solicit a benefice, signor," replied the canon rather testily "Neither are faith and good works so altogether out of date as to make mine and these noble knights journey to Rome at this season so marvellous a miracle as to stare a man's eyes out But how chances it that the secretary of the magnificent signory is on his way to the capital of the enemy?"

"We were not the Medici home in the republic, and as all the rest of you are making your peace with the church I see not why we should be so unchristian, not to say so mad, as to hold out alone," replied the ambassador "And thus their magnificences have deputed a plain man to say to the Holy Father But what are the latest news to the north? I warrant they scent as far down the wind at Ferrara as in the Val d'Arno"

"All I know is that I go to Rome for my sins, and on no embassy, unless I find occasion to apologise for our young princes unavoidable journey to France," replied the canon

'Nay, troth, he is better there than with tother Don Alfonso, among the worms," said the jany, staring with his glittering and yet vacant eyes on the Knight of St John

"Why, if you bring your sins to Rome where are all the pretty damsels we might expect to see in your train, master canon?" said the Florentine, laughing

"It makes no matter how many, there is room for all the world at Rome, and his wife as well as paramour" continued the fool "And then if Rome should sink with the weight of you, the bottomless pit would be long in filling, uncle—but, however, they would make room below, for they are very polite people there, as right they should be, being chiefly courtiers and great personages that have left their names in chronicles—such as your king, your great general, your wit, and your poet—folks that would be knocking their heads against the stars"

"But have you faithfully, brother Pietro and schoolfellow, no business in Rome but to do your soul good?" said the Florentine, with an acute gaze

"And if I had, brother Niccolo, I have been your schoolfellow to more purpose than to let my secrets flutter to every wind," replied the canon, with affected cheerfulness "Yet truly I am glad to see you

safe from the lion's den, as I call Monsignor Borgia's camp 'Tis a comfort to remark even one returning claw print in the sand."

"And truly I am sorry to hear this news of your prince's running away from the gorgeous alliance offered him with the Cæsar's sister," replied the Florentine, with a vexed look. "The Orsini will have it all their own way, and if they conclude their marriage—woe to Tuscany."

"Yes, yes, let the bear try what sort of a wedge his paw will make" said the fool, laughing and chuckling. "Did his reverence the fox see aught of the Orsini claws in the sand, when he looked which way the beasts were going?"

"Now, by r Lady, for a fool you have hit well in the bull's eye with a random bolt!" exclaimed Sir Reginald. "Do but hear, Signor Ambassador, what we have discovered, and judge if Cæsar's friends be any safer than his foes."

"Why, what history is this that hath a Miserere before it?" said Messer Machiavelli, with an expression of sudden and strong interest, and even the fool leaned forward, but almost instantly resumed his careless attitude. "Now for a good tale, or let it not be about the Borgia for our palates are high seasoned with the tidings we hear of him at every step," said Machiavelli, with a glance at the jester, who joggled his head about, making the little silver bells ring a very gay and musical peal.

The canon was about to commence the narrative of their late singular adventure, when he was luckily spared the trouble of repeating it to two sets of listeners by the entrance of the prior and a long train of Carthusians, from their devotions. The monks all advanced in solemn silence, their heads sunk humbly on their breasts, the superior himself so worn with vigils and fasts, that his gaunt and powerful form seemed like that of a huge skeleton. He was the only one of the group who uttered any word of welcome to the new guests yet he received them with a grave austerity which could scarcely be called so, and a general air of apathy which age and solitariness might well contract.

Machiavelli abruptly terminated the canon's oratorical request for hospitality by demanding the details of the circumstance relating to the Orsini to which he had alluded. Messer Bembo began a very eloquent narration but Le Beaufort, wearied of his discursive progress, broke in, and told the story in as many words as the former intended to have used sentences. He concluded by requesting the prior to inform him if he knew any means by which the cavern might be searched, and the truth or falsehood of the information they had received ascertained.

"Did ye all dream this at once, or did one fool make many?" said the jester, with a strange laugh of derision. "What needs it, uncle Niccolo, to take me as a present to the pope, when these gentlemen are going of their own accord?"

"A civil tongue keeps a sound skin, fool," said the Florentine significantly.

The prior, whose brows had been gradually darkening, now observed, "All this is impossible, that you have been told—some wandering maniac's dream!" No one among us has ever heard of any other means of access to the saint's cell but through the cataract, in which enterprise so many of the faithful have perished that it has long been prohibited.

"I have heard, when I was a novice," faltered out an ancient monk, bent nearly double with the weight of a hundred years "I have heard what have I heard?—some way to the cave among the rocks Father Ambrosio could have told but he has been dead sixty years and odd, come Candlemas again The winter was very cold, and he had long had a cough—poor man, he died very hard—Amen!—I mean, Saint Guidobald keep his soul "

"Perchance they have seen the Bad One in the likeness of that blessed saint, to put them all on breaking their necks," suggested the jester, with a look of great gravity and deliberation

"The holy hermit, Saint Guidobald!—tis not the first time that men have seen his likeness wandering about the cave where his canonized bones repose," said the centenarian "But he appears only to men in mortal sin, to warn them of their approaching end

"Nay, for he that appeared to us wore not the Carthusian habit but that of learned Dominic," said Messer Bembo, with a shudder "You learn to speak and think very dismally, brother, among these great, sprawling, ghostly pine forests "

"We learn to die," said the prior with melancholy austerity

"Alas! it is an art which we all acquire at the first trial," replied the canon

"What ye took to be the white robes of a Dominican, were in truth, the folds of his shroud in which they wrapped our saint ere the angels came," said the ancient monk, with the obstinate fidelity of age to its opinion

"Then, perchance, Saint Guidobald is at last tired of his neglected grave, and would have his bones brought to the monastery, to be enshrined and work miracles like another," said the Florentine

"Deem you so, signor?" returned the prior, obviously struck with a fancy which chimed in harmoniously with the dominant ideas of the age "And truly, as to bandits—none have been seen or heard of since Don Remiro was podesta of Romagna, for they must all either hang or enlist under the duke's banner "

"But we saw with our own eyes the carcasses of the Orsino's men, on the spot where was once Jacopo Savelli's castle!" exclaimed Le Beaufort The prior looked at him somewhat incredulously and then observed, "If it be so, let us wait till daylight, for else it were dangerous lest the robbers resist "

"To night, to night! not a single instant will I delay," said the Hospitaller, impetuously "To-morrow may be too late, they may remove or slay him Let every Christian man among you take a torch and follow me!"

"What say you, fool, is not this an enterprise for thee to meddle in?" said Messer Niccolo

"Nay, I will look on and see fair play, strike away, boys, ye cannot hurt me," returned the buffoon, with a listless yawn

"If you are resolved, our brothers shall lend you such assistance as may be," said the prior, "but you will find your undertaking is impossible "

"Let us then to work, and I pledge my knighthood we will do no thing that is impossible, father," said Le Beaufort, himself setting the example by snatching a blazing branch from the fire Even the good Carthusians awakened from their usual apathy, and set to work with

eagerness to kindle torches, and the ambassador's escort looked at him with the eyes of hounds in the leash.

"Yea, since all Christians are to be aiding, let your cutthroats loose, uncle," said the fool, and it seemed they needed no farther permission but riotously joined in the enterprise. All the conventuals, except such as were disabled by extreme age, also followed the knights to the yard where the English soldiers were engaged in stabling their horses, leaving the ambassador and his fool nearly alone in the hall.

"Come, master, let us be mad with the rest, 'tis not enough to be fools this weather," said the jester, after pausing for some moments as if in thought, and seizing the ambassador's long cloak, he danced fantastically after him down the hall, as if officiating as a train bearer.

Messer Niccolo seemed to take little notice of his elvish attendant, until they had passed the outer gate of the monastery, and beheld the glare and smoke of the torches vanishing and appearing in the windings of the rocks which descended to the bed of the torrent. He then paused, and turning with a smile of unutterable meaning to the jester and changing his tone to one of profound respect—"What says your grace?" he observed in a low voice. "Will this turn out aught but a sick man's dream?"

"I shall begin to believe in miracles, Niccolo, an' it do, I that deal in them!" replied the other, in a tone of sarcastic levity. "Migueloto seldom half does his work, he has but one vice which is not useful to me—he is avaricious, Niccolo, avaricious!"—But he is a sponge which when full I may, perchance, take a fancy to squeeze into my treasury for without money, Niccolo, without money we can do little good in this world. Let us take our seat on the bridge, and watch these fools tumble down the precipices. But where are my hounds?—Ho, Sylla and Marius!"

They are gone with the rest, they scarcely know you in your fool's garb, my lord, said the Florentine.

"If I thought the fiend would not, I would sooner die in it than in a monk's," returned the jester, but he seemed scarcely pleased with the desertion of his dogs, and whistled and called them for some time in vain ere he appeared to think it was so. Meanwhile Messer Niccolo had quietly quitted the path followed by the torch bearers, and turned into that which led to the bridge.

CHAPTER VI

THE DISCOVERY

Commanding a view of the whole scene of operations, the ambassador and his jester could scarcely have chosen a better point whence to contemplate them than the centre of the bridge, which spanned the river like an arch of darkness. The noise of the torrent made conversation difficult, but neither seemed much inclined to indulge in it, both watching with interest for the appearance of the explorers. All was as yet darkness below, for although the sky was perfectly clear and set with innumerable stars, its feeble shine could not penetrate those mighty depths.

"'Tis a grim height," said the jester, after a pause, during which he seemed to be calculating the possibilities of success in the enterprise.

"And this were no ill place to be alone with one's enemy, 'tis so easy to slip accidentally. Why look you so stealthily at me, Niccolo? I know thou art my friend."

"Monsignor, I was but considering, that even with all the advantages of suddenness and treachery, such sports might be dangerous," replied the Florentine. "But Signor Paolo was your friend too, at least you embraced him and called him your brother."

"Why, so he meant to be," replied the jester calmly.

"I see not into the depths of this policy very clearly," continued the Florentine. "At this time, when it is of so much consequence to your lordship to conciliate the Orsini and their faction, to destroy him on his way to Rome with proposals of peace?"

"I will destroy them all either by force or fraud, fair weapons both against their treachery and rebellion," returned the jester fiercely. "Were it the sea, I would empty it drop by drop rather than sit down and fold my hands in despair. Moreover, can I prevent men that travel as they deem by stealth without adequate attendance, from being murdered by banditti? Know you not, that he departed for Rome rather by my father's invitation than by my will? And shall I tamely lose the recompense of all my toils because an old man grows timorous and full of fantasy?"

"Indeed if Donna Lucrezia should wed an Orsini, the barons must be restored to their usurpations," returned the ambassador.

"And what were then my dukedom of Romagna?" a trumpet sound full of bravery without substance, said the jester, tossing his false hair impatiently back from his eyes.

"And where were then your kingdom of Italy?" continued the politic Florentine in a low but very emphatic tone.

"You jest with me, Niccolo, but fate shall not!" replied the motley, with a fierce sparkle of his brilliant eyes, and clutching his delicate hand as if it already held the sceptre. "I would I could see again that withered old wizard of Padua, half madman as he was, who was wont to assist me when, being a visionary school boy at Pisa, I studied the magic art while our long bearded masters imagined I was lost in the dust of Augustine and Bernard!"

"He did show you a vision, methinks, I have heard it said, in a murmur formed of one vast amethyst?" inquired Messer Machiavelli in a slightly mocking tone. "At least so it is vulgarly reported in Italy, and that the skilful greybeard was the devil himself. But now they appear! Look how their torches light up the waters like a hot stream of hell!"

"Didst thou go thither to school, that thou rememberest it as clearly as Dante, Niccolo?" replied the motley. "Yea, and with as yearning a melancholy as a Swiss clown the green valleys and snow-diademed hills of his land? But what do the peasants prattle that the wizard showed to me by his felonious art?"

"A skeleton in a royal crown and mantle, offering to your kneeling form his sceptre," returned the ambassador.

"It is false, and I will bake him in a furnace him who says so!" exclaimed the motley with fierce vivacity. "It was a shadow wearing the imperial crown and mantle of Charlemagne, as we see his effigies in the chronicle books, offering me his sceptre and sword twisted together in the likeness of a serpent."

"Your grace has read the lesson then, well!" replied Machiavelli.

"And I know thou thinkest that thy master has learned thee all his tricks, being his favourite pupil, as the ancient boxer taught his," said the jester with a peculiar smile. "Yet beware that, like him, he has not reserved one which may foil thee at last. Yet when I have made my crown something more than this fool's bauble which I wear Niccolo, my subtle Niccolo—when I am Cæsar indeed, what shalt thou not be to me?"

"Thy Brutus!" replied the Florentine, with a peculiar flashing glance at his companion.

"My Sejanus, thou meanest rather dear Niccolo," said the motley, with a smile in which lurked a dark and deep underthought, "for thou art ever ill at comparisons."

Machiavelli made no reply, beyond raising his furred cap half ironically as if accepting the office and reverted his eye to the spectacle below, keeping however, a sidelong note of his companion's movements. The great mass of light, now brought to bear, revealed a grandly picturesque and singular scene. Along the bed of the stream leaping from rock to rock in the rapid waters, appeared the knights and men at arms and the Carthusians with their shaggy beards, all waving their torches shouting to each other and peering among the rocks forming the bosom of the gulf which received the torrent in its tempestuous overflow. Under this illumination the waves flow and eddied in wide streams of silver, and the cascade sparkled in infinite showers of diamonds.

But it seemed that the search led to no result, and the jester laughed aloud when, gathering into such groups as the rocks permitted, it was even apparent to those above that they were engaged in despairing consultation. But while gazing thus, both the ambassador and his attendant started at a play of crimson light from the mouth of the cave before them. It vanished instantly but was evidently noticed by the throng below, for they raised a shout which rang above the confused roar of the torrent.

"There is murder,*surely, in yonder cave, that will out," said the Florentine with a slight shudder, and an acute glance at his companion.

"Murder hath no skill at kindling fires to guide men to his haunts, that ever I heard, replied the jester, coldly. "However it be, they must needs retire, and have their labour for their pains."

"Yet wherefore are the knights stripping off their armour?—what can be meant?" returned the ambassador. "See you, the grim English squire is taking his lord's cushions, and the canon is wringing his hands—what has he done with his torch?"

"Let it drop in the waves—I saw it go hissing down the current," replied the motley. "But where are the hounds?"—I do fear their instinct more than these men's reason."

"Now, by St Julian! the madmen intend to climb yon slippery precipices!" exclaimed Machiavelli. "See you, sir?—they take opposite sides of the cataract—well leaped, fool of the sun!—he is a whole rock above his compeer. Hark! how he laughs and waves his hand in triumph!—San Zanobi, it cannot be so difficult as we imagine hence to climb those rocks!—See how contentiously they keep pace with

each other! All the fiends! they mount as if they had scaling ladders!"

'No, no—ha ha!—look, yonder fellow slips—slides—the holy knight!—he will be dashed to pieces—well, what is that to thee or me, Niccolo!—ha, he has caught by yonder drooping water larch!—he is safe now, ejaculated the motley, watching the hazardous descent of the Hospitaller, whose feet had slipped among the precipices and who only saved himself from falling the whole height which he had ascended by clutching at a dwarf pine which grew out of a cleft in the precipices. As it was only with extreme difficulty and at imminent hazard of being engulfed beneath the masses of water, did he gradually regain the bed of the river.

Where is the English savage now?' exclaimed the motley, after watching with breathless attention the perilous descent.

'He is lost in the cloudy foam!—there, there!—see you him not, like a sea gull in a storm!' returned Messer Niccolo.

'Would the other were where he stands!'—I like his face the worse of the two, said the jester. 'And truly he intends to follow finding that destruction could not meet him on the other side!—but he is not so lithe of limb!—he has slipped three times! Now, by the fisher man's keys! the English madman stands upon the rock before us—drenched and drowned as a rat; and yet with but a leap to place him in the cavern's mouth or in the ravine below! By heaven his glorious courage makes me wish him success, though it be to save one of that detested brood!'

'The rock trembles beneath his feet he means to leap!—Sir knight! tis madness—return!' shouted Messer Niccolo.

'Let us not grieve too much he will leave inheritors, no doubt said the jester relapsing into his usual tone. "But look you—he dares not—he hesitates—he dares not!—nor any man in his senses, the mere weight of the water would beat him down."

It seemed as if those below also perceived the desperate position and design of Le Beaufoit. The Carthusians set up a confused misereere the Hospitaller, the canon, and all the men-at-arms joined in wild shouts to him not to attempt the infinitely dangerous leap before him. They saw him wave his hand exultingly, as if he discerned some advantage which they could not below—and he leaped!

The Florentine closed his eyes with a shudder, but opened them at an exclamation from his companion, not of horror but of extreme surprise. The mysterious light again arose, and by its glare the figure of the knight appeared as if within a wall of water formed by the curve which the cataract made in pouring over the upper rocks.

'He will be murdered doubtless the moment he enters, some will be there to do the honours of the cave, if one may judge by yonder light!' said the motley, hurriedly.

The figure of the knight disappeared.

There was another pause of profound and aghast silence, and then the Hospitaller was observed rushing rather than climbing up the rocks, followed by the English soldiers. But the latter, embarrassed with their armour, could make but little progress, although animated by the most resolute desperation at the disappearance of their young leader. Anon the Hospitaller reached the projection from which his brother-in-arms had leaped, which was separated only by a chasm of

rouing water from the marble buttress which broke the torrent into its first fall

"What ails him"—dires he not follow?" said Machiavelli breathlessly. And now look you he is bending forward as if listening to some one speaking within the cavern!"

"Perchance 'tis the knight yelling for aid!" said he of the motley leaping forward as if he too would endeavour to catch the sound. "And now the priest hath got the better of the soldier in him!" mark how like a man pursued by wolves he is hurrying down the precipices as if tempting fate to pitch his headlong into death!"

"He has joined them—tells a breathless tale—and see you they are all rushing to the rocks on your side!" said the Florentine whose companion was seated a little further on the bridge towards the shore opposite to the convent. At this instant the deep bay of bloodhounds discovering a scent was heard

"What has happened?" exclaimed the motley hurriedly and gazing intently below. Men at arms and monks seemed alike rushing in delirious excitement over the shallow river, and vanishing rapidly one after the other in a dark fissure of the rocks.

"My life on it they have discovered the saint's road to his hermitage!" exclaimed Machiavelli.

"Migueloto, if thou hast deceived me!" muttered the jester springing up like a startled tiger and leaping with the agility of the same animal over the Florentine who still lay on the bridge he hurried down the rocks. Messer Niccolo followed more leisurely, but the jester continued to hasten along striding with such rapidity that on reaching the shore he heavily overthrew Messer Bembo who was wringing his wet clothes and distractedly chanting a hymn of thanksgiving.

"What is discovered? what hath happened?" exclaimed the Florentine.

Messer Bembo could merely point to the opposite rocks, and then he laughed hysterically, wiping the tears from his eyes at the same time.

The humble jester waited not to learn what might be the precise cause of this excitement. He vaulted from stone to stone across the river and reached a yawning fissure in the rocks up which the glare of light, the distant shouts, and the continued howl of the hounds convinced him that there was a way discovered. This passage in the rock had probably existed ever since the earthquake which had left a way for the torrent itself and ascended in a frightful zigzag sometimes completely closed in by a kind of natural arch of huge marble blocks, at others cloven to a vast height so as to admit a pale streak of light. After winding as it seemed for a great way through the dark entrails of the mountain the passage terminated in the cavern below the torrent.

A singular spectacle awaited the gaze of the eager jester. The cavern was of great extent composed of enormous masses of rock tossed together in chaotic confusion, and glittering all over in the blaze of the innumerable torches as if with serpents of coloured light, so singularly brilliant and twisted were the stalactites and petrifications which clustered on it. One rock indeed there was in which a strong effort of the imagination might shape some resemblance to a crucifixion. Fastened to this by an iron rivet, a chain, and a belt round his waist, lay the figure of a man palpitating and struggling like a fallen horse

while the two knights, the Carthusians, and the men-at-arms, in a delirium of excitement, were endeavouring to break the massive links with blows, with their teeth with exertions of main strength! Some embers of dry drift wood still burned near the prisoner, and had probably been the means by which he kindled the flames which had encouraged his deliverers to his aid, and but just in time, to judge by the cadaverous paleness of his face. The two hounds, which had evidently been beaten from the [redacted] stood licking their jaws and howling at a distance

THE MOORS AND THE STUBBLE,

OR THE

12TH OF AUGUST AND 1ST OF SEPTEMBER

By FREDERIC TOITREY,

Author of the "Sportsman in France," and "Sportsman in Canada"

THERE are two great days in the year—a pair of goodly anniversaries. With reverence and devotion do we hail their coming and confessing as we do to have been born under the influence of a shooting star we welcome with an intensity and earnestness which none but the real sportsman can appreciate, the advent of the 12th of August and 1st of September.

No annual epochs birthdays not excepted are looked forward to with such irrepressible delight and joyful anticipation by the enthusiastic shooter. These national anniversaries are held as sacred by every true knight of the trigger. As the 30th of January is by her Majesty's servants of the patent theatres.

From time immemorial the 12th of August has been a day of destruction to the grouse, and the crusade against the partridges invariably commences with us on the 1st of September.

We have watched with no little attention and anxiety for some years past the operation of the Game Laws. They have undergone revision by the legislature on more than one occasion, and Heaven knows at the present day they require amendment more than ever. The game bill, as it now stands, has not effected the purpose for which it was enacted, viz., the annihilation of poaching.

Has not the Bill on the contrary, materially assisted the poacher in carrying on his nefarious trade, by affording him an open market for his unlawful spoil? No doubt the sale of game is extremely convenient to some bankrupt landed proprietors, and by such needy gentlemen the present game laws are viewed with indifference, for so long as they can covertly supply Leadenhall market, they will tacitly lend their aid to uphold this unsportsmanlike legislative enactment.

Let any person, sportsman or not, examine the greater part of the game exposed for sale in the shops of this metropolis, he will then find that nine birds out of ten, and hares in the same ratio have not fallen by the gun, as he will not be able to discover the marks of shot, or those imprinted by the teeth of a dog, for on inspection it will be evident that the birds have been netted and the hares wired.

It is but too well known that the poachers adopt these methods of

ensnaring game, and game so taken being comparatively uninjured the poulterer will give a longer price for it, in consequence of the birds not spoiling so soon as when brought down by the gun. The Act, therefore, as it now stands instead of counteracting the system of wholesale plunder affords it every facility, and to all intents and purposes encourages it, and it is an indisputable and undeniable fact that ever since the present Act was passed, poaching has increased in a frightful degree.

One of our oldest and best sportsmen has taken up the subject, and in the House, as well as in a pamphlet remarkable for good writing and an admirable analysis of the law, has suggested the only effectual remedy for the existing evils, and we, in common with every sportsman in the kingdom most devoutly hope that the hints and advice so forcibly and clearly offered by Mr Grantley Berkeley will meet with the attention they deserve and that the case demands.

We would with submission suggest that a discretionary power should be vested in the magistrates of every county to regulate the commencement of the shooting season according to circumstances.

In this variable climate it may so happen that the harvest is not over on the 1st of September and in all backward and unpropitious summers when cold or rain has retarded the process of incubation, the birds or rather "cheepers" ought to have a respite for three weeks or a month.

They manage matters differently and decidedly better, in France. In every *'commune'* or district of every *'departement'*, or county on the other side of the channel the mayor is empowered to postpone the *'ouverture de la chasse'* if the whole of the corn from off every farm and estate within his jurisdiction is not safely garnered. Consequently there is not any fixed period for the 'opening day' and we hold this to be a very wise and wholesome regulation. We have lived much in France, and have had frequent opportunities of observing the benefits resulting from this judicious law. In certain localities more favoured than others and with the natural advantages of superior soil and propitious climate, the campaign is permitted to commence on the 1st, but it more frequently happens that the day fixed upon for exterminating the partridges is postponed until the middle of the month.

During a short residence in Upper Normandy, in the year 1841, we had the opportunity of enjoying four "first days" consecutively in four different districts or parishes. The 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, were the several "firsts of September," as an Irishman would say, and even then some patches of grain were still standing. This was in the neighbourhood of St Aubin not far from the upper "grande route" leading from Yvetot to Havre. As we have already remarked, climate soil and local peculiarities should be taken into consideration and it is little short of folly to establish as a rule, and authorize by law, the commencement of the shooting season on a particular day all over England. It is an oversight, to say the least and one that should be looked to, for it does not require a conjuror to tell us that there are many degrees of difference as well as difference of degrees between the climate of Devonshire and that of Northumberland or Yorkshire, and that when the harvest is over in the one county the sickle is not even in requisition or thought of in the others.

We do not hesitate to assert that nine years out of ten we shoot

too early and our opinion has been formed in that best of all schools—experience. We have no little pride in stating that in this we are borne out by that emperor of sportsmen and universally beloved individual—the *beau idéal* of a British officer and English gentleman—Colonel Hawker.

We had the pleasure of canvassing the subject with the gallant colonel not long ago in the "*sanctum sanctorum*" of the Reverend Bishop of Bond Street, the snugest and best appointed room in the metropolis where, with the worthy prelates' permission, all the cognoscenti of the day do congregate to discuss matters appertaining to shooting and where the facetious and fascinating Bishop does business in the gun way to no small amount, as agent to the renowned Westley Richards. In his imperishable work on guns and shooting Colonel Hawker has in a few words pointed out the principal evils which call for revision and amendment and coming as they do from such high and influential authority we most piously hope that they will meet with due attention in the proper quarter, and by being acted upon, defeat the mischievous attempts of those whose only aim is to excite discontent, create an ill feeling in the minds of the humbler classes towards their superiors and strike at the root of an Englishman's first and noblest amusement.

If we can spy into futurity a little the year 1845 will deserve a notice in the sportsman's calendar. The early part of the year was peculiarly favourable to the young broods of grouse, partridges and pheasants. In certain swampy localities under the Yorkshire hills the Sheffield moors, and a very few Scotch, an epidemic exhibited itself for a short period amongst the grouse, but it was as slight as partial, and the packs were not thinned to any extent. The most favoured quarters were spared this unwelcome visitation and, as we have observed, there is no lack of birds. We have a letter before us from a gamekeeper and dog breaker who is engaged by a party in Inverness shire, and he tells us that the season is unusually propitious, and that the grouse are not only in abundance but marvellously strong on the wing. From Wales and in Yorkshire too, the accounts are equally favourable.

Grouse shooting differs materially from partridge—or as it is commonly termed by the sportsman—bird shooting, for the fatigue attendant upon or rather consequent to, this description of sport is inconceivable. It will be in vain to enjoy grouse shooting without a little previous training and unless the amateur exercise himself and quadrupeds *à la* Mountjoy or Captain Barclay, for some time previously to the 'opening day,' he will be sorely discomfited and disappointed. We would, in the spirit of good fellowship recommend all enthusiasts to take a constitutional walk of a few miles before breakfast, over hilly ground, and as near the proposed scene of action as possible, that shooter in particular who is inclined to corpulence and obesity will derive no little benefit from a three weeks' probation. He will get himself and his dog into wind, and both will be in better trim for the campaign by a knowledge of the surrounding country. Amongst the "*élite*" of our London men we have some first rate sportsmen but the round of amusements, the engagements and the dissipation attendant upon a town life, preclude the possibility of an intimacy springing up between themselves and their dogs. How then, we would ask can any mutual good feeling or even understanding exist between them? and

without this kind of freemasonry it is next to impossible to command success. A really good sportsman, and one who thoroughly understands his work, will make a friend and companion of his dog, a feeling of self interest alone—should no other exist—would dictate the policy of keeping up something like good fellowship between man and dog. We speak from experience and observation. We remember, not very long ago when on a particular moor in Yorkshire, falling in with a very gentlemanly companionable “brother chip” from this demoralized metropolis, armed with one of Purdeys’ first rate doubles, and accompanied by a remarkably handsome likely looking setter. The “*Jannunier*” happened, unfortunately, to be surrounded by sportsmen and as there was not any intimacy existing between himself and his quadruped he did little or no execution. The dog not being familiarized with his master’s voice was always at fault, the whistle was equally useless, and as we happened to be the nearest *compagnon d’armes* to the denizen of St James’s, his dog was repeatedly running to us whenever we fired, which description called forth curses both loud and deep from his exasperated master, and yet we have no doubt the gentleman in question never imagined that he, by wilful negligence, had brought all the disasters upon himself. Our St James’s friend in short, cut but a sorry figure and was not a little jealous of the manifest advantage we maintained during that and every succeeding day. He was an intelligent and well informed person enough and had a smattering of Shakespeare to boot, ever and anon indulging in a quotation, for at every “*contretemps*” he was heard to “*curse the fate that gave him to the Moor*.”

It is a generally received opinion that too many guns spoil sport. This to a certain extent may be true, but a few do good and materially assist each other. The more sportsmen there are in moderation, on a given number of thousand acres, the better will be their chance of success for this simple reason, they drive the birds to one another. We need only mention, in corroboration of our assertion, that a friend of ours an excellent sportsman had permission to shoot over a private manor, not far from the spot where we were enjoying ourselves in Yorkshire. There was no lack of birds, but they were exceedingly wild, and although provided with excellent dogs, he seldom succeeded in getting within shot of them. After two blank days or nearly so he crossed the country to the position we had taken up. He was somewhat staggered at first on seeing so large a field of guns, but found out, to his astonishment, that the numbers contributed to his sport, and materially assisted each other.

The dress of sportsmen in the present day differs materially from the costume adopted some quarter of a century or thirty years back. We have now such an infinite variety of woollen materials, light in texture, and of such excellent fabric yet warm and waterproof withal, that we beat our forefathers out of the field. Their heavy, clumsy, ill cut shooting jackets were a load in themselves to carry, and then the short “tights,” or rather tight “shorts” with closely fitting leather gaiters and “high lows,” impeded the free exercise of the muscles, and the pressure at the knee, calf, and ankle was but too apt to add to the fatigue attendant upon every description of shooting. We are convinced that many of our brother sportsmen, in common with ourself, have experienced this discomfort more particularly in a country much

intersected by ditches, and in fens and marshes, where gullies and similar intersections have to be jumped. Of late years the loose trowser has become of universal adoption, and a blessed relief it is. In the early part of the season, dark, unbleached, Russia duck, or coloured jean will be found the best casing for the extremities, and in winter the good old fashioned corduroy. On the cut of a shooting jacket the comfort of the shooter materially depends, and we may go the length of adding his success in the field as well. This is, probably, a subject that has not received the attention it deserves. Every sportsman knows what we mean, but it is not every one who carries a gun (whatever his individual opinion may be,) that is entitled to this honourable appellation. To those, therefore, who are serving their apprenticeship to the gentlemanlike, yet laborious and difficult trade of shooting who have not got beyond the '*pons asinorum*' in their acquirements and studies, and who wish to become 'first class men' in their vocation, we will take the liberty of offering a few hints. We all know or ought to know, that the sixteenth part of an inch, the width of the edge of a shilling, in fact, in the length of a stock will cause a variation in one's shooting, that is the shooter will find out the difference when firing at any given object, for a 'miss,' when least expected, will be the result. Any one accustomed to a particular length of stock must have found this out, if by chance he has shot with a strange gun. No matter how or where the additional length is given so long as the 'reach' from the shoulder to the trigger is increased, the evil will be found to exist. Now for an example.

Supposing your tailor—(and ninety nine of these ninth parts of men out of a hundred know no more how to make a sportsman's habiliments properly than an Esquimaux would a steam engine)—send you home a slangish, gaudy looking shooting jacket, double breasted padded and buckramed, you would find on putting your gun to the shoulder a sensible increase in length, amounting to an inconvenience—so much so indeed as to make it a certainty that a very good shot would miss four out of every five birds he might fire at. The cut and make of a shooting jacket form a most important feature in the wide field of a Schneider's acquirements. Amongst the accomplished artists in this focus of fashion and taste London—but few, very few know how to make a shooting jacket, although it is one of the most difficult and, we might add scientific branches of their useful calling.

A shooting jacket, *suaute nous* should sit easily yet closely, the arms must have full play, the collar ought to be thin, low and narrow, and above all it should lay flat and as far from the tip of the shoulder as possible. All padding wadding and buckram should be studiously avoided, for the reasons we have stated. None but the thinnest possible lining is admissible, and the material of which the jacket and waist coat are composed should be previously soaked in water, that no shrinking can take place. Nothing approaching to a lapel or a double breast can be permitted in either jacket or waistcoat, both of which should be of a dark and subdued colour, a tinge of green for fishing, and the shade of the heather intermixed for the moors.

In former days our builders of shooting jackets used to perch the buttons of the waist underneath our shoulder blades, and by way of superadding to our misery, placed the various side pockets under our very arm pits—an inconvenience that makes us shudder to this very hour.

Not a pocket should be *above the elbow*—we can then help ourselves to all the accoutrements the sportsman requires in the field without the probability of dislocating the shoulder, or converting our anatomy into the ungraceful shape of the letter “K” or a *crooked P*.

As our success in the field, the consequence of good and steady shooting depends upon the ease and comfort of our dress, we have been induced to dwell somewhat at length on the subject of the shooting jacket. An ill-fitting shoe or boot, tight gaiters or shorts, or a jacket that confines the arms and prevents the free use of the limbs, will ruin a day's sport and destroy all enjoyment. The hints we have taken the liberty of throwing out may be the means of affording additional comfort to some of our younger brother sportsmen.

Although we have condemned the breeches and gaiter system, we are no enemy to the “high low.” A laced boot if well made is a good support when the ground happens to be heavy and rugged. A high shot and leather gaiter reaching only about the ankle, are preferred by some oldstagers—but the stubble *will* force itself up the gaiter or occasionally, however broad the under strap and cause much annoyance, and in wet weather the laced boots have decidedly the advantage.

Some of our friends shoot in stout, easy-fitting Wellingtons, while others uphold the use of button boots either of leather or cloth. ‘*Quant à nous*,’ we invariably wear the high low or laced boot.

Return we now to the grouse. If, as Colonel Hawker has so judiciously recommended the partridge shooting should be postponed until the 1st of October, we would with submission suggest that the grouse shooting should also be deferred until the 1st of September. We will state the grounds upon which we advocate the plan. In the month of August—at least the early part of it—the young birds, in hot weather, lay like so many stones: the old ones rise first, and the hen bird is, nine times out of ten, knocked over: the mischief then done is incalculable for where the breeding hens are thus wantonly destroyed, the race must in the course of time be ultimately exterminated, when by the exercise of a fortnight's patience, the evil would be remedied. There is another grievance which we will point out as one which calls loudly for reform, and that is the manner in which the grouse shooter but too frequently forwards the birds he has shot to his friends. No care whatever is taken in packing them up, and scarcely any in the shooting of them. The greater number of the grouse which drop to the gun in August are the young ones, and they are killed at such very short distances, in consequence of the over-anxiety of the shooter that they are blown to ribbons, in this state they are crammed into a close pocket or game bag and when taken out are usually a mass of putridity. This will account for the many *living cargoes* imported into this country from the moors. We do not go the length of saying that this is universally the case, for a good sportsman will allow his bird, young or old to attain a certain distance before he fires, but the novice is too eager to behave with the requisite coolness. We remember a striking instance of this in the person of a particular friend of ours, an excellent shot but who banged away right and left as soon as the birds rose.

We were down together on a very good range of hills, he bagged seventy brace of grouse on several occasions, but we could almost take an affidavit that he seldom brought home on any one day more than half a dozen birds which were presentable, some of the birds were literally blown to atoms, and fit for nothing but “*salmis*” or pies, for

roasting them was out of the question as they would scarcely hang together. Instead of jamming the mutilated birds into the game bag 'en masse, we would recommend their being attached separately by the heels to the waist belt of the followers and attendants, by adopting this simple plan the birds will be kept sweet.

Where the grouse are found in the hollows and the soil is boggy, the birds must inevitably fall into puddles or on swampy ground when shot, under such circumstances they should be wiped thoroughly dry with a towel or handkerchief. Before the sportsman picks up his birds in the boxes which he intends to forward to his friends, he should direct his *major domo* "in addition to swaddling them in hops and heather to dust the birds all over, especially under the wings and where they have been shot, with plenty of coarsely ground black pepper the fly will not then go near them, and the grouse will be eatible as well as presentable when they reach their destination. Another precaution, (and in excellent preservative it is too) exercised by some of our friends, is to insert a corn of allspice macula of the eyes two or three in the beak, and the same number at the vent these and the sprinkling of pepper will keep the birds sweet for a fortnight in proof of which we have only to state that last year, while residing in Devonshire, we received from Inverness shire and Ross shire a distance of six hundred miles several boxes of grouse, and they were as sweet and fresh as if they had only been killed the day before.

As this is the 1st of September, or more correctly speaking, and to the letter as this little paper will be read on the 1st of September (for we are writing on the 15th of August) it behoves us to say a word or two *avant* the forthcoming partridge season. We have the satisfaction of being enabled to assure the readers of *Ainsworth's Magazine* many of whom are doubtless devoted to the sports of the field that no season on record ever held out a finer prospect of sport than the present. The accounts we have received from our friends in Norfolk Suffolk Essex Kent Surrey Sussex Buckinghamshire and Berkshire are of the most promising description.

The young birds are unusually forward, the coxeyes large, and above all there are plenty of them. We can confidently congratulate our brother sportsmen on the certainty of their enjoying some extra ordinarly good shooting this season. On the road between Reading and Newbury we saw several large coxeyes, and for the time of year the cheepers were very forward and strong on the wing. We shall be amongst them on the 1st or soon after, as we have been offered some of the best shooting in England in that quarter, and we hope on the 1st of October to give an account of our bagging. We intend also to speak of two recent inventions, the self priming and self capping guns, the former by Mr Needham of Piccadilly, and the latter by Mr Hett of Conduit Street, and we shall also say a word or two as to the relative merits of pointers and setters. For the present we must lay an embargo on our pen, as our limited space cries "Hold enough." We cannot conclude, however, without wishing most devoutly and expressing in all sincerity the hope, that our sporting readers may realize the expectations we may have led them to indulge in, and may their hands be steady their heads cool, and their powder dry, may their barrels shoot straight, and may we live to record their feats in heather and stubble through the columns of this Magazine.

THE MALOCCHIO

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN

IN the ancient city of H——, in Germany, close to what was of old a monastery of Benedictine Friars, and still devoted to Catholic purposes at the date of this tale, stood, if such an expression can apply to the decayed and tottering edifice where its scene is laid, the ruins of a convent, which bore the marks of having been struck by lightning lightning, and want of funds—the property of the *Stift* having been confiscated during the French revolution—for repairing its ravages had reduced the place to a very miserable condition—and in process of time, as had happened to several religious houses of the same character it was put up to auction, and, strange fate, sold to a Jew. He was the sole bidder. It was indeed a far from desirable residence. It had been marked out by the hand of God himself for destruction—the church and in its centre was no very cheerful or agreeable object if it did not give it the name of being haunted by the unquiet spirits of the sisterhood.

There was, I forgot to mention—though no fact is so important—on the south side, a square tower of colossal size, several stories in height which, though rent and split by the electric fluid was still habitable and that in the words of the poet,

‘By its own weight stood steadfast and immovable,

though not ‘looking tranquillity’ The walls were thick and massive and small windows, not much larger than embrasures, were let into them reminding me of the tower of Carathis, in Vathek and seeming fitted for such occupations as employed that *amiable* personage.

It was not here that the Jew took up his abode but in some chambers looking into the *Gottes Acre*, as the Germans call the Place of Skulls. These chambers which scarcely deserved the name of a house though it certainly was one, for it had doors and windows, some of which latter admitted but a little light, some of them no light at all choked up with the accumulated dust of half a century were connected by strange little dark winding passages. Deep closets (some shut and some open, and hanging by one hinge), as if constructed for hiding places, either for persons or property were arched here and there. A little squalid furniture of the most antique form, the refuse of a curiosity shop which its proprietor had once kept, lay scattered about, and corresponded well with the appearance of the man, who seemed to belong to other times, and might have sat for the Wandering Jew when he descended into the vaults of Mount Carmel—nor could he have been a more misanthropic, dark featured and dark souled being. As there is always or ought to be, a heroine to every story, so belonged to this Jew the heroine of ours. She was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a relation of the old man’s, though apparently too young to be his daughter. She possessed, with oriental beauty, much of that talent and strength of character which often marks that oppressed people, combined with the eastern glow of soul still retained by the descendants of the once God favoured—now cast off—Israelites. Unsoured by the slight of the world, with which they have so frequently to contend, Esther smiled with a sense of conscious worth, if not of conscious supe-

riority, upon all around her. She knew nobody, because her father—for so she called him—was shunned by all, though she clung to him as the only living thing she had on earth to cling to.

The view from this tower was of magical beauty. Here it was that she hailed the first dawning of spring, the first delicate green that sprouted from the willow, the first bursting forth of the purple blossoms of the laburnum. Here she watched the rising and setting of the sun basked in his mid day brightness, marked the lengthening shadows of evening, the first and last dropping leaf, the hoar frost that followed the death of nature, the deeper shroud of snow that winter spread over the scene. Year after year she saw these things, and they were the most remarkable and interesting events in her existence. Still she was happy—the consciousness of being, the sun, the air, her lute—for she could read—some little song which she had caught from a casual itinerant musician, her knitting—that solace and employment of a German woman—were her recreations, the arrangement of her father's humble board, and the duties this arrangement brought upon her, the business of her life.

Thus passed the days of the fair Esther. Sin and misery marked the features of the father, innocence and peace spoke eloquently in those of his dark eyed daughter. One December night, as they sat shivering over the embers of the fire, he said to her, 'Child, thou art happy because thou hast a peaceful conscience, keep it ever—it is the only valuable possession thou wilt ever have, prize it as the best of jewels—secure it well in thy bosom, nor permit any being of earth or hell (he muttered the word low and tremulously) ever'—to wrench it from thee, he was about to have added, when a single and very loud rap at the door interrupted the conclusion of the sentence.

'Why dost thou shudder, father?' inquired the girl, who, nevertheless herself started a little at the very unusual circumstance of a visitor.

'Go quickly to the door child!' anxiously, hurriedly, uttered the old man. 'Perhaps fortune has at last favoured us—perhaps a lodger is arrived—'tis many a year since the placard has hung unnoticed on the gateway, and four empty stories speak the sad truth. Open quickly—he added, seeing that Esther still hesitated.

'But, father!' she rejoined, not willing to advance, 'the hour is late, thou art an old man. Suppose—suppose it should be a robber—thou hast no arms.' Here the knock was repeated, single, but louder and more imperatively even than before.

'Go!' at once, child!' he added. 'We have nothing to fear for we have nothing to lose—all that is of value is lost to me.'

Esther obeyed—she undrew slowly the bolt, when a third knock, accompanied by a rude push, ensued, and a stranger entered, who, as the Jew had conjectured, was in search of a lodging. He was closely wrapped up in furs, and his hat was slouched over his thickly bearded face so that, by the dim light of the lamp it was impossible to judge much of his features and figure. Of both hereafter. For the present we will accompany him—but not through the apartments of the tower, which one by one were proposed for and inspected in vain. Staircase after staircase was mounted, he seemed perfectly acquainted with the localities and was not satisfied, till he came to the very highest story. The windows were partly papered up, and the wind rushed freely in,

the walls were damp and the bed had not been slept in for some years but the stranger seemed to overlook such *trifles*. He *tutoyed* the Jew as if he had been an old intimate. But he seemed insensible to the cold agreed without bargaining to the somewhat exorbitant terms asked made his retreat, and soon after returned with a porter carrying a small portmanteau, and fixed his abode in the attic.

The line which the Count, and so he called himself or was called, and they use as common in Germany as Doctors D M s, D L s, or D P s, led at this university town was as singular as he was himself mysterious. He came provided with no letters of introduction, he made no acquaintances, but at the table d'hotes, to no one of which he was constant, but visited them all round without reference to their rank or respectability. There he entered freely into conversation with the *habitués* of all classes, and was alike on free and easy terms with the student, the *philister*, or the boor. Politics were his favourite topic. He had travelled all over the world, was perfectly read not only in ancient history but in the events of our own times. He had at his fingers ends the institutions of all countries, the forms of all governments, nor that alone but he was *au fait* on the notabilities of all statesmen their lives, public and private. He spoke without the slightest reserve of kings potentates, and their ministers. Sometimes one would have taken him for a fiery liberal at others for a thoroughly-baked aristocrat. Though he fraternized with the lower classes, the high opinion he entertained of his own rank transpired the flimsy veil of his republicanism, and showed that he was playing a part, and *acting* solely to bring out others. One might on such occasions perceive, that whilst he pretended to chime in with the opinions of those with whom he conversed there ~~was~~ always an under current of his own—his words had always a double meaning—there was a latent sneer in his clap traps, and when he spoke in good set phrase and rounded periods of patriotism virtue, or religion, it was evident to a nice observer that he considered them but names—things to be put off or put on as occasion served. He was a cynic in the complete sense of the word and a snailing one too. He had been but three months in the city, when he became familiar not only with the names of all the citizens but with their opinions and the secret histories of their families and connexions, however humble. No gossip was too low for him no scandal too highly coloured no calumny too glaring, yet strange to say, out of his public resorts, he never by more than a nod, or a look, or a stiff formal cold bow meant for respect but implying the very reverse—a bow peculiarly his own—acknowledged the acquaintanceship formed there, and save and except during a very few hours in the day, he passed his time in the solitude of his tower. What his studies were is not known for he never read a book, but he had a very numerous correspondence and a widely spread one. I was supplied by the postmaster with the names and addresses of his correspondents. Among others which he gave me I find the following*—a Mr Astan of New York, Monsieur Deville of Paris, D Levi, in London, Dr Tenfel, in Berlin, a Hong merchant of Canton, of the name of Sin, one Fra Diavolo of Naples, and even at Otaheite, a certain Ohibo and a pundit of Benare, called Rami Mohun Sheitaan. Some of these personages may suggest from their metonymes that they were all of one family and that like the Calomeros, who on

settling in Tuscany translated his name to Bonaparte, they had done the like. To his European correspondents he wrote in cypher and to the others in their own language, for he knew more than the Cardinal Mezzofanti. What the subject of these letters could have been has not transpired but it may be easily supposed that they were not confined to the occurrences of so insignificant a place as H——

One very remarkable thing of the count was that he never slept or but for a very short time and that during the day. At night when other mortals enjoy the blessing of rest and divine sleep, he was in the habit of walking about the wild and heathery mountains that overhang this picturesque town, or diving into the deepest woods—and this not in the summer alone, but it is averred during the winter. Once though the snow was deep on the ground, and had drifted high on the untracked path, he was observed to enter the Hebrew burying ground and there remain among the tombs longer than would to most persons have been agreeable when the thermometer was seven degrees below zero. In his tower, when not occupied in these mysterious nocturnal peregrinations, he would often walk for hours with that heavy slow tramp peculiar to the man, and hold soliloquies with himself of as great length as are to be found in Shakspeare. Nor this alone, I have been assured that another voice of the same *timbre* but deeper in its intonation, was heard in reply, and that this dialogue frequently lasted till daybreak. In fact, there never was so complete an enigma, and in the eccentricity of his habits could be found none to match him but an Englishman.

I have as yet spoken but cursorily of his personal appearance. He was apparently of middle age not above the common stature, and of a figure rather stout than corpulent. He was enveloped closely in furs of great rarity, such only as the Emperor of Russia gives in presents to his courtly favourites, and with his rough hide his large paw like feet and hands, and voice between a grunt and a growl, he looked as though he had been, in a former state of existence, a bear, or was about, in a new metamorphosis, to become such. There was one particular about him, which I have, like a lady's P. S., reserved to the last as a *Haupt Sache*, or distinguishing characteristic of the count. It was his eye. There is a "Bridgewater Treatise" on the hand—why not on the eye? Much has been said of the glare, the stare, the ogle, the goggle, the leer, the glear. All these are natural to the organ and discourse with a most eloquent language, but though one and all of these characteristics were applicable to the count's eye, none of them fully expressed it. I use the singular number, because he had but one. He was indeed what the Germans call *Einaug*, and the Greeks did Cyclops. But it was an eye. There was in it a concentrated fire, it was like the focus of a burning glass. But it would have been a jet of gas thrown upon lime had it been revealed in its naked brilliance. It was a mystery that it was veiled, covered up not only in front with a lens of pale blue colour, but had attached to it, at the sides, blinkers of green silk that prevented its rays from even obliquely escaping. These spectacles he never at any time removed, they seemed to form as much part and parcel of him as the proboscis of an elephant, or the pipe of a student. As far as could be judged, this was not a black eye, it was not a brown eye, nor a blue eye, about which lovers have talked so enthusiastically, and poets written, but it was of a fiery colour not

to be described or made intelligible in words—something that was and was not an eye or at least no eye such as should belong to a human being. It was singular—neither Lord Byron or Talleyrand could endure any allusion to their club feet—that the subject of eyes always produced a horrible and fiend like agitation in the count, which commenced by a violent rolling of the orbit in its socket. Now it was darkened with excess of light, then in an instant it blazed out sparkling and glazing, and sending forth a flame that seemed to say, in the language of the greatest of dramatists,

“ Would
I were a basilisk to strike thee dead,

such terror and horror did it excite in the beholder. Strange rumours were affout as to this eye. One *was* that like the philosopher of old, who blinded himself in order that he might be more self abstracted, have a clearer mental vision, so, that the count had extinguished one of his in order to increase the power of the other. It was even whispered that he had sold to the evil one an eye in order like Lorenzino in the Curse of Kibama, that he might obtain for the other those qualities that distinguished the Malocchio of the Witch, nay, that Satan had exchanged doubtless for a good consideration eyes with him but afterwards repenting of his bargain, in a violent scuffle had got back one, and left instead of the count's other eye a blind one. But the world will be malicious, and perhaps these *ou dits* were but inventions not uncommon in German towns, renowned for their scandal mongers. One thing was however, remarkable in this eye that it was *nyctolope*, that its pupil, like that of the tiger, had the property of dilatation in the dark, that he could see his way through the most intricate passes during the pitchiest darkness, that he required no light to read by and that when he was met in the gloomy passages of the convent it emitted sparks like those of a cat. He was in short, a man whom I should have avoided by day, but had I met him during his nocturnal excursions he would have been the death of me.

Poor Esther! Margaret that loveliest of Gothe's creatures, never felt for Mephistophiles a greater repugnance than thou for this mysterious lodger. Equally distinguished as thou wert by ~~simplicity~~ ^{singleness} of heart absence of all artifice by maidenly gentleness, and childlike simplicity, to what could his selection of the Jew's house as an abode be attributable but thee. If he were a Russian, such a choice could in no other way be accounted for, for in that country that set all universally despised, following as they do trades which no Christian would, and making persecution recoil upon their persecutors by usury, smuggling, false coining, sweating of ducats, and such like arts. But beauty and innocence are of no caste or religion, and doubtless the charms of Esther's person or mind were the count's loadstars, and her seduction his end and aim. At first he treated her with an assumed tenderness, a hypocritical complaisance—told her services with unwillingness—rarely called them in requisition—apologized for so doing—entered into familiar conversation with her—tried to win her confidence—to shake her religious belief—to persuade her to elope with him.

A native of H——, an author, from whom I derived many of these particulars, has suggested—and his satanic majesty has entered so

largely into the machinery of all German works of fiction, become so familiar to the German reading world, that my friend may be considered an authority—has suggested I say, that without being in love with Esther, and such a man would seem insensible to the tender passion, the count might have hoped, in a contract with the evil one to have gained great advantages to himself, by making over to him so young and innocent a creature and ~~this~~ supposition may give a sufficient clue to his design. He was also frequently closeted for hours with the old Jew. What the subject of their mysterious interviews might have been has not transpired, but the name of the Jew's wife was, as overheard, frequently introduced, and the day before the catastrophe they parted with high words. Mystery is the soul of romance. But to return to the count and Esther.

A year had passed by, and, foiled in all tried weapons the count now changed his tactics. It seemed that his object was to make her situation in life as irksome to her as possible, and thus induce her to fly to any alternative in order to better it. Poor Esther! and hadst thou, for the sake of the miserable pittance which the Jew extorted from his lodger, to be at his beck and call at all hours—hadst thou to mount day and night the four stories of that gloomy tower to satisfy the demands of this not to be satisfied guest? Do what thou wouldst it was in vain thou toiledst. Up stairs and down stairs heavy were thy loads and heavier still thy wearied eyes and limbs. Could not thy beauty thy grace thy fragility, prevail to draw one feeling of pity from thy harsh taskmaster? would not thy parent, though in all other respects kind to thee remonstrate to save thee from the bitter drudgery? Poor Esther! and yet thy sweetness, thy amiability, never forsook thee. Thou didst shed tears, but they were not tears of rage, or spite, or resentment. Thy bible, that book so dear to thee, was on these occasions resorted to, and in it thou didst find, in comparing thy lot with that of thy forefathers in their Egyptian and Assyrian bondage, consolation and peace. Long banished sleep then visited thy pillow, and morning beams brought smiles on thy innocent countenance. But thy health became undermined, an inward and consuming fire seemed to be drying up the sources of life, preying on thy very vitals.

Blind to these symptoms, deaf to all remonstrance, the Jew, if he were not indifferent to the poor girl's state, took no steps to alleviate it. The filthy love of lucre swallowed up all his better feelings, if such he possessed.

* 'Child,' he one day answered, when suffering extorted from her an appeal to his heart, "we may not, we dare not complain of our destiny—it is cast for thee and for me,—but keep thy conscience—thy faith, and all will be well at last. We are a persecuted, God abandoned race, and are born to suffer."

'For any other, perhaps,' said Esther, "I might endure what I suffer—might die in bearing it, uncomplaining—but, father, not for this one, this terrible one, father! Oh! I cannot tell thee how the very sight of him makes my blood run cold. I feel kindness of heart for all human beings, but him I detest—I abhor. I loathe him as though he was some venomous reptile, against which one has a born antipathy. When I enter his room a shuddering creeps over me. I know not which are more odious to me, his former flatteries or his present superciliousness. Once he was all mock tenderness to me,

now he receives me with an air of mockery and a half scowl, and a face dark with evil passions kept down and that eye of his—that dreadful eye

“Mention it not, child” said the Jew, in a whisper and looking round him as though fearful that the count was listening “Speak not of it Not a hint of it I charge thee, make again Thou art safe from injury in the shield of thine innocence—watched by the eye of Heaven”

“But,” replied Esther, meekly, “it does injure me, that terrific eye, father” I feel it burn upon my cheek and brow It will eat my life away What must it be—

“Silence, child” hastily interrupted the Jew “Your mother—” here he was about to make some revelation when he stopped short and said, “Hearst thou not the voice of the count in anger? go quickly and heed his behest As thou valuest my love, name not again what thou hast been so idly prattling of”

And Esther took the lamp and tottering mounted, step by step, not without stopping many times from fatigue, the stairs of the tower She found the count pacing with hurried steps, the vaulted room that echoed with his tramp Esther trembled it was evident that some thing had occurred more than ordinarily to ruffle his temper nor was it long before he gave utterance to his excited feelings in these words—“Gill! what hast thou dared to say—what mean you by my eye? What horrible calumny hast thou concocted with that old villain of a father of thine, respecting my eye? Call you it a dreadful eye? How does it differ but in its superior brilliance from thine own?—its colour is the same, its size It is the very counterpart, as it should be of thine own Of that shalt thou judge—yes, it shall be unveiled to thee in its nakedness Thou shalt then tremble to have called it the evil eye”

As he with rapid delivery thus gave vent to his wrath and indignation he slowly and deliberately raised his spectacles over his dark bushy brows, and directed his eye with full glare on Esther, who uttering a piercing shriek, retreated into the corner of the room the furthest removed from the object of her horror In vain did she endeavour to withdraw her gaze from the count There was an attraction in the orb—a fascination as in that of the rattlesnake—an influence like that of Medusa Yes, there she stood with stony stare, her whole being concentrated on the eye of the count, when the old Jew who on hearing her cries had hastened to render her assistance, darkened the door One only object also riveted his gaze—the Malocchio blazing with its terrific and fulminating splendour It fell blighting upon him—no lightning flash was more rapid and deadly It pierced like an arrow his brain, and on the very threshold he sunk and lay a lifeless and blasted corpse

In the morning Esther was found wringing her hands over the blackened remains of her beloved sire The count had disappeared none knew which direction he had taken His arrival and departure were alike a mystery and this *feature* might furnish a new chapter for Hauff in his *Memoirs of the Devil*

* * * * *

Such were the impressions under which this tale was written, but as in the Ghost Seer, Schiller explains away, though somewhat tediously, and too much in detail, all the magic, so in this instance I am enabled

to deprive "the Malocchio" of much if not all its diablerie. I met at the baths of Ems last year a Russian prince—they are as common there as blackberries—of whom I made inquiries respecting his compatriot and who by a singular good fortune, enables me to supply some passages in his history, not unimportant to my readers, or at least to myself. He laughed much at the idea of his being the evil spirit in disguise, though he confessed that he was a restless and unquiet one, a man of disappointed ambition, very eccentric in his habits and given to misanthropy. The prince had been at that university with the count about twenty years before, and though he had not renewed any acquaintance with him, which he strenuously disowned, they had met in many of the capitals of Europe. As to his eye—which was avowed to have been gifted with such diabolical influences,—it seems that there was nothing extraordinary in it, but its mytologic dilataion. He wore spectacles in order to improve his personal appearance and conceal in some measure the deprivation of the one which he had lost in a *schlager* duel with a brother student that duel having arisen from jealousy—a quarrel respecting the wife of the Jew, a woman of remarkable beauty and of whose virtue the scandalous chronicle of the day did not speak very favourably. She died it was said in childbirth, and that child, and the date corresponds well, was doubtless Esther. Thus will explain the choice of the Jews dwelling the count's nocturnal visits to the Hebrew burial ground and more than all the attempts he made to persuade her to elope with him, knowing that her supposed father would never have consented to part with her. Her hatred of him—a retaliation for her mother's wrongs—was natural. In order to mask his views he had assumed a still greater eccentricity than he really possessed, part of which mystification was the letters which he addressed to his feigned correspondents. I learnt also on my return to H—, that the Jew of whom an autopsy had been made, had died of apoplexy from mounting too rapidly at the screams of Esther, the sturc case of the tower, and not of ignition, and moreover that the count's disappearance after the catastrophe was no supernatural one, but owing to an order of the police, who strongly suspected him of being a Russian spy, without which there is no town in Germany, however small.

I was curious also to know something of the fair Esther, who not only recovered from her swoon, but whose health was by the absence of the count soon re established. She became it seems a great heiress, for in one of the old châteaux belonging to the Jew was discovered a secret drawer that contained jewels and gold to an immense amount. Great heiresses in Germany are as much in request as elsewhere. She was no longer the despised and rejected, but found an admirer, and soon after a husband in the person of a young D. L. in the university, the only son of a rich diamond merchant of Frankfort on the Maine, where she is still living with little lost of her original beauty, and forming a distinguished ornament of the Rothschild circle.

I have lately learnt that the prince was mistaken as to his noble compatriot's having lost his eye in the duel. It afterwards recovered, and was finally poked out with a knitting needle by a lady who caught him in the act of peeping at her at an hotel through a key hole of her chamber.

A STORY OF A STRANGE CHILDHOOD

BY ARNHOLDT WEAVER

in his own words

I WAS not reared as other children are. I had no father, no mother, no playmates, no home. It was not home where I was sometimes allowed to shew my pale, thin face, where, sometimes, as my aunt's good or ill temper predominated, I had a meal bestowed on me or, as more frequently happened, was sent famishing to bed. That was not home. Other children had homes. I had none.

My earliest recollections are all unfavourable. My hair was uncombed, my face unwashed, my clothes were ragged, dirty, and much too large for my poor weazen body. I was the most wretched object in all the parish, and not one child, not even the offspring of a beggar, would play with me. As for the grown people, I saw them shrug their shoulders as I passed. If I attempted to address them, they would turn away, as it seemed to me with hatred and contempt, and hurry into their houses. The very dogs appeared to avoid me.

On the outskirts of the village where my aunt dwelt, there were several fields with footpaths leading across them. In one of these fields, at some distance from the path, there was a pond containing silvery scaled fish. Around the brink were many shrubs and trees, and a mossy bank sloped from the water's edge, which, being overarched by the boughs of the trees, and shaded by the shrubs, formed a choice retreat during the summer months for the children of the better class, whose parents resided in the neighbourhood. The boys would sail tiny ships in the pond, and angle for the fish, (though that was forbidden,) while the girls would bring their needlework or their books, and pass whole hours in reading or sewing. The poor children of the village came to look at them, and were sometimes invited to perform little offices, which they gladly did, esteeming it in some sort as a privilege, but if I ventured to appear amongst them, the girls shrieked and gathered up their books and needlework, while their brothers or cousins hurled stones at me, hitting me cruel blows, to escape which I ran away as fast as my legs would carry me.

What was the reason of this? Why was I different from the other poor children of the village? I knew not.

I remember the morning well—God never sent a brighter out of the heavens. It made me glad. But few things rejoiced me in my childhood, and that summer's morning was one of them. I bent my steps towards the pond in the meadow, trusting that Heaven would soften the children's hearts on such a day, and that they would at least let me look at them, from a distance.

There was no one there. But as I cast my eyes around, I saw two girls crossing the field, and advancing towards the pond. The elder was perhaps eighteen years old, while her companion was a mere child. I recognised them immediately. They were orphans, like myself. I crept quickly amongst the shrubs, for I knew that they would retreat if they saw me. I prayed in my heart that they would come and sit directly beneath me, and they did so.

I am an old man now, but I remember well what beautiful faces they had. They were orphans, as I said, and I seemed to myself to love them, because they were as I was. I kept quite still, not so much as causing a twig to bend or a leaf to rustle. Soon, the elder girl began talking to the child,—soon she made affectionate mention of their 'parents' memory and expressed a hope that they might both rejoin them. I could bear it no longer. I also thought of my parents. 'Oh God!' I cried aloud, "let me go to my mother and father, for every one hates me here."

The girl shrieked at the unexpected sound, and snatched her little sister from the bank, while she looked with alarm to the spot whence my voice had issued. She saw my face peering amidst the shrubs, but she did not recognise me.

"What do you there?" she said. "You are one of the village children. Why do you hide yourself? We shall not harm you."

"Oh no, she did not recognise me!"

"Ah! will you let me come?" I asked quickly and joyfully.

"Yes, to be sure," she replied, in the sweetest of voices.

I lost no time in quitting my position. I stood before her. "Great God! it is true!" she caught the child in her arms, and fled with all her speed.

I hurried home. I resolved to entreat my aunt to solve this mystery,—why all even the gentlest and loveliest, even those who would turn aside in their path rather than tread upon a worm, should fly from me, a poor child, who would also turn aside rather than crush a worm or an insect.

My aunt beat me cruelly, and bade me quit her sight for ever. Child as I was, I resolved to obey her. Wherever I go, I thought, I can but be beaten and shunned.

I remembered having heard her speak of a relation who was a maker and vendor of fishing rods and tackle, and who dwelt in Fetter Lane, London. Thither I determined to repair. I did not know the name of my relative, or our respective degrees of affinity. I believed him to be very poor, inasmuch as my aunt, though possessing a little independence, was needy enough, and because I had ever been forlorn and wretched to a depth below appreciation.

I have not space to relate all the shifts I used to reach the metropolis, or how I subsisted on the road. On the morning of the 7th of September, 1786, just after sunrise, I beheld from the top of Highgate Hill the ball of St Paul's, which glittered like an orb of fire in the rays of that glorious planet. About noon of that day I found myself in Fetter Lane.

I passed upwards of an hour in looking into and pacing to and fro before the doors of the two or three fishing tackle shops that were then to be found in this locality. The houses were so tall, the windows were, to my fancy, so imposingly decked out, and I was so dirty, and wretchedly clad, and was withal so shy and fearful of meeting with a frown or disdainful stare, that it was long before I could resolve to cross the threshold of either of them.

I summoned sufficient courage at length. I entered that which appeared to be the *poorest*—for still I could not believe my relation to be, in the world's phraseology, well to do. A man, who stood behind the

counter, eyed me with surprise and distrust, for the little mendicants and street sweepers had a more aristocratic appearance than I had.

I told him my name, and the village where I had lived. I thought he would recognise me immediately, and, if kindly disposed towards me, would at once embrace me. But he only stared with unaffected amazement. Meanwhile I stood pattering my feet on the floor and twiddling my thumbs.

"You young vagabond!" he presently cried, with a burst of indignation. "You want to steal something. If you don't leave the shop directly I'll send you to prison."

I did not wait for him to repeat his objurcation and threat. Another hour passed, and I was still sauntering along, deprived of the necessary courage for a second venture. But at last I repeated the experiment, and this time I selected the tallest house, and the most imposing window. There was a man also in this shop.

I renewed my former attempt at self-introduction. My relation (for it was he) staggered as though a thunderbolt had struck him. The result was that before dusk of that evening I found myself plunged into a suit of ready-made clothes, my matted hair was dressed by a barber's skilful hands and my whole appearance became suddenly respectable. Before I went to bed, I related to my uncle—my mother's brother for such was my newly discovered relation,—the unaccountable treatment I had endured in the village I had quitted. He listened with profound attention, and sighed deeply as I concluded.

"Yes," he remarked, "mankind is always unjust. What you tell me does not astonish me."

"What have I done," I asked, "that people should always shun me?"

"You done? You have done nothing," replied my uncle. "You are punished because—but I must not tell you yet."

"Am I to live with you?" I enquired eagerly.

"Yes, for the present, till—well, for a long time you will live with me, and as you have never received any instruction, you must go to school."

I pass over the next two years, during which I remained with my relation, and went regularly to an academy of some eminence. I was no longer pained by the treatment I had endured at an earlier period of my life. During this time, my uncle, at frequent intervals, corresponded with a party in America, to whom, as I could make out, I was an object of considerable interest. To myself I was shrouded in mystery. I was ignorant of my parents, and of the manner of my first coming into life. My uncle was always taciturn whenever I hinted a desire to know something respecting my origin.

He took me upon one occasion to Westminster, (it was the month of December,) and entering a street in which the houses in their gravity wore a kind of owlish aspect, derived probably from their near neighbourhood to the senatorial wisdom and forensic profundity of the nation, to say nothing of the abbey and its divinity, he halted opposite to a large, gloomy building, and bade me observe it attentively, so that I might readily recognise it again. I did so. I remember it perfectly now, though it has long since disappeared. I should say that its builder had been a morose individual, a rigid

Calvinist, or perhaps a fifth monarchy man. Vulcan might have cursed out his Sundays there, and blasphemed his craft because his forge was idle. The merest glance at it told you that a laugh never echoed within its walls, that no thought was ever born there which enlarged the heart and enlightened the intellect. Of course it possessed a library—it looked as if it did, and what were the books its shelves contained could be decided without a moment's hesitation. The majority of them—you could not doubt it—were unwieldy folio emanations from the austere spirits of a former time, when judges and lord chancellors believed in witchcraft. It was pre-eminently a house of gloom. The very crickets in the kitchen were silent, and uttered no merry chirp.

‘Are you sure that you shall know this house again?’ demanded my relation.

I answered readily in the affirmative.

On our way home, my uncle bought at a shop where ready-made clothes of all kinds were sold, a suit that was calculated to fit a boy of my age, the appearance of which puzzled me extremely. It was not greatly superior, save that it was new, to the wretched suit I had discarded on the day of my arrival in London.

When we reached our abode in Fetter Lane, the night had closed in, and the streets and windows displayed their usual stock of oil lamp. I was not long left in doubt as to the intentions of my uncle with respect to the suit of clothes. He bade me with as little delay as possible equip myself therein, and while I did so, he went out, and returned presently, bearing a bundle of links, one of which he lighted. Thrusting it into my hand, he told me to carry the rest under my arm and hurry off to Westminster, where, as he further instructed me, I was to take up my position at the door of the mansion he had pointed out—and, counterfeiting the character of a link boy, was to wait there until an opportunity arrived of serving in that capacity the inmates of the gloomy abode.

I did not at first much relish these directions, but I overcame my distaste, and reflected only on the romance of the adventure. I stood a long time near the door of the building, pinched with cold, for it was severe weather, and I was thinly clad. At length an old man snugly wrapt up, came forth. He called me, and bade me precede him with my link. We went to a celebrated Nonconformist chapel, at the door of which he gave me sixpence, and told me, if I pleased, I could be in readiness to do the like office on his return, when the service was concluded. I thanked him, and hastened to Fetter Lane, for my feet were nearly frozen, and my uncle had not directed me to wait. Nevertheless he was angry that I had not tarried till the old man returned home.

The next night, and the next, and many subsequent nights, I continued to repeat this adventure, until at last the old gentleman, finding me always attentive to his hour of coming forth,—always civil, and better behaved than the other link boys of the metropolis,—began to ask me questions, when, following my uncle's instructions, which he had expressly given me, in anticipation of such a disposition on the old man's part, I told him that I was an orphan, whose means of livelihood were dependent on the precarious occupation I followed. ‘My Nonconformist found me not uninformed, and after several more

journeys together to and fro, he desired me to come an hour earlier on the succeeding night, and knock at his door for admission.

I shall not easily forget the delight with which my uncle received this intelligence. He patted me on the head, and seemed ready to grant me any favour I might ask. I thought it a golden opportunity to extract from him some information touching my history, and that of the strange proceeding I was engaged in. I prefaced my request modestly, and he promised immediate acquiescence.

"You must often have wondered," he said, "why, when dwelling in ——— with your aunt, you were so despised and shunned?"

"Oh yes," I cried, "tell me about that,—tell me the reason."

"My poor child, it was for your father's sake," he answered.

"Why—why for my father's sake? I demanded. "What had he done that they should despise either him or me?"

"My dear boy," said my uncle solemnly, "your father was HANGED."

I remained silent with consternation. I comprehended fully why even the fair girl, who desired to join her parents in a better world, should have fled from me.

And has my present occupation as a link boy any thing to do with my father? I asked presently, almost dreading to hear the sound of my own voice, and feeling that I could shrink from myself as others had shrunk from me.

"It has," replied my uncle, "but do not ask further respecting it now. You will know all in good time. Try and ingratiate yourself with this old man. If he asks you to enter his service, consent directly and be sure you do not make mention of your real name, or of me."

I promised implicit compliance with these directions, and the next night beheld me seated in the old man's library, and reading to him a chapter of the Bible. I had never before had an opportunity of studying his features. He reminded me greatly of the portrait of Richard Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Rest." Undoubtedly a cup of black silk, which he wore, tightly fitting his skull, aided the resemblance.

I pleased him with my reading, and, after questioning me further about my orphan condition, he asked me if I should like to come and live with him, and read to him every day, as his own eyes were failing in vision. Of course, remembering my uncle's injunction, I replied in the affirmative.

"You will keep in mind all that he says," observed my relation, when I brought him the tidings, "and make a strict report to me. Especially watch him when he overlooks your presence, and thinks himself alone. Note then his lightest word—it is likely to be important. Come and see me often."

Thus instructed, I entered as an inmate the gloomy mansion in ——— Street, Westminster.

I could easily see that some secret pang, some terrible memory, was consuming the old man. I could readily perceive—young as I was—that his recollections troubled him like fiends. He feared to be left alone at night, and I shared his chamber. From the time that he fell asleep, till the hour of his awaking, he was borne through long galleries of dreams, which God will keep from every good man's pillow. He often uttered in his sleep fragmentary sentences which I fath-

fully retained in my memory and repeated to my uncle I was too young to be a worshipper of the moral sentiment, and I did not attach any turpitude to this proceeding

My uncle always received my reports with exultation, and never failed to commit them to paper, for the perusal, as I understood, of the party for whom he had formerly addressed letters to America and who had now arrived in London, though as yet I had never seen him

One day the old man had been more excited than usual Since I had taken note of his behaviour, I had never beheld him so completely given up as a prey to the unmerciful pangs of conscience He could not rest in his chair, but wandered to and fro like one whom a spectre pursues He alarmed me Fire gleamed from the sunken balls of his eyes His muscles were twitched and convulsed as though submitted to galvanic agency And ever as he stopped opposite to the stool upon which I sat, and fixed upon me a glance that seemed to read my inmost soul, I shuddered with inexpressible dread, for I thought that he knew my business in his house, and how I was betraying the actions of his unguarded moments, and reporting the words that escaped his pillow Then first I asked myself—was it not pitiful to play the spy upon a sleeping old man? I remember that when he advanced towards me and clutched my arm, I sank upon my knees in the very extremity of terror and implored his pardon

"My pardon, boy," he cried, "what hast thou done that requires my pardon? I should rather ask thee to pardon me, for thou resemblest one whom I fondly loved and ruined"

I rased my face in supplication, for my conscience smote me

"Oh, do not look like that," he exclaimed, hysterically, "not like THAT, for God's sake It is *her* look Yes," he continued "she looked like that when she prayed me to save her husband"

Like those of old in Galilee, he seemed possessed by a devil A very lunatic he appeared I should have screamed but my terror could not find articulate vent My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my hair literally stood on end

"See—see," he continued, drawing from his bosom a small red morocco case, which contained a miniature, "that is her likeness, and thou resemblest her Oh, she might have loved thee as her own son, for thou art like her Thou art an orphan boy,—didst thou ever see thy parents? dost thou remember them? Did thy mother's features resemble these?"

He held the portrait towards me Oh, Heaven—what a beautiful face it was! In the nights when I slept in barns and open fields—when the cupola which is studded with God's stars was my only canopy—*then* I used to dream of such a face!

He was seized with frenzy,—the fiend pursued him so closely that there was no escape

"Yes" he cried as he pressed the miniature to his lips, "thou wert my angel, and I murdered thee Long since, thou hast mouldered to dust, but I hear thy voice still crying to me from the depths of the grave to save thy husband"

The impression produced by that scene wore off, and I did not hesitate to report it faithfully to my uncle

He was almost beside himself with joy

"Say to him, when his conscience pricks him so again,"—such was

my uncle's direction—' *'If the dead could return to life, wouldst thou reconsign him to a disgraceful tomb?'*"

Days passed, and the old man was comparatively calm. I had there fore no opportunity to fulfil my relation's injunction. But one day an occasion offered, and I did so.

'No,' he replied, not seeming, in his abstracted mood, to think it wonderful that I should so address him, "I would not,—but the hangman's knot is tight. He fastens no insecure cord."

I almost fell a corpse at his feet.

I know not what it was, or from what intelligence it came, but some thing like a bright ray shot through me, and I knew that he referred to the end that my father had made. I seemed to have become a man, and I said to him fearlessly—with the design of penetrating his soul—and perhaps I was urged on by a power that even at this moment I wot not of—I said to him, whilst my eyes perused his features, as the stars shoot into the flower cups that uncloset at night—

"My father was also hanged."

It might have been the tone in which I spoke—he was electrified. He turned suddenly upon me,—fixed on me an earnest and terrible glance, and fell senseless from his chair.

* * * * *

I subsequently learned the history of the deed which haunted him, and I will relate it in this place.

Fair as were the daughters of men, in that first age of the world when the Sons of God made unhallowed union with them,—was the woman who became my father's wife. Her beauty was of that sort which makes the beholder glad. The old man,—old even then at a date ten years anterior to the time of which I write,—saw and loved her. He was then doing business as a merchant, and my father was his clerk.

He tempted her—yes, fiend that he was, he tempted my mother to her ruin. But she did not fall. She spurned the suggestion, proving herself a very woman, and a wife. He thought to gain his end, and revenge himself at the same time by removing my father, imagining that he should thus destroy the bar and impediment that stood between him and his purpose. He *did* remove him. He falsely accused him of forgery, produced pretended proofs of his guilt, sent him to his trial, and HUNG him.

On the day of the execution my mother died of a broken heart. My father's little property was disposed of, the old man obtaining possession of a miniature portrait of my mother, which my father had prized above all other things.

In those days the body of an executed felon was delivered over to his friends, instead of being interred within the walls of the prison. The uncle of whom I have spoken as residing in Fetter lane, was the relation to whose charge my father's body was, in due form, consigned. Having asserted this, I shall return to my story.

* * * * *

On the day following the event recorded above, my uncle instructed me to admit himself and another person at eleven o'clock at night into the old man's house. I could easily do this, as the female servant—the only individual in the house beside her master and myself—re-

tired at an early hour to bed. When the appointed time arrived, the old man was still reading in his library, where I also was seated. I made some pretext to quit the room, and having descended to the hall, I opened the door of the mansion, where I found my uncle and his companion awaiting me. They were muffled up in large cloaks, which enveloped their entire persons. I felt the stranger gently grasp my arm, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, but at a word from my uncle he released me, and I returned to the old man, leaving them to pursue their own course.

I do not think that he had missed me. He suddenly raised his head and asked me if it was not the twenty third of January. I replied in the affirmative.

In a moment his whole frame was collapsed,—convulsed. By a movement which was almost involuntary, he slid from his chair, and knelt upon the floor. I saw that he was praying.

I cannot adequately describe my sensations at that moment, but I remember that a presentiment came over me that he was uttering his last prayer, and that he would very shortly pass into the eternity out of which he came.

He arose and stood erect. Bidding me to him, he stroked my head, and passed his fingers through my hair. I was a prey to strange emotions. I believed that the door would presently open, and that a ghost would enter.

He produced my mother's portrait, (I did not know it then to be my mother's,) and seemed to be comparing my features with those which the artist had carefully limned. Addressing me, he said,—repeating a question he had often put to me of late—

"And you are an orphan, and you know nothing of your parents, except that your father was hanged.—Is it not so?"

I was too frightened to reply.

"It is to day ten years ago," he continued, "since two brave beings departed from this world. Do you hear, boy? I was their MURDERER. One of them was hanged, and the other died broken hearted."

I felt my flesh creep at these horrible words. He observed me shrink from him, though I clung to his side the next minute, for I feared that the door was about to open. It *did* open, and my uncle and his friend entered. They had thrown off their cloaks. Though I were to be mortal for a thousand years, I would never forget this scene. The old man fixed his gaze upon one of the strangers, whose appearance was so sudden and startling. He did not notice my uncle. Of the two men standing before him, he observed *one* only. If the whole universe had been assembled in his presence, he would have beheld only that one individual.

His face had become cadaverous and unearthly. He struggled to speak. Faintly he articulated a few words, the meaning of which puzzled me for a long time afterwards. I understand it well enough now.—

'WE WILL SET OUT AT ONCE.'

When he had uttered this brief sentence, he fell upon the floor,—a corpse.

* * * * *

There was found amongst his papers a declaration of my father's innocence and of the nefarious means he had used to ensure his condemnation, signed by his own hand

The stranger was my father. It was discovered, after his body was delivered to his wife's brother, that life was not quite extinct. I do not pretend to explain this. There are two or three such instances on record. Animation was restored, and he left the country for America.

Such is a true history of my childhood.

THE TWO STREAMS

THERE are in every mind two streams of thought,
The one flows inward, dark, and deep, and still
With blasted hopes and cruel memories fraught,
And doubts and fears which only cannot kill

But o'er this current of sad truth, in sight
Of the cold world, does fancy sweep along
And on its surface sparkle, as with light
The flash of wit and merriment of song

Is there not one, of all we meet on earth,
Who can discover where that dark stream flows,
Pierce the false brilliancy of heartless mirth,
And reach the fountain of our wants and woes?

This—this were sympathy—this were to live,
And love, and be beloved—to taste the joy,
The only joy worth tasting life can give,
And death, if Heaven be true, can not destroy

That Heaven is true, the inmost soul attests,
Else who the parting of the grave could bear?
"I know," the mourner says, "in heaven she rests
Who shared my earth, and I must seek her there."

It is not Pride which drives us to conceal
The deepest, holiest feelings of the mind,
But who would dare those sacred depths reveal
To the unsympathizing and unkind?

By one alone must be that dark profound
Explored—to only one its treasures shown,
Smiles for the world, and words' unmeaning sound,
But truth and soberness for love alone

A REMINISCENCE OF MARSEILLES

It was on the first day of July that I arrived at Marseilles, in company with my friend Tom Rushton. July and Marseilles! The associations connected with the two words can only be appreciated by those who have visited in that sultry month the Athens of the Gauls, as old Cicero styled the city, which, even in his day, was celebrated, but which now is the most flourishing of French sea ports. Thirty two degrees of Reaumur—dust over the ancles without the town flag stones on which beef steaks might be broiled, within it—massive fountains shooting up attenuated streamlets of water into the blaze of sunshine—meagre alleys of thirsty looking trees—date merchants from Tafilat, fig merchants from Smyrna, Greeks and Levantines, Arabs and Egyptians, in the costumes of their respective countries, drinking coffee and lemonade, and smoking long pipes of odoriferous tobacco, beneath the awnings in front of the numerous and splendid coffee houses—such is Marseilles in the month of July, when even the dogs cross over to the shady side of the street, if there is one whilst perspiring clerks toil in darkened counting houses, and lucre loving merchants risk a *coup de soleil* in traversing the quays and the Canebiere on their way to 'Change.

We were returning from a trip to Naples, and paused at Marseilles, as well to see the town as to replenish our purses, which had been considerably lightened by the extortions of hotel keepers and *vetturinos*, to say nothing of the cost of various antique gems and cameos, manufactured for the most part in the nineteenth century whereof friend Rushton had thought it advisable to make the acquisition. Our sojourn at Marseilles was originally intended not to exceed forty eight hours, which space of time we considered would be amply sufficient to see every thing worth seeing in that city. We arrived in the afternoon and after calling upon the banker on whom we had letters of credit and enjoying one of the luxurious table d'hôte dinners for which the hotel des Ambassadeurs is celebrated, we proceeded to the theatre to hear the opera of *Belisario*, given in very excellent style by an Italian company then at Marseilles. It was their last performance, the house was crowded to the roof, and the weather being exceedingly warm, the heat in the theatre was something unparalleled in my experience. In the course of the evening several ladies were carried out fainting, and the Marseillais by whom we were surrounded, accustomed though they were to the almost African heat of that part of France, declared that they had never known so suffocating a temperature. Nevertheless seduced by the charm of the music, we sat out the whole opera, a piece of obstinacy, not to say temerity, which had no bad consequences for me, although poor Rushton was destined to pay dearly for it. On returning to the hotel he complained of pain and swimming in the head, and after drinking with avidity a large draught of iced water, he retired to bed. Early the next morning I was summoned to his room. He was suffering greatly, and it was necessary to send for a physician, who pronounced his malady to be a violent bilious fever.

For a fortnight Rushton continued seriously ill. At the end of that time he was pronounced convalescent and, although at least ten days more must elapse before he could undertake the journey to Paris,

which was our next halting place, he soon found himself able to leave the house and take drives in the vicinity of the town. During the period of his illness, the banker to whom we were recommended had been unremitting in his attentions, constantly sending, and himself daily calling, to enquire the state of the invalid. Monsieur St. Flourens was a man of two or three and thirty, a bachelor, and a very gentlemanly and agreeable person—no mere drudging son of commerce, but a *bon vivant* and considerable epicurean. From the very first day of our arrival he had overwhelmed me with invitations to his house, but I was unwilling to leave Rushton to the care of nurses and hotel servants, and had only once availed myself of his hospitality by partaking with him of that noon meal which the Marseillais designate as breakfast but which from its composition and solidity, fully deserves the name of an early dinner. Now that Rushton was better,—well, indeed with the exception of the weakness which the fever had left behind it, St. Flourens insisted that good living and fresh air were the very things he required, and began planning excursions and parties of pleasure, which, had they all been put into execution, would have kept us at Marseilles till winter. One of his projects however, we willingly agreed to, and that was a visit to his *bastide*, which was situated about ten miles from the town.

Marseilles was, at the time I speak of and perhaps still continues to be, any thing but an agreeable summer residence for an idle man. After the first novelty has worn off, when he has visited the port the *Aygalades* the park of St. Pons and the few other objects worthy of notice in and around the town, the mere pleasure seeking tourist must either evacuate the place or resign himself to a daily and by no means diminutive dose of ennui, only to be partially mitigated by the perusal of the thousand and one newspapers and periodicals that lie upon the tables at the sumptuous *Cercle des Phocéens*, or by a stroll upon the *Cours*, where a band occasionally plays, and whither the fashionables of the place resort for their evening lounge. The population of Marseilles is almost exclusively commercial—from eight or nine in the morning till noon and again from two till seven or eight o'clock every body is in the counting house, buried amongst ledgers and correspondence, and an idler has difficulty in finding any one to talk to, unless he is disposed to content himself with the conversation of a valet de place. The floating population of unoccupied strangers which exists in most large continental towns, is wanting here, few travellers remaining more than a day or two, unless business be the object of their visit. As some compensation, however for their unremitting attention to money getting, many of the Marseillais of the more wealthy classes have a *bastide* or country house within a short distance of the town, whither they can repair on Sundays or for an occasional holiday and where their families sometimes pass the more sultry portion of the summer. These *bastides*, which vary in dimension from cottages of a very humble description to spacious and elegant villas, are usually surrounded by an attempt at a garden and shaded by such trees as can be prevailed upon to grow in the parched and arid district adjacent to Marseilles. Long before the end of the summer however, the foliage is apt to lose its verdancy and become brown and discoloured under the burning Provençal sun, and by the action of the sand and dust which the noxious breeze of the *mistral* sends careering in clouds across the plain. Most of these *maisons de plaisance* are in the occupation of fami-

lies but some few belong to rich bachelors who give in them fetes and dinners to their friends and occasionally, if report speaks true, make them the scene of festivities bordering upon orgies

On our acceptance of his invitation, St Flourens occupied himself in getting together an agreeable party, and when on the appointed day we repaired to his town house, which was the place of rendezvous fixed upon, we found three carriages at the door and nine or ten guests in the drawing room. Most of the latter were already known to Rushton and myself as friends and intimates of our Amphitriton. To those whom we had not yet seen we were now introduced, and amongst them were two strangers who had only arrived at Marseilles the night before on their way to Italy, and one of whom had brought a letter of introduction to St Flourens from a banker at Paris. I was a good deal struck by the appearance of these two gentlemen, who, each in his respective style, were certainly remarkable looking persons. The bearer of the letter of recommendation, a German baron of the name of Von Paukenheim was altogether one of the most extraordinary figures I had ever set eyes upon. Upwards of six feet high, narrow shouldered awkward and shambling his arms and legs appeared as if they had been badly hooked on his body. His eyes were of a greenish tint, his hair flaxen, and his complexion that of a newly singed porker. His nose had a considerable affinity to the snout of the same animal and his mouth—but no smile can do justice to his mouth. It reached completely across his face, was garnished with a row of huge carnivorous teeth that resembled proofs of tombstones before the letters, and when he held it open, which he was apt to do with a sort of stupid startled air when any one addressed him, one felt inclined to dart forward and hold on the upper part of his head lest it should fall off.

The companion of this curious description of Yahoo was a Frenchman, named De Bellechasse, a man of seven or eight and twenty, small and slight in person, with regular features, a very dark complexion, and long curling hair of a jet black colour, in which a slight streak of grey was here and there already perceptible. His face was very handsome when in repose, but his smile, or the mere act of talking, greatly took away from its agreeableness. There was then something peculiarly unpleasant in the lines about the mouth and in the expression of the eye something treacherous, and at the same time cold and cruel, which involuntarily reminded me of a portrait I had seen at Rome of a celebrated bravo of the last century. I at first thought I detected something Jewish in the contour of his features, but as St Flourens informed me that he belonged to an old and well known family in the north of France, I concluded that this could only be fancy. His dress was plain and gentlemanly, his demeanour perfectly self possessed, and his whole manner that of a man accustomed to mix largely in society, but nevertheless the sinister look above alluded to caused me to give the preference to the baron, in spite of his desperate awkwardness and ugly physiognomy. There was a *bonhomme* and simplicity about Paukenheim that rather prepossessed me in his favour. Although he must have been a dozen years older than De Bellechasse, I observed that he looked to the latter with a sort of affectionate deference, and seemed to listen and yield to his opinions, an ascendancy which the young Frenchman had probably gained by his more decided and preremptory character and greater knowledge of the world.

At the Bastide St Flourens which we reached after a two hours' drive a most agreeable surprise was reserved for those of the party who had not yet visited it. Instead of the modest cottage barely sheltered under half a dozen dusty pine trees, which our host had led us to expect we found a luxurious villa situated in the midst of a small but delightful park. The house, which was raised only one story high, contained on the ground floor two spacious marble floored saloons, a billiard room, and a pistol gallery all decorated in the most elegant and fanciful manner. The park, through the shady walks of which we proceeded to stroll whilst waiting for the dinner hour, comprised some three or four acres, and was one large bower of foliage and flowers. The air was scented with the orange blossom and there were whole thickets of almond trees and groves of olives, the latter looking pretty and silvery enough although, as I thought to myself, they were no more to be compared with the beech woods and hazel copses of England than the parched soil we trod upon with the elastic green turf of English meadows and rivieras. Not that there was here an absolute lack of grass. A stream that flowed through the park had been diverted into fifty diminutive rills, which rippled their way noisily through a paddock 'as brightly green' as the emeralds that Tom Moore somewhere talks about. The same small river supplied a fountain, which fell with reticent splash over the piles of rock work around it, and sprinkled with its spray the blue and white blossoms of the *perenches* and other flowering plants that grew about its brim.

On benches at the foot of the trees by which this fountain was shaded, we whiled away some time in an agreeable and desultory chat which was at last interrupted by a summons to dinner. The repast did minute credit to the skill and taste of St Flourens's cook. No huge masses of meat, making the table groan again and of which the sight and smell however acceptable to hungry men in more northerly lands would have been almost disgusting in that climate. Delicious fish from the Mediterranean, ortolans and braccaros from the plains of Provence and Lombardy, magnificent fruits and vegetables from the Balearic isles, were the more tempting food here set before us, accompanied by the most delicate French and Spanish wines. The guests were gay and well selected, and the sun had set before any one thought of seeking other pastime than was to be found in the lively sallies and sparkling decanters that were kept briskly circulating. Paukenheim furnished us with a great deal of amusement. Without annoying him or making him a butt, one or two persons of the party managed to draw him out and exhibit his eccentricities. The worthy German, not in the least suspecting that he was a subject of amusement, told us his whole history—no very eventful one, by the bye. Possessed of a handsome estate in Westphalia, he had lived upon it, phlegmatic and contented till his present age of forty two, his only change of scene consisting in an occasional visit to some petty German court or bathing place. Suddenly, however, he had been bitten by the travelling mania, had left Germany and passed three months in Paris, whence he was now proceeding on an Italian tour.

At last, the company beginning to wax more silent and less thirsty a move was made, card tables were spread, and a game at *lecarté* proposed in which the majority seemed disposed to join. I, with one of the Frenchmen, repaired to the billiard table. We were both

enthusiastic lovers of the game and nearly two hours elapsed before we left off playing

When we returned to the dinner room, we were struck by the dead silence that prevailed. The card players were grouped round a table in the middle of the apartment, the windows were all open, admitting the pleasant breath of evening and delightful fragrance of the flowers, and occasionally affording ingress to some heavy winged night-moth or glittering firefly, the latter of which soon 'paled its ineffectual fire' before the glare of the wax lights, reflected fifty fold from the large mirrors on the walls of the apartment, and speedily retreated to flit and sparkle amongst the sombre leaves of the myrtle and auburn trees. On approaching the table, we at once saw that an interesting game and high play was going on. The stakes, which before our absence were very moderate, had greatly increased, there was a fair sprinkling of gold upon the green cloth, and a few thousand franc notes besides which from some expressions that were used, I perceived that more was being played for than was actually produced. I inquired of Rushton what had been going on.

'A most extraordinary run of luck,' replied my friend. "Monsieur de Bellechasse is carrying every thing before him. At the beginning of the evening he was unfortunate, and generally lost, but during the last hour he has kept the cards, and nobody can turn him out."

"*Quel bonheur insolent!*" was at that moment exclaimed close to me by one of the Frenchmen. "*Cela fait douze fois qu'il a passé*"

De Bellechasse had won again. It was for the twelfth time.

"*Cela va jusqu'à treize*" said one of the winners.

'Impossible,' cried an opponent, and the bets were made for the thirteenth time. St Flourens took the place of the man who had just been beaten, those who had backed that side sat near him, and I took a chair in a position that enabled me to see his cards. The players were all more or less excited, St Flourens especially, perhaps from a dislike to having such high play in his house but more probably on account of his losses, appeared flurried and discomposed, bungled in shuffling the cards, and made errors in calculating the amount staked. His losses could be nothing really important to a man of his fortune—he was playing stakes of a thousand francs, I think—but persons who are not accustomed to gamble and even some who are play less coolly for hundreds than for tens. The only man at the table who appeared entirely free from excitement was the principal winner, Monsieur de Bellechasse, who dealt, played, proposed, or refused, won and took up his money, with the most immovable sangfroid and in diffidence. Although the night was very sultry not a sign of heat or perspiration was visible upon his dark immovable countenance, and his long slender hands looked as white and cold as marble. Paukenheim was sitting at one side of the table, with his mouth open, looking on in great admiration at his friend's success, and backing him with five-franc pieces.

The game began. De Bellechasse dealt first. The preceding game had been a very hard contested one, but this time, after two hands had been played, St Flourens had marked four, and De Bellechasse only two. The cards were dealt a third time. St Flourens played without proposing. De Bellechasse marked the king, made the first trick, and threw down king and queen of trumps. He had won again.

I was sitting, as already mentioned, nearly opposite to De Belle-

chasse Behind me was the room door, which stood open, and on the wall behind De Bellechasse was a lofty pier glass seven or eight feet high. At the moment that the successful player threw down his cards, I happened to fix my eyes upon him, in surprise at his good fortune, and as I did so a sudden and extraordinary change came over his countenance. His lips grew white, his eyeballs were distended, the healthy brown of his complexion was converted into a livid yellow, and, albeit fear, was the emotion unmistakeably depicted on his face, and wondering what might be the cause, I turned my head to seek it. As I was doing so, however, I caught the reflection in the opposite mirror of a person who certainly did not belong to our party and whose sudden apparition, and the basilisk look with which he fixed De Bellechasse, apparently occasioned the terror of the latter.

The stranger was a short thickset man of middle age with a physiognomy like a ferret, red whiskers, and quick cunning grey eyes, with a stealthy noiseless pace, and wearing an ironical smile on his sharp features. He advanced to within a few paces of De Bellechasse, and then standing still, made him a low bow.

‘How do you do to night, Monsieur Levi?’ said he.

The words seemed to break the spell that had kept De Bellechasse motionless during the silent approach of the stranger. Starting to his feet in such haste that he upset his chair and a silver candelabrum which stood at his elbow, he rushed to one of the open windows. Before he could reach it and with a spring like that of a cat upon a fugitive mouse, the stranger had clutched him by the collar. De Bellechasse struggled violently to escape from his grasp and made an attempt to trip him up, but the other only wrung his bony hand harder into his prisoner’s satin cravat, and shook him as he might have done a child. Rendered submissive by this rough handling, De Bellechasse ceased his resistance.

This scene, so strange and unaccountable to all of us, had occupied but a few seconds, and as no one but myself had perceived the stranger till he spoke there had literally not been time for interference. Now, however we surrounded De Bellechasse and his assailant, and De Flourens in his turn collaring the latter, demanded with vehement indignation who he was, and what was meant by this violence.

‘Hands off, Monsieur St Flourens,’ was the reply, ‘and you keep quiet, Master Levi!’ was added, as De Bellechasse again gave indications of unruliness. ‘It will be better for you, I can tell you that.’ And unbuttoning his long surtout, the man displayed to our astounded eyes the tricoloured scarf of a commissary of police.

‘You ought really to be much obliged to me, gentlemen, for saving your pockets,’ continued the functionary. ‘They would have been pretty well emptied, I reckon if my friend here had had his will. Allow me to have the honour of introducing to you Monsieur Simeon Levi, otherwise the Count de Mauleon, otherwise Monsieur Achille de Bellechasse, and half a dozen more aliases besides—Take a good look at him whilst you have the chance, for if I am not mistaken it will be some time before he is able to appear at your card table again.’

‘*Mein Gott!*’ cried Paukenheim, who, during the commissary’s speech had been turning as many colours as a dying dolphin, ‘*Mein Gott*, who is he then? What is all this, my good Sir?’

‘Not much, Monsieur le Baron,’ replied the commissary drily,

"only that for the last few weeks you have been making your intimate companion of one Simeon Levi, the cleverest and most dangerous *chevalier d'industrie* in France, or perhaps in Europe. I dare say he has made you pay for his society," added he, winking and smiling at the consternation depicted on poor Paukenheim's face. "Well, it will do you good, make you more prudent next time. But come, Monsieur Levi, we must be jogging. This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of escorting you to where you had rather not go."

A significant motion of the hand, indicative of turning a key in a lock, dispensed any possible doubt as to the description of place to which the commissary had already had the pleasure of conducting his reluctant friend.

A very little explanation cleared up every thing. The Baron Paukenheim, it appeared, had become acquainted with the self-styled De Bellechasse in a box at the Paris opera, and imagining in the height of his Teutonic simplicity, that because his new acquaintance wore clean gloves and a well cut coat, drove a cab and dined at fashionable restaurants, he must be highly respectable, had soon become very intimate with him. Levi, who was an accomplished and adroit fellow, speedily acquired great influence over the German, and under different prettexts obtained some considerable loans from him without in the least exciting his suspicions. Had he been satisfied with one victim at a time, he might probably have got safe off to Italy and there pigeoned poor Paukenheim to a far greater extent, but his greediness was his ruin. A well planned forgery committed on the eve of his departure from Paris, was by a combination of accidents impossible for him to foresee, discovered almost immediately and Monsieur Joseph Grippard, one of the most active members of the Parisian police, at once started in pursuit.

Justice and travelling are both more expeditious in France now than they were some twenty years ago. In less than one week after the incident at the bastide, the illustrious Von Paukenheim was smoking his pipe in his baronial halls in Westphalia, and in less than a month his quondam friend Simeon Levi, alias Monsieur De Bellechasse, was expiating his delinquencies with a chain round his leg in the arsenal at Brest.

SEPTEMBER.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

THERE is a warm, rich glow, devoid of glare,
 September, in thy deep-empurpled sky,—
 Languid, luxuriant, as some beauty's eye
 Outglancing between waves of billowy hair
 A gentle silence sleepeth in the air,
 Save when tis waken'd by the wood-owl's cry,
 And there's a flush of splendour far and nigh,
 Decking the solemn woods with colours rare

But not alone does Beauty flow from thee,
 Genial September, for at thy command,
 The gates of Plenty open to all things
 That crowd the land, or soar the air with wings
 Loveliness, Good, and Bounty at thy hand
 Wait like twin angels, brightening earth and sea.

THE ITALIAN BOY

A TALE OF THE LONDON STREETS

BY CHARLTON CAREW

"Poor Jocko, poor Jocko! It is very cold and damp No bed for us to night, and nothing to eat Art hungry, Jocko?"

The boy thought of his monkey more than of himself, though fatigue and want of food sorely pressed him He dragged his weury limbs along for awhile, and sank exhausted under a haystack that afforded small shelter from the piercing wind.

It was a November evening, the moon was up, but a fierce blast tossed the clouds impetuously about At one moment they chased each other with a mad delight, blackening the earth as they crossed the orb of night, at the next the moon shone forth serenely, and the sky was clear Again uprose the dark vapours, and their shadows flew across the fields like frightened things Away! and they were gone

A portion of the haystack under which the boy and his monkey sank had been cut away, thus forming an angle into which he crept He was one of those Italian boys who gain a livelihood about London streets by playing on the hurdygurdy, and exhibiting a fantastically dressed monkey Poor fellow! halfpence were never given him in great plenty but on the present occasion he had wandered all day without receiving a solitary penny He had danced and played and kept a smile on his brown face, though his feet were sore and his stomach empty Some people looked on awhile, and laughed at his performance, but buttoned up their pockets and walked away when he begged a trifle Others cursed his "vile instrument," and threatened him with the police, ladies looked curiously at him and said, as they passed he was a pretty boy, but too brown, while low urchins, born and bred of the streets, jeered and laughed, threw dirt at him, and screamed with delight if a tear dropped from his eye Thus hunted from the streets, cold, hungry, and weary he left the town late in the evening and sought some shelter in the fields that skirt part of the road to Kingsland He had picked a few berries from the hedge side which the monkey ate but the animal's merriment was gone, he no longer leapt about and gibbered, but cowered shiveringly beneath his master's jacket

"Poor Jocko!" said the boy, with tears in his eyes, "this is a cruel place for you There, come closer Don't shiver so, Jocko, it makes me miserable Oh, how cold it is!"

The monkey looked up in the boy's face, as though it knew what he said, and crept yet closer to its protector But the eye was not bright as usual The animal gave a low, whistling cry, and trembled still more violently The boy thought his friend was dying he judged rightly

"Don't leave me, Jocko, in this dull, cold place," he cried "Jocko, Jocko, don't die I'll get some food for you, but oh! don't die"

The animal heard its name, and lifted up its glassy eyes, they fell again—and the monkey was dead

"He's starved!" cried the boy, "starved to death with cold and hunger"

The poor animal had been his only friend on earth, and the child

(he was little more) cried bitterly Was it a foolish act in this boy to show such grief for the loss of a monkey? Let those who have no home and no friends—who, when the world has despised and scorned them have found that a dumb animal showed its affection by stronger proofs than men—answer this The Italian boy's affliction for the loss of his favourite was nearer the heart than childish grief is wont to be

He covered up the body of his friend with some loose hay that lay about, and sat silently looking on the little heap The chimes vibrated again and again over the lonely fields the iron tongue of St Paul's smote the air twelve times, and proclaimed midnight, when two men passed close by the haystack where the boy lay The moon was out at the minute and they saw him, but walked on a little way

"Bilson," said one to the other, when they were a few yards from the place, "did you see that?"

"Ay a prime 'un," replied his friend "It'll save a deal of trouble to night"

"We're a luck," said the first again "D'ye think he sees us?"

"No but what matters if he did? Come back," added he returning with his companion to the haystack

"Il d'ha younker," said Bilson, "what brings you here?"

The boy looked up in fear and amazement and tremblingly answered, "I've no bed sir and no home I'm very hungry and tired"

"Oh you're tired and hungry are you? Well you won't do it no good by stopping here this cold night If you've a mind to come with me I'll give you a night's lodging Jump up"

The boy tried to obey, but cold had stiffened his young limbs, he could hardly move

"Here, take a drop of this," said the man "You'd a been dead afore the mornung if you'd gone to sleep here You're better now, an't you?"

The liquor which Bilson had given him soon had its effect with a little difficulty the boy rose, and casting a wistful glance at the little heap where his favourite lay trotted onward with the men

"Where do you live when you're at home?" said Bilson's friend

"I haven't any home, sir"

Priestley—such was the man's name—winked at the other as much as to say, "It's all right," and then continued, "Well, but where do you sleep?"

"Sometimes I get a bed at Shoreditch, sir, and sometimes at St Giles's," replied the boy

"Got no friends at all in London?" inquired Priestley

"No, sir, none"

These kind hearted gentlemen, who were going to give the boy food and lodging for nothing, again exchanged a wink, and nothing more was said until they reached Shoreditch, when they turned down a narrow lane leading from the High Street—a noxious, filthy place Fetid odours arose from heaps of half rotted rubbish lying in the street Fish skins and cabbage leaves, bones and unclean rags, choked the gutters, while exhalations from out the drains made the air putrid This in London! Our would be philanthropists who disbelieve it, and, living in spacious mansions, talk of the wholesomeness and purity of the metropolis, may be convinced of the truth of this statement by simply taking a walk to the east end of the town

The nuisance is a crying evil, let those who have power remove it. Let us not denounce the corrupted atmosphere of half Paris, till we have purified our own. Away with theories, and theoretical discourse, *practise* what is preached, cleanse the poorer streets from the loathsome abominations that now choke them, and you scour our foul disease from the metropolis, and destroy the breeding places of crime.

'This is where I live,' said Bilson to the boy. "'Taint every one as would lodge you for nothing. My old woman an't at home, or I don't know as I could do it for you, but you must be off early in the morning. D'ye hear?'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy, who was thinking—poor fellow—of his monkey. 'I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure.'

'Come along in. I desay we shall find some grub.'

As he spoke, he opened the door of a dingy looking house with a latch key, and the party passed through the tenement to a room at the back. A little girl, about twelve years old, was sitting asleep in a chair before a small fire.

'Hilloa!' shouted Bilson, 'why the devil are you up at this time o' night? Get off to bed. It's one o'clock.'

'I didn't know it was so late, uncle,' pleaded the girl.

'Well, now you *do* know it. Be off.'

The girl cast a glance at the boy, and wondered why he was brought there at such a time of night. She made another effort to stay.

'I've had no supper, uncle,' said she.

'Get off to bed,' shouted Bilson, savagely, 'or it'll be the worse for you. Will you go or won't you?'

Being thus peremptorily commanded, the girl withdrew. She turned when she reached the door, looked hard at the Italian boy, and knit her brows, but it was unobserved by him, and she left the room.

Now, boy, said Priestley, 'we'll have a bit of supper. I suppose you're hungry. What have you had to-day?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing? Well, you couldn't have much less. Are you fond of beer?'

'Yes, sir, but I don't often get any.'

'You shall have some to-night then. Sit yourself down. You ought to be very thankful to us for giving you all these things.'

'I am, indeed, sir,' replied the boy. 'I should be quite happy if little Jocko were here.'

'Who the devil's Jocko?'

'My poor monkey, sir,' said the boy, with difficulty restraining his tears. 'Cold and hunger killed him. I got a good many pen-nies by him. I shall be very lonely without Jocko—poor Jocko!'

'Bah, never mind that,' returned Priestley. 'Bilson, will you go out for some beer, and—and—t'other thing?'

'All right,' rejoined Bilson, and he left the room. As he shut the door behind him, he fancied he heard a light step on the stairs. He called out, but there was no answer. He listened a moment, all was still.

'If that girl's up to any tricks,' muttered he, 'I'll stop her wind pipe in a hurry.'

He ascended the stairs, and softly opened the child's bedroom door. She was in the bed, apparently unconscious of Bilson's presence. The

moonlight streamed into the room full upon the girl's face, the intruder watched her closely for a minute, her eyes were closed, she breathed quietly, and was to all appearance fast asleep. The man touched her cheek with his finger she moved a very little, that was all.

"It's all right," thought Bilson, "but I'll make sure."

He left the room, locked the door on the outside and went out for the beer. But the girl was *not* asleep. Strange surmises things that had of late crept into her mind, (which was not so young a one as her age would imply,) received a fresh impulse this night, from the circumstance of that boy being brought into the house. When ordered from the room by her uncle curiosity—nay something more—prompted her to listen at the door. She had barely time to escape upstairs, when Bilson left the room as before related. She feigned sleep and thus deceived the man. Failure in doing so might have been her death. No sooner was the door closed than she rose from the bed and listened intently. She heard her uncle pass down stairs, and issue into the street. Obeying a sudden impulse, she tried the lock of her own door, intending to leave the room, and to listen over the stairs for Bilson's return. To her unutterable dismay it was fastened.

"I believe they'll murder him!" she said. "Good God, what is to be done!"

Bilson returned she heard him wait for a moment at the bottom of the stairs, and then enter the room below. She tugged hard at the lock it was firm. tried to turn it back with a knife it scraped along the edge of the bolt, but moved it not. What was to be done? The key still remained in the lock on the outside of course. A thought struck her.

"I think I can get that key," she said. Obtaining a thin piece of twine, she fastened it to that part of the key which protruded through the lock, and pushed it gently through. As it fell from the lock, it swayed about for an instant and struck the door more than once. She held her breath in alarm, lest the noise, slight though it was should disturb them. There was no movement, however, from below, and the girl eased the key down till it reached the floor outside, and with it dropped the piece of twine that guided its descent.

"Now then," she cried, "I'll have the key!"

She bent a large pin into a hook, and tied it to the end of the knife. With this instrument she raked under the door, and presently drew the string through. A low chuckle of triumph followed. Too soon, however, the key was large, and the space between the door and flooring not wide enough to allow it to pass. The girl pulled, and pulled again, till the twine snapped. Her hopes were annihilated. She fell back on the bed trembling in every joint.

The window!

The idea rushed across her mind quick as the driving clouds that flew frantically over the moon's face. Intense curiosity, no less than a latent hope of saving the boy's life, which she feared would be sacrificed, prompted her to try this means of escape. The thought was action. 'Twas done, as soon as conceived. The room where Bilson, Priestley, and the boy were, was immediately under her own. Some outhouses stretched into a yard at the back from which she could hear, ay, and perhaps see into the room. Fastening a sheet firmly to the

window sill, she let herself quietly down to the tiling. In another minute her car was close to the window, and through a crack in the shutter all that passed within was visible.

Let us return to Bilson and his worthy friend.

'Now, boy,' said the former, on his return with the beer, "eat away, and make yourself happy. I suppose you can sleep here on this bit of carpet." 'There an't nothing else for you."

The poor boy was too happy on receiving shelter, and food into the bargain, not to express his thanks in most grateful language.

Well continued Bilson, "I'm glad you're thankful, for it an't every one as would do this for you. Drink away, don't be afraid of the beer. How old are you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Ah, you're old enough to go a thieving!"

The boy laughed, he thought the "gentlemen" were very funny, but then they were very kind too. He ate heartily of beef and bread and cheese and drank much of the beer with which the men plied him. The drink was getting into his head, and he was merry. Poor fellow!

'Do you sing?' said Priestley.

'Oh yes, sir,' replied the boy. 'I sing with my hurdygurdy, and Jocko dances. But he's dead, Jocko's dead now.'

'When you've done pecking,' said Priestley, 'you may give us a bit of a tune. I'm wonderful fond of music. So strike up, my boy, as soon as you've done.'

The boy finished his supper, and taking the hurdygurdy, danced and sang to its unmusical jingle. He whirled about, jabbered bad Italian, (he knew more of English than of his native language,) and his bronzed countenance was lit up with smiles, as the men applauded his performance. Poor boy! he little knew the danger he was in. The very men who shook with laughter at his light-hearted merriment contemplated his death. They made their victim sing, ay, sing the melodies of his country, that breathe of happiness and contentment, and even while they clutched at his life, laughed. Accursed fiends!

Come, I say, cried Bilson, "it's getting late, and I must go to bed. We'll have a drop of grog afore we go, and then you can take your snooze, boy. Here, this is for you, drink it off."

The boy took the hot liquor the men had mixed for him, and poured it down his throat at a draught. He winced a little, and water came into his eyes. A few minutes more, and he fell back in his chair in a profound sleep. Bilson lifted him up, and laid him at full length on the floor.

"He is such a jolly boy," said Priestley, "it's almost a shame to settle him."

'D—n me if ever I see such a fellow as you are,' replied the other. "Every thing's a shame with you. Why, if it was the King or the Bishop of London, you couldn't make more fuss. Here, take summat to drink, and wash that humbug away. It's enough to turn a man sick."

"Well, well," returned Priestley, "you needn't be affronted. Let's go out for half an hour, till he's fairly stupefied, and then we'll drop him in. What do you suppose he's worth?"

"Oh, a good un like him an't going under ten guineas I know the place to take him Come along, leave him there a bit"

So they took their hats and left the house, having previously locked the door and pocketed the key

These men—*men*! we fear we have disgraced the name of man by so designating them—followed the disgusting occupation of "body snatching," as it is called They found a ready market for these "subjects" at the different medical halls, where young professors studied anatomy The difficulty and danger of ransacking the grave of its tenant induced these fiends to try the more easy method of murdering—*murdering* for the sake of obtaining a few guineas for the corpse Tremendous as this may seem, our readers may doubtless recollect the appalling disclosures of 1831, connected with this awful traffic A trade of murder!

The little girl, Bilson's niece, had for some time suspected strange things, her dreams were haunted, fancies undetachable but not the less hideous shapeless thoughts—nothing, but every thing—flitted about her brain when night came on It was as though the ghosts of those murdered close by her bed, appealed to her—a woman, though a child—for vengeance Now, she knew the truth Under the influence of this horrible conviction, the girl surpassed her nature and became something more than human And on the roof outside the house, shivering with cold, but her soul quickened by spiritual fire, stood this child, a watchful angel When the fiends left their victim awhile, she descended the tiling, and passed into the house by a back entrance But the room wherein the boy was imprisoned was locked, the key gone With her fist she smote the panel violently, again and again Its echo was the only answer

"Boy, boy!" she screamed, throwing herself against the door with frantic passion "Quick!—wake up!—hide yourself!—boy, boy!"

But he was senseless, and heard her not She rushed below, and seizing a heavy iron bar—she could not have lifted it at another time—bore it up and dashed it against the door It quivered under the shock Again—and it flew open Despite the noise the boy lay there unmoved Running up to him, she shook him violently, shrieking out, "Wake wake! murder's about! Shake off this sleep—they'll kill you! d'ye hear me? wake! wake! O God, what is to be done!"

With tremendous force she lifted him from the floor, and placed him in a chair She pinched the boy almost till the blood came, but he showed no signs of animation

"He's dead!" she cried

She got water and threw it over him He opened his eyes slowly but he saw nothing, and they fell again She feared to call the police, she thought her uncle would murder *her* if she did

"He's still alive!" she cried, dashing more water over the boy "Rouse yourself!—sleep no more! Deaths in the room! There, take hold of me Quick! don't fall back!—they'll be here directly O God, will he never wake! Ah! too late—they're here! I shall be murdered!"

She stood glaring out into the passage, as the street door was heard to open, followed by the footsteps of the two men

"Halloa!" cried Priestley, "what's that! The door's open!"

They rushed into the room, but on the instant started back affrighted on beholding that child's features transformed with excess of passion. The girl, with a wild scream, made a rush at the door, but Bilson struck her back, and she fell—blood spouting from her face.

'You hell hound,' cried the man, with a terrible oath, "I'll do for you first. What brought you here?"—speak!"

'Murder! murder!' shrieked the girl.

'Damnation! will you hold your noise?' growled Priestley, striking the girl down again as she strove to rise. She screamed more loudly yet, as Bilson knelt down and caught her by the throat. But the girl's frantic cries had been heard in the street, and at this moment a violent knocking at the outer door resounded through the house.

"It's all up," cried Priestley, "leave her—quick! or we shall be taken!"

He threw open the window, and dashed through it, followed by Bilson. In another minute the street door was burst open, and several policemen rushed into the room. The girl was senseless as well as the boy, and the police at first thought them dead. Bilson and Priestley had closed the shutters behind them and by this means deceived the officers as to their flight. The two children were conveyed to the station house, and, after a time, recovered. It will hardly be believed that this girl, notwithstanding her uncle's attempt to kill her, refused to give any information that might criminate the men. She simply said that her uncle was ill treating her, and so she cried out murder. She had saved the boy; revenge was foreign to her heart.

The Italian boy's story was a simple relation of the fact of the men's taking him to their home, and treating him, as he said, kindly. He knew nothing more, poor boy! So, for a time, the ruffians escaped.

* * * * *

About a year after, the Italian boy, who had got another Jocko and was as merry as ever, was passing through Newgate Street at eight o'clock in the morning, when a vast crowd close by the prison attracted his attention. He mingled with it and saw, erected in the Old Buley, the dismal scaffold. He heard men talking of "the Burkers." Eight o'clock struck, and a minute after, a terrific yell arose from the vast multitude there assembled. It shook the air. Looking up, the boy distinctly recognised two men who appeared on the scaffold. He turned deadly pale, and felt very sick. They were the same men who entertained him a year before. He turned away his eyes from the awful spectacle, but he did not dance or sing that day.

The girl who saved his life was taken by a relative into the country, and is now a servant in a farmhouse. She fears to enter London, the great metropolis frightens her.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL

IN BEN JONSON'S "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"

BY PAT LOGARTY, OF CORK

'IMPUDENCE,' says Theophrastus "is a contempt for honour, induced by the hope of base lucre"* Behold in this little axiom the key to the character of the illustrious race of the Bobadils From the earliest ages down to the present, the Bobadils have had but one ambition—money They have lied for it, cheated for it, swaggered for it, bullied for it, sneaked for it, and at times have even squabbled for it, but money still they seldom got and though it is their constant pursuit, they are generally as far away from the realization of their wishes as if it was the philosopher's stone Plutus himself—the blind old god—seems to have made a vow that whoever may be his subjects the Bobadil family shall not be of them Even a poet stands a better chance than one of this fated race

Perhaps you will ask how does all this happen? I will tell you The Bobadils do not know the way to get rich They walk in a certain path, to be sure, which they imagine leads direct to the temple of riches, but when they have got to the end they find themselves in the temple of contempt They always mistake the road, and never find their error until it is too late It is no use to tell them they are wrong A Bobadil never yet went right even by mistake

But who are these Bobadils? In sooth they are a company of potent, grave, and reverend signiors—stout swash bucklers, whose sole profession is to live pleasantly at the expense of their neighbours London swarms with them—so does Paris, so does Rome, so does St. Petersburg, so does every great capital And yet they are neither Jews nor authors In our own happy land they are generally called 'men about town,' on the continent they sport a title, and are called '*chevaliers d'industrie*'

Destitute of truth, honour, courage, intellect, or any one redeeming quality the Bobadils live by their wiles and means, from hand to mouth, practising a thousand wretched shifts and tricks to impose upon the world, and leading a life that is, from the first act to the finale, a base odious lie Their whole object is to keep up appearances, and this can be done only by falsehood and sycophancy Some have great estates and great connexions, but they prudently avoid adding that the first are in Cloudland, and the second somewhere between this earth and the nearest fixed star Others have splendid expectations which are just as likely to be fulfilled as those of Tantalus while some more have played a gallant part in the wars, and can recount to you campaigns achieved under their advice, and cities that surrendered on the mere report of their presence All these fellows are idle as drones Their inventive faculties alone show that they live, and it is by these very faculties they contrive to live Do they meet some young and inexperienced heir of noble or ignoble blood? Do they fall in with some cockney fool who despises the homely manners of the city, and apes the monkey fashions of the court? Then, indeed, a Bobadil is in his

* Η δὲ ἀνιμωδία ἐστὶ καταφροσύνη διότι ἀνιμωδὸν εἶναι κερδοῦς — Cap IX Character Ethic

element. He sticks to the youth like a vampire. He pumps for him, and laughs for him, and flatters him, and swindles him. He will take a hostile message, a billet of intrigue, or brush a coat, with equal pleasure. For the time he seems to have lost all management of his own affairs, and to be thoroughly engrossed by those of his patron. Like the "*Graculus esuriens*" of Juvenal, he will go to Hell or Connaught at his feeder's bidding. Nothing is too difficult for him—except to be respectable.

Bobadil is an essentially dramatic character, and has figured in many plays and novels. Were I to attempt an enumeration of all the pieces of wit and fancy in which he has appeared, I should scarcely ever have done. To the old Greek comedians he was an inexhaustible theme. The Romans too appreciated and painted him. The *Thraso* of Terence, and the *Pyrgopolinices* of Plautus prove that the race flourished nobly in the classic ages. The *Parolles* of Shakspeare, the *Bessus* of Beaumont, and the *Bobadil* of Ben Jonson, show that the breed still continued down to the golden era of Queen Bess. Fielding next took him in hand, and gave us his portrait under the title of a "led captain. Under what name he now lives and swindles I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Eleusinian mysteries of the West End to say, but I think he may be discovered lounging in the clubs, sauntering in the parks, cheating in some one of the silver hells that glitter in the neighbourhood of St James's Palace, and betting perhaps at Ascot and on the Derby. Wherever he may be found he is a noble and philosophic fellow, and I heartily wish him many a goodly goose to pluck—many a fat pigeon to devour.

"Quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
Consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam
Compressamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis
Tum cruor et viscerum labuntur ab æthere plumæ —ÆNEID XI 721

He is the true cosmopolite, and cares little for king or country, his sole desire—and it is a laudable one—being to live, laugh and grow fat out of the coffers of fools and simpletons, whose money is in an inverse ratio to their brains—the former being as 1000—the latter as 0001. The latest of his biographers was, I think, Theodore Hook, and by that gentleman he is flatteringly drawn, under the character of Jack Brag, whether or not this be a true delineation of the present Bobadil I leave to the author, perhaps Robert Bell, and the other men of wit and fashion about town, to say, but that he has many qualities in common with the older heroes of this school I know. One of Jack's amiable customs is, never to tell a word of truth. Nearly two thousand years ago Cicero observed the same little failing in the Brag or Bobadil of Plautus. "*Deforme est,*" says he (Offic. I.) "*de seipso prædicare, falsa præsertim et cum irrisione audientium imitari militem gloriosum.*" There are many other nice shades of character in which they are alike, but in the main point and distinctive attribute of the Bobadil family they are one—and that is what modern politicians have called "enormous lying."

The Bobadil of Ben Jonson is the best modern specimen of this distinguished race—superior to Parolles, and a fellow of finer genius than Captain Bessus. Some have said that the inimitable Falstaff belongs to the family, but this theory is now exploded, and the more correct

opinion seems to be that in Sir John, Shakspeare intended to represent a man of exalted intellect driven to debase it by sheer necessity, neither liar nor coward, but assuming the semblance of both for the purpose of achieving his sole wish,—the amusement of the prince. Viewing the character of Falstaff in this light we blend pity with our admiration, but for such animals as Bobadil we feel only contempt. In every circumstance we find him the creature described by Plautus—

“gloriosus, impudens,

Stereus, plenus perjuri atque adulteri

At sese ultro omnes mulieres sectatur

Is deridiculu et quaque incedit omnibus.—Act II Sc 1

He eats, drinks, dresses, smokes, and lodges by lying, and, like the shark that preys upon entire shoals of small fry, makes dreadful havoc with foolish landladies, and unsuspecting hosts. His lodging house keeper is his every day dish, and he feeds on her voraciously. She has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing, pawned her neckerchiefs for clean bands for him, sold almost all her platters to buy him tobacco, and meets with ingratitude in the end. He likes to live well so long as he can do so at the cost of others, but can content himself at home on his bench with a cup of his hostess's small beer, for which, as for the forty shillings which she lent him out of her purse by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging, he means to be for ever in her books. His lodgings he keeps a secret from his companions, and swaggers among them as lustily as if he were housed in a palace, when in truth he has just come from a garret, cleanly, indeed as simple Mistress Tib describes it, but a garret nevertheless, and when they are by accident discovered, he prays Master Matthew in any case to possess no gentleman of their acquaintance with notice of his lodging, not that he needs to care who knows it, for the club is convenient, but in regard he would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are, and confesses that he loves a cleanly and quiet privacy above all the tumult and roar of fortune. He swears the most delicate oaths—“*by Jupiter*”—“*the foot of Pharaoh*”—“*body o me*”—“*body o' Caesar, upon mine honour, and by St George*”—and holds in utter scorn any one who has not a good phrase, in other words, a commendable piece of blasphemy, he never scruples to flatter when he wishes to attain his object—he persuades silly Master Matthew, whose two shillings or so he intends to borrow, that he will make him cunning o' fence, and he addresses Tib as his sweetest hostesse, soothing her with compliments for solid dinners, and paying mayhap for his beer and ale in the coin mentioned in the merry old ballad—

“For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess and go your way,
And thither will we go now.”

In all this how closely he resembles the Bobadils of the present generation—the half pay captains, and swindling authors, who figure periodically before Mr Commissioner Merivale, and make poor indeed

the wretched owners of furnished lodgings in the polite neighbourhood of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the streets of Surrey, Arundel, and Norfolk. Some famous writer (Dr Atterbury, we believe) says, that tradition is to be found in its perfection in the plays of children only. He forgot the Bobadils, who live by the identical practices in the 19th century which they practised on the homely people of the first.

Next to Bobadil's cunning is his valour. For this latter accomplishment all of the community are famous. In the dialogue between Pyrgopolinices and Artotrogus, we find the former requesting his companion to enter down in his tablets the number of souls he has sent across the Styx—one hundred warriors in Cilicia, and five hundred Sycolitronidæ thirty soldiers of Sardis, and sixty Macedonians, all slaughtered by his potent sword and stalwart arm in one day, and the sum total of which the parasite, with a talent for arithmetic that might make Cocker or Joseph Hume stare, declares to be seven thousand! So sweet Monsieur Paoilles addresses his noble heroes—

Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals—you shall find in the regiment of the Spurio, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek, it was this very sword entrenched it—say to him I live, and observe his reports for me, and afterwards adventures the recovery of a drum seized by the enemy, in which he of course like all braggarts signally fails. The heroic Bobadil too has had his feats, and hesitates not to assure his friends, upon his reputation, that at the beleaguering of Saguntum, where in less than two hours seven hundred resolute gentlemen as my were in Europe lost their lives upon the breach, he was the first man that entered the breach, and had he not effected it with resolution he had been slum if he had had a million of lives. Yet this same rascal suffers himself to be disarmed and beaten by Downright, in the company of those very individuals to whom he has vomited his insolent braggadocios a thousand times and defends his cowardice by the poor excuse that he was bound to the peace and struck by a planet from heaven for he had no power to touch his weapon. And when he introduces himself to the fighting justice, Clement, as a soldier who had been despoiled of his honour, disarmed of his weapons, and rudely laid along or knocked down in the open street, without so much as offering to resist, and demands legal redress, who will not participate in the contempt of the worthy magistrate, and with him exclaim, 'O god! precious! is this the souldier?' here take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoone I fear, he is not fit to look on t that will put up a blow! And are not the Bobadils of our own goodly days right excellent copies of their predecessors? Where shall we find more honourable men?—more apt at cart and tierce?—more dexterous with sword and pistol?—more ready with card and cartel, and a military mustached friend in a blue Spanish cloak with red lining, and a kill-hum and eat him air quite enough to drive peaceable people out of their senses. Breathe but a word against the honour of one of these gentlemen, and a courteous invitation to Wimbledon or Wormwood Scrubs ensues. I say invitation, for if you accept it—and if you are an Englishman do so by all means, if you are an Irishman do so as a matter of pleasure—the challenger will probably sneak out of it, or go with a fine air to the ground, after having, like the two famous literary com-

batants at Chalk Hill, sent a private intimation of the fun to Bow Street. The Bobadils of our own era are not a whit braver than their ancestors, and they use the word honour as nurses put on masks to frighten little children. Whenever you meet one, treat him like a dog for a cur he is by nature and education, and if he snails kick him out of the room. Do this once and you will never again be pestered by the puppies.

Bobadil too has his humble follower and imitator. His own fantasy has affected another Mr Matthew, the town gull, whose father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth, and is greatly surprised that so finished a Coryphæus should lodge with a water carrier. "I dare be sworn," he says to poor Cob, "he scorns the house. He lodge in such a base place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well he would not lye in thy bed if thou 'uldst gi' it him." And when at last he is convinced that the brave Captain does indeed reside there, he breaks out, "lye in a water bearer's house, a gentleman of his livings! well I'll tell him my mind." But the spell of the chanter is upon him, and when he talks to the Captain, he does not mention the subject. He distinguishes himself by a respectful demeanour towards him, and gives him his last two shillings for a bunch of radish and salt to taste their wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach. From him he has learned to despise every one who is of a rustical cut, and doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion, and so much is he under his influence, that even when he is beaten and never resists, he pledges the jewel in his ear, having but two pence left in his pocket, which he reserves for wine and radish. Nay, he even assures the magistrate that Bobadil was bound to the peace, so anxious is he to defend him, and so blind to his cowardice. These are the foolish gulls, on which the Bobadils of all ages have fastened and fed, and many an excellent tailor in town will recognise his own portrait in that of Master Matthew, and his certificated creditors in that of Captain Bobadil. *To γὰρ γινῆαι ἐστὶ ἀνίστηναι*, for this is the privilege of snips.

But there is one other characteristic in which the old Bobadils are closely imitated by the young ones, and that is the spirit of speculation, but in writing this word, the latter generally drop the "s." Captain Bobadil's project for sparing the lives of her Majesty's soldiers, is as singular as Swift's strange advice to the Irish people to eat their children, or that curious jesuitical work published in Cork, and entitled "*A Modest Proposal for Shaving Ram Cats by Moonlight*." "Were I known to her Majesty and the Lords," quoth he, "I could undertake for the publique benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay three parts of her yearly charge in holding warre, and against what enemies sever. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land, gentle men they should bee of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have and I would teache these nineteen the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*, till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemies were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and wee would challenge twentie of the enemies, they could not in their honour refuse us, well wee would kill them, challenge twentie more, kill them,

twentie more, kill them, twentie more, kill them too, and thus would wee kill everie man twentie his day, that's twentie score, twentie score that's two hundreth, two hundreth a day five dayes a thousand, forty thousand, fortie times five, five times fortie, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poore gentlemanlike carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by fure and discreet manhood, that is civilly by the sword." Alas, poor Bobadil! scarcely hadst thou closed thy lips on this vain boast, when thou wert disarmed, lucked, cuffed, and reviled by thy relentless persecutor, Downright, and thus incontrovertibly refuted in the very midst of thy fancied triumph. All the absurd and ridiculous prase which thou didst heap upon thy skill in using the sword and rapier thy cut and thrust, thy passada and stoccata, disgraced for ever, and thyself exposed, as thou didst deserve,* as the most false and wretched of varlets. Such is the fate which folly and vain pretension always meet.

And here we would take leave to ask, Are the recent projects of recent Bobadils wiser than the foregoing? Are the companies for doing every thing by steam—by gas—by galvanism—by air—by smoke—by humbug one atom more likely to be successful than Bobadil's grand nostrum? Have not our Joint Stock Banks driven thousands to beggary? How many hundreds are wandering and starving through the country from our knavish Assurance Societies? What is the meaning of the great tunnel just about to be made under Fleet Ditch—of the marble bridge of ten millions cost, that is to be thrown across the fishing brook at Walton? Is there no Bobadil at work in the American Loan, the Spanish Loan, the Cherokee Loan, the Portuguese Debentures the Central Moon Colonization Company, the erection of National Schools at Sierra Leone? Truly, good people of England, of each and all of them, a Bobadil is the mainspring, and it is only when ye are fleeced to your heart's content that you will discover that the grand plan which was to enrich you all, was started merely to fill his pockets by sinking a shaft through yours. But financiers will never be warned, nor capitalists ever deterred by the destruction of those who have gone before them in the same line, and the valiant tribe of swindlers laugh and grow fat as fast as ever. Exult then, O ye illustrious Bobadils!—exult, and be assured that your dynasty is immortal. So long as there are fools to be fleeced, so long will there be rogues to fleece, and from the history of the past we may safely conjecture that the race of both will continue *per omnia secula seculorum*.

A late eminent surgeon despatching an old lady to Bath, who had been his patient for some years, gave her the following letter to a medical friend—"I send you an old goose which I have been plucking for a long while—do you complete the job, and strip her bare, for she can well afford it." The old lady read the letter on the road, and sent her compliments back to the writer, adding that as old a goose as she was she had yet sense enough to see through his arts, and begged to decline an introduction to his friend at Bath. Would to Heaven that that dear good old goose John Bull would only act with similar spirit, and have wit enough at last to perceive how close to the very skin he has been plucked by the knowing family of the Bobadils.

THE CELL IN THE ROCK

A LEGEND OF TERRACINA

BY CHARLES HERVEY

Beyond the Pontine marshes, and bordering the sea,
There stands a town of great renown in robber history
A learned Geoffrey Crayon hath told us long ago
And as some travellers may have had ample cause to know

But Terracina's heroes frequent "the road" no more—
The neighbourhood, tho' far from good, is safer than of yore
Yet must the passing stranger perforce a tribute pay,
Tho' brigands spare, a lion's share the *Douane* takes away

How different from the olden time, when from some mountain top,
Or wooded hill, a signal shrill bade horse and carriage stop
When men in velvet jackets, with black masks o'er the face,
Ransacked each box, and picked the locks with true romantic grace

Yes, things are strangely altered along this rocky coast
Where folks were stopped and ears were cropped, and forwarded by post
Masked robbers *then* used picklocks our trunks to overhaul
But not so *these*, who beg our keys, and wear no mask at all

Not far beyond the arched gate that binds the little town
Which must have been by tourists seen to Naples going down,
I here is a rock overhanging the road so narrow there
That scarce there's room for even a Brougham to pass a chaise and pair

This giant rock is lofty its polished sides are steep,
So smooth and bare, no footings there to tempt the wild goat's leap,
Save one long winding pathway the solid mass cut in,
Trodden by none save those who own a rocky home within

And there, instead of windows to court the sunshine bright,
In the thick wall are loopholes small, which scarce tell day from night,
A door above the pathway affords them entrance, but
It seems the light offends their sight, and so they keep it shut

Time was, in Terracina a gray-haired miser dwelt,
So stern, so grim, that few for him or love or friendship felt,
He had one child, Francesca, (which Anglicised is Fan,)
Folks thought her much too good for such a horrid cross old man

She loved him well and truly, but then that wouldn't do,
Tho' of her heart he held a part, that heart had room for two,
And like poor Desdemona, she candidly confessed,
She loved papa extremely, *ma*—she loved Lorenzo best

Thrice lucky wight, Lorenzo! half *such* a heart to win,
Blest with Francesca's fond caress, and all her father's sin!
Alas! the stern old father dismissed him in a trice,
'Young man, won't do, she's not for you, no, not at *any* price!

"They tell me you're a robber, and lead a shocking life,
No doubt, and yet you think to get *my* daughter for a wife!
A girl like *my* Francesca! Pooh, pooh! this nonsense cease,
Go quietly, and *don't* force me to send for the police!"

Lorenzo gave him one look, that made his blood run cold,
Not for his child, so fair and mild, he feared, but for his gold,
Yet not a word in answer the robber deigned to say,
After that look, but coolly took his hat and walked away,

Time passed, Francesca thought it passed slower than before,
Despite her sighs and tearful eyes, Lorenzo came no more
No more at eve she met him, for, ere he went to sup,
To 'make assurance doubly sure, her father locked her up

'Twas on a lovely morning in bright and balmy June,
Francesca at her casement sat, and hummed a plaintive tune,
When a low whisper'd rumour thro' Terracina ran,
'In yonder cell there's come to dwell, oh! such a holy man!'

The rumour soon grew louder, 'twas proved beyond all doubt
A man *was* there in shirt of hair, which he wore inside out,
His long grey beard hung lower than beards in general do,
Nor wanted much in length to touch the latchet of his shoe

'Twas said, when others slumber'd a fasting watch he kept;
And lay upon a rugged stone for pillow when he slept,
'Twas said he never tasted fish, flesh or fowl, or wine,
Content enough on garden stuff and Adam's ale to dine

In short he seemed a model to follow and admire,
So meek, so good, no penance could his zeal or patience tire,
No wonder then that hundreds of gaping peasants ran
From morn till night to get a sight of such a holy man

Francesca watched them sadly, and fain herself would go,
'Let me, papa, it isn't far! but cross papa said 'No!
And bought a lock, so anxious was he his child to snub
As strong, and thick, and hard to pick as any made by Chubb

He led her to her chamber, and double-locked the door,
Two keys thought he will surer be than one key was before,
But when she'd been a captive three days or thereabout,
'Francesca dear, she heard quite clear "I'm come to let you out"

The keys were turned, and sudden the door wide open flew,
And she was free, how could it be? in truth she little knew
Her father stood beside her he smiled and looked so kind
She tried in vain to ascertain what could have changed his mind

'Twas not without a reason her pa had ceased to frown,
That very morn report had borne a tale throughout the town,
Next day from Terracina the holy man must go,
Yc't, ere he went, 'twas his intent a portion to bestow

Not on the haughty beauty, in youthful charms array'd,
For time soon flies, youth's blossom dies, and beauty soon must fade,
Not on the flirt who scattered her smiles among a host,
But on the maid, the good man said, whom *he* admired the most

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the miser "here's luck in store for me,
The holy man *must* choose my Fan, there's none so fair as she,
'Twould be a shocking pity to lose a chance so fine,
The *honour* shall to her share fall, the *money* shall be mine.

"And as to that Lorenzo, he'll never meet her there,
In such a place to show his face I don't think he would dare,
I'll give him leave to-morrow to try — 'twill be in vain,
For by the powers, the booty ours, I'll lock her up again"

The last faint rays of daylight still tinged the western sky
 When from the town maids fur and brown the hermit's cell drew nigh,
 The foremost paused an instant his saddled horse to scan,
 Too fresh, thought they, too full of play for such a holy man

Beneath the rock assembling the lovely maidens came
 Each dark eye seemed, so proud it gleamed, the prize at once to claim
 Behind them stood Francesca, whose glance's sparkling ray,
 Like glow-worm's light, shone forth by night far brighter than by day

Soon rose a gentle murmur amid that anxious throng
 " 'Twas growing late but they must wait—they hoped he'd not be long,
 Besides, the light was fading, each moment 'twas more dim
 And how could he their faces see, or how could they see him?"

A minute passed, another, and then a whisper ran
 From tongue to tongue the crowd among " 'Tis he, the holy man!"
 Oh! then, as if by magic, there beamed a witching smile
 Soft and yet sly in each dark eye—all smiled or tried to smile

He came, the hill descending with solemn step and slow,
 He paused half way—oh! what would they have given his thoughts to know!
 Nearer he came, once looking at each in turn—no more
 As if his mind, to beauty blind, was made up long before

In vain did Maddalena her fascination try,
 Not all her wilks nor Nina's smiles, could catch the old man's eye
 Red lips, jet locks availed not white teeth and whiter skin,
 And snowy arms were powerless charms his icy heart to win

Francesca gazed, and wondered how he could still defer
 His choice, and why he passed all by, yet looked so hard at her
 But wondered more to hear him in quite a lover's tone,
 Say "Those bright eyes have won the prize, tis thine and thine alone!"

"Come hither, fairest maiden, come hither thou shalt see
 My coal-black steed, his beauty's meed, and such I give to thee
 "Ha! hri!" laughed Maddalena, "a horse, and nought beside!"
 "Oh yes!" said he, "and *somebody* to teach her how to ride!"

He placed her in the saddle and whispered in her ear
 Words heard by none save her alone, which quite dispelled her fear
 Then quickly sprang behind her, tore off his beard so grey
 And patched old gown, and flung them down, and galloped right away

Bestir ye, gallant horsemen, o'ertake him if you can,
 Spur on in chase, don't spare the pace to catch the holy man!
 Alas! alas! ye follow the spoiler's track in vain,
 For Terracina ne'er will see the robber's bride again

Now how the slighted damsels abused the happy pair,
 And how the miser "piped his eye" for grief, and tore his hair
 And how across the mountains his bride Lorenzo bore,
 This we must fancy as we can—the legend says no more

Yet, reader, tho' abruptly tradition's records fail,
 Still your own eyes may recognise the *locale* of the tale,
 And while the Pope's officials your bags and boxes scan,
 You still, trust me, the rock may see, but not the holy man.

TALE OF A TOE

BY EDMUND OLLIER

Last nighte, when deepé sleepe lay on all menne,
 And smallé foules did whist their notés sote,
 And everie beaste did slombe in his denne,

I sawe within my chambre, with this e e,
 The gristest sighte that ever manne did se "

OCCLEVE

SOME years since, while living in the country, I became acquainted with an old gentleman who resided next door to me. He is now, I give to say, dead, and though I am possessed of a long list of valued friends I know of no one who can fill his place. He had been until a very short time before my introduction to him, a great traveller, and many a curious story of far off lands has he told to me, while sitting most and knees into a roaring fire in winter, or, on summer evenings smoking in some green and leafy nook of his garden, a curiously carved German *merschaum*, for which (being a bachelor) he possessed almost a fatherly affection. And a first-rate hand he was at telling a good tale, whether serious or comic, grim or grotesque. He had a firm clear enunciation, perfect ease and self-possession, a large share of humour, and such a strong and vivid imagination that in a few words he could place a scene before you with startling and life-like distinctness. Moreover, he had not that almost universal fault among story tellers of prolonging a narrative to so great an extent with little episodical remarks and constant repetitions, that the catastrophe falls perfectly pointless and ineffective upon the hearer. He just hovered about the outset and middle parts of his stories sufficiently to tickle the curiosity of his auditors, but that was all.

One New Year's Eve (for it was a regular custom with my friend—would that it were so with every one who has the time and means!—to keep up, with great feasting and jollity, all our old English festivals,)—one New Year's Eve, I say, a small party of ladies and gentlemen, myself among the number, were assembled at the old traveller's hospitable house, to hail the birth of Dan Times new offspring in copious libations of that glorious, noble, genuine Saxon drink wassail. And it was real wassail, too, that we had, none of your false, flimsy, meretricious French wine lumbag, (which is a scandalous foreign imposition upon the public,) but the true, legitimate English drink compounded of true, legitimate English ale and roasted crabs together with sundry other minor ingredients, of which the real wassailer does not need, and the false wassailer does not deserve, to be told.

It was a bleak and bitter evening, with a shrill, moaning, wailing, restless wind, which seemed to go incessantly round and round and round the house, like some wild beast who had no shelter from the night raw and misty, too, with a sullen leaden sky overhead, and a thick carpet of snow under foot. It was just the very evening of all others for wassail, and I never beheld a more delightful scene of the

homely kind, (and there is no scenery like that of home,) than when—dinner being over—the whole party drew themselves in a semicircle about the fire like so many satellites round Jupiter and a man servant—the strongest and most sinewy in the house—entered with a gigantic bowl full of the generous liquor. At this appearance, a kind of subdued murmur ran gently through the whole assembly, and the very fire (though it had been any thing but a dull one before) seemed to grow still greater in its life and spirits for it chuckled, and laughed, and crowed to itself and threw countless soft lights and shadows into the room, and burst out at a thousand places into numble flames, some dancing some gliding, some lapsing some heaving and palpitating like living things, some twining and coiling round great masses of coal some gushing upwards from the heart and centre of the fire, and sparing half way up the chimney. It was indeed a cheerful, jovial scene, enough almost to have turned a bigot into a religious man.

When each and all had been served with great goblets of the steaming wassail, mine host said—

“Well ladies and gentlemen, how shall we amuse ourselves during the long evening before us?”

An old maiden lady timidly proposed a game at “Kiss in the Ring,” and inquired of me whether I didn’t think it capital sport to which I replied “Yes, considering myself bound by the laws of gallantry to assent to any thing proposed by a lady.” But this being violently protested against by some young fellows, and no other suggestion made I turned to my friend and said—

‘As the ladies, with only one exception, have so violent an antipathy to ‘Kiss in the Ring,’ I do not see how we can be better entertained than by listening to one of your adventures in foreign parts, if you will oblige us by narrating one.’

The old gentleman was evidently flattered by this proposal, yet not wishing to appear to desire it himself, he affected to be modest and replied—

“My dear sir, you do me great honour by such a wish, and although *you* have often been so kind as to listen to my little narratives, I am afraid that the lumps and mishaps of an old bachelor traveller would be of very little interest to the fair portion of my company.”

At this, there was a great cry of “No, no,” among the ladies, followed by a loud request from every one present for a story immediately, whereupon, excusing this departure from his habitual modesty before company, upon the plea of its being “impossible to resist the unanimous request of the fair,” my friend took a long draught of the generous liquor at his side, and then, casting his eyes for a moment to the ceiling (in which locality, from some unexplained cause, the ideas of story tellers are invariably seated,) began as is here set down

“When I was travelling in Holland and the Netherlands—— But wait a bit. I have two narratives connected with those countries,—one of a ludicrous, the other of a grim nature. Which would you prefer ladies and gentlemen? Perhaps you had better put it to the vote.”

There was not the slightest occasion to do so. From some remarkable appetite for the ghastly existing in almost all people, both young

and old, grim tales are invariably most coveted at the very time when one might suppose they would be least desired,—namely, at night, and especially winter nights. A ghost story, or any other dismal narrative, is considered totally flat and worthless at noon day. There is no ghastly sensation to be derived from it—no curdling of the blood, no beatings of the heart, none of those glorious tastes of fear which give such a relish to human company and human accessories. But collect a company of all ages, all classes and all tastes, bring them together after dark—say about midnight—just give a vague hint of some terrible adventure,—and if there is not an universal desire to know more, why the world is altering very much. Of course there are exceptions—but this, I say, is the rule. And so it was on the occasion of which I am now writing. The “grim story” was carried by one simultaneous and deafening shout.

‘Well, then,’ resumed our host, “when I was travelling in Holland and the Netherlands, I met with a night adventure which, for ghastliness, surpasses any thing of the kind I ever heard or read of” [Here what the newspapers call a “sensation” ran through the whole assembly.] “I was on my way from Rotterdam to the Hague at the time in company with a friend, but as Delft lay directly in our road—half way between the two cities first mentioned, we thought we might as well stay a few hours there—particularly as it had the honour of giving birth to the learned Grotius. Accordingly, just about nine o’clock on a fine clear autumn evening we rode into the principal street, and looked about us for quarters for the night. We had been riding all day and it was too late, and we were too tired to think of any thing but supper and bed.

‘Well, we rode along for some time, but not an inn could we light upon that wasn’t full to the very garrets. At last we turned down a narrow, straggling thoroughfare quite dark and shadowy (though by this time a full moon was up) with the overhanging tops of the houses, which almost met overhead, and as silent and deserted as a Russian *steppe* in the winter, to boot, for the Mynheers are rare fellows for going to bed early, and I don’t believe you could have found above two or three score of people awake in the whole city at the time of which I am speaking. However, there was an inn in this street, with a few people stirring about it, and entering it, we learnt to our immense gratification, that we might have as many rooms as we liked. And in good truth I think we might, for, even from the small portion of the building I saw, I should imagine it was capable of containing—and comfortably, too—every man, woman and child in the whole town—ay, even including the four burgomasters, who are about equivalent in rotundity of person to our aldermen. In short, it was one of those strange, old, straggling, rambling, sleepy looking houses, full of odd corners and passages, apparently built for no earthly purpose, which you only meet with in Holland, and which only a Dutchman can devise.

“When I and my friend had supped, (which we did pretty quickly, for, as I have said before, we were desperately tired,) a fat, oily man, who seemed always debating with himself whether he should go to sleep or not while he was walking about, and to have a great inclination towards favouring the somnolent side of the question, showed us up to our bed rooms. The chamber into which I was conducted, was just the kind of

apartment you might expect to find in such a house as I have described—large gloomy, and lofty, with heavy looking wainscoting half up the walls a cracked and time blackened ceiling, and a tremendously wide fire place, surmounted by a massive carved oak mantel piece, and paved with blue and white glazed tiles bearing rude pictures of every incident in the Bible

I am not a superstitious man, far from it but, despite all my efforts to the contrary, I *could* not help thinking, directly I had taken a survey of my chamber that I should never quit it without going through a strange adventure. There was something in its immense size heaviness, and gloom that seemed to annihilate at one blow all my resolute scepticism as regards supernatural visitations. It appeared to me totally impossible to go into that room and disbelieve in ghosts. The fact is, I had incautiously partaken at supper of that favourite Dutch dish, sour krout and I suppose it had disagreed with me and put strange fancies into my head. Be this as it may I only know that, after parting with my friend for the night I gradually worked myself up to such a state of fidgetiness that at last I wasn't sure whether I hadn't become a ghost myself. The old cumbersome hangings of the bed appeared to my diseased mind to be swelled out as with a whole army of goblins indeed, I almost thought I saw them move of their own accord and the carved figures upon the mantel piece seemed to have entered into some devilish compact on purpose to plague me. Every thing in short, had a suspicious look, and my nervousness was increased when, upon turning to the door to fasten it I found neither bolt nor lock.

'This discovery raised a host of new fears in my brain and a thousand recollections of midnight robbers shot through my mind. 'Supposing' ruminated I 'supposing the landlord himself should be a practised robber, and should have taken the lock and bolt from off this door for the purpose of entering here in the dead of night, abstracting all my property, and perhaps murdering me' I thought the dog had a very cut throat air about him. Now I had never had any such idea until that moment, for my host was a fat, (all Dutchmen are fat) stupid looking fellow, who I don't believe had sense enough to understand what a robbery or murder meant. But somehow or other whenever we have any thing really to annoy us, (and it certainly was not pleasant to go to bed in a strange place without being able to fasten one's door,) we are sure to aggravate it by myriads of chimeras of our own brain. So, on the present occasion, in the midst of a thousand disagreeable reveries some of the most wild absurdity I jumped very gloomily into bed, having first put out my candle (for total darkness was far preferable to its flickering ghostly light which transformed rather than revealed objects,) and soon fell asleep, perfectly tired out with my day's riding.

'How long I lay asleep, I don't know but I suddenly awoke from a disagreeable dream of cut throats ghosts, and long winding passages in a haunted inn. An indescribable feeling such as I never before experienced hung upon me. It seemed as if every nerve in my body had a hundred spirits tickling it, and this was accompanied by so great a heat that, inwardly cursing mine host's sour krout, and wondering how the Dutchmen could endure such poison, I was forced to sit up in bed to cool myself.

"The whole of the room was profoundly dark, excepting at one place where the moonlight, falling through a crevice in the shutters, threw a straight line, of about an inch or so thick, upon the floor—clear, sharp, and intensely brilliant against the darkness. I leave you to conceive my horror when, upon looking at this said line of light, I saw there a *naked human toe*! Nothing more

For the first instant I thought the vision must be some effect of moonlight then that I was only half awake and could not see distinctly. So I rubbed my eyes two or three times, and looked again. Still there was the accursed thing, plain, distinct, immovable, marble like in its fixedness and rigidity, but in every thing else horribly human.

I am not an easily frightened man—no one who has travelled so much and seen so much, and been exposed to so many dangers as I can be—but there was something so mysterious and unusual in the appearance of this single toe, that for a short time I could not think what to be it, so I did nothing but stare at it in a state of utter bewilderment. At length, however, as the toe did not vanish under my steady gaze I thought I might as well change my tactics, and remembering that all midnight intruders, be they thieves, ghosts, or devils, dislike nothing so much as a good noise, I shouted out in a loud voice, 'Who's there?' The toe immediately disappeared into the darkness.

Almost simultaneously with my words I leapt out of bed and rushed towards the place where I had beheld the strange appearance. The next instant I ran against something, and felt an iron grip round my body.

—After this, I have no distinct recollection of what occurred excepting that a fearful struggle ensued between me and my unseen opponent, that every now and then we were violently hurled to the floor, from which however, we always rose again in an instant, locked in a deadly embrace, that we tugged and strained and pulled and pushed—I in the convulsive and frantic energy of a fight for life—he (for by this time I had discovered that the intruder was a human being) actuated by some savage passion of which I was ignorant, that we whirled round and round and round, cheek to cheek and arm to arm in fierce contest, until the room appeared to whiz round with us and that at last a dozen people, (my fellow traveller among them) roused, I suppose by our repeated falls, came pouring into the room with lights, and showed me struggling with a man having nothing on but a shirt, whose long tangled hair and wild unsettled eyes, told me he was insane. And then for the first time I became aware that I had received in the conflict several gashes from a knife which my opponent still held in his hand.

To conclude my story in a few words, (for I dare say by this time all of you are getting tired) it turned out that my midnight visitor was a madman who was being conveyed to a lunatic asylum at the Hague, and that he and his keeper had been obliged to stop at Delft on their way. The poor fellow had contrived during the night to escape from his keeper, (who had carelessly forgotten to lock the door of his chamber) and with that irresistible desire for shedding blood peculiar to many insane people, had possessed himself of a pocket knife belonging to the man who had charge of him entered my room (which was most likely the only one in the house unfastened,) and was probably medi-

tating the fatal stroke, when I saw him in the line of moonlight, the rest of his body being hidden in shade. After this terrible freak of his he was watched with much greater strictness, but I ought to observe, as some excuse for the keeper's negligence, that this was the first act of violence he had ever attempted.

"My wounds, thank heaven, were of so little importance though they presented an alarming appearance at first, that I was able to resume my journey the next day but one. But ever since that night I have had an unconquerable objection to old rambling inns, and I never beheld a line of moonlight on the floor without undergoing a very unpleasant sensation."

Thus the old traveller finished his story, to the immense gratification of the gentlemen and terror of the ladies who declared that "they shouldn't sleep comfortably for months to come." And although I am not a lady, I confess that I was haunted for some weeks after hearing my friend's recital with dreams of toes and madmen, and I took care to have a crevice that happened to be in the shutters of my own room carefully stopped up.

THE CONVENT

BY A G

How oft hath beauty in that holy pile
In silence mourn'd, and youth forgot its smile,
Turn'd to the narrow grate with sickly gaze,
And look'd, and sigh'd, and wept for other days!
Thought, though 'twere sin to think of scenes that dwell
Deep in the mind, and friends beloved so well!
The gallant form half-seen at twilight hour,
The step oft welcomed to her father's bower,
The morning stroll, the midnight serenade
The winning whisper in the myrtle's shade,
And his the vow, with subtle accent spoke
Too fondly cherish'd and too falsely broke!
And is there none to pity here, or feel
A pang for all her bitter sobs reveal?
Will none by gentle word or look impart
The balm of comfort to her bleeding heart,
And draw that love to earthly objects given
By soft persuasive argument to heaven?
Alas! poor victim! o'er thy living tomb
Drear silence hangs, and ever thickening gloom,
Cloisters inscribed with records of the dead,
Walls that re-echo not the noiseless tread;
And souls long lost to earth are offering there
Penance, and fast, and meditative prayer!
Dream not of sympathy—can bosoms know
Thy grief that never felt affection's glow?
Snatch'd from the world and taught its power to shun,
Pride swells the feelings of the meek-eyed nun,
And Pity rarely haunts unworthy guest,
The frozen chamber of her virgin breast!

EHRENSTEIN

BY G P R. JAMES, ESQ

CHAPTER VII

THE Count of Ehrenstein tossed uneasily on his bed, in that state between sleeping and waking, when the mind neither enjoys quiet repose nor yet lives as an active being dis severed from the body, in continuous and regular dreams—when scattered and disjointed fragments of visions cross the imagination—when voices call, and suddenly sink away from the ear—when figures appear for an instant and are lost before we can accurately see what they are. Often his bosom heaved and panted as if oppressed with some terrible load. Often murmured words and smothered cries broke low and indistinctly from his lips. Often the eyeballs would roll under their filmy curtain, as if some sight of horror presented itself to fancy.

At length the grey light of day streamed through the narrow window, and fell upon the sleeping man's countenance, and after turning for a moment from side to side, he started up, and gazed towards the casement with a bewildered look, as if he knew not where he was. After leaning his head upon his hand, and apparently thinking deeply for several minutes, he rose, and dressed himself without aid. Then walking to the little dark ante room, in which two of his attendants, or *knechts*, were sleeping, he drew back the bolt of the door—for his was not a heart without suspicion—and stirred one of the men with his foot as he slept upon the ground, bidding him go and tell Ferdinand of Altenburg to come down upon the eastern rampart immediately. Having given these orders, he himself issued forth, and walked slowly up and down, now casting his eyes upon the stones beneath his feet now gazing at the rising sun. But few minutes had elapsed however, ere Ferdinand was at his side, and the count turned towards him, saying, "What! up so early? You should have no dreams, young man, to break your rest."

Nay, my lord," replied Ferdinand, "every one dreams, I suppose. Have you been disturbed?"

"That have I," answered the count. "I have seldom passed a more troublesome night and yet I was weary, too, when I went to rest."

"Were they good or evil visions, my lord?" asked the young man. "Mine were all bright."

"Would that mine had been so!" answered the count. "But they were wild and whirling things and—tis no matter—and yet these undigested thoughts," he continued, after a short pause, "these fanciful nothings of the dreaming brain, trouble us as much as fierce realities—nay perhaps more. I have suffered more bitterly at times in some dark visions of the night—yes, even in my corporeal frame than even choking death itself could inflict. I cannot but think that there is a land to which the spirits of the sleeping travel for a time, and undergo a strange and wayward fate, till they are called back again. I've often fancied there must be such a place, a kingdom of dreams, as it were, to which all the strange actions and thoughts are sent as soon as done,

as a sort of commodity or merchandize, and there are mingled up, by some fantastic power, with the productions of the land itself. There go the images of the dead, the voices that are lost upon the earth, the passionate loves and follies of our youth, the thirsty ambition of our manhood, the crimes and the temptations, even the very thoughts of infancy, and there we find them all, when summoned from the slumbering body to visit that strange country. Else how is it, that when we lie with darkness all around us, no sight, no sound, no scent, to wake up memory, things long forgotten, faces that no effort of the waking mind could call before the eye of fancy, voices that have long ceased to ring in the deafened ear of forgetfulness, come upon us all strong and vivid as reality, ay, even the feelings also, no longer suited to our state of being, totally dissonant to the condition of our corporeal frame or to our mental age, such as the joys and pastimes of our early boyhood, and the prattled pleasures of our baby days? Yet there they all are bright as if in life, though strangely mixed with other wilder things, and cast into mad, impossible array. Last night it seemed as if every action of my life, charmed by some frantic Orpheus, danced around me in wild and grotesque forms, never pausing till I had leisure to taste one joy, or power to resist one pang. Would to heaven I could be a boy again, and with the knowledge of each act's results, 'live over my life anew!' It would be a very different one.

Ferdinand had let him proceed without observation or question. Indeed, he was surprised, for he had never before heard the count speak thus to any one. It seemed, in truth, more as if he spoke to himself than to his companion, as if the weight of thought overpowered him, and he cast down the burden where he could. But the young man's surprise was not less excited by the matter of the confidence than by the confidence itself. He knew the count was learned, far beyond most of the nobles of his day. He knew that he was thoughtful, but he had ever seemed in disposition worldly, grasping, avaricious, evil qualities, as he thought, perfectly incompatible with fancy. In his inexperience of the world, he was not aware how frequently habits of thought and of desire, often produced in us by the operation of a long train of circumstances, overbear the natural bent of the mind, and lead us to a course of life, and to innumerable actions, utterly inharmonious with the original tone of the character. It is so, and there is scarcely any man who is not thus walled in by circumstances in his course,—scarcely any tree that, however upright its original shoot, is not bent by the prevailing wind. Nevertheless, when the mind is left free for a moment from the habitual influences—when the passions that have been indulged are not called into play—when the desires that have usurped a sway over us are for a time without either object or opposition, the original character of the mind is suffered to indulge itself for a brief space, like a prisoner allowed a few moments of free air. So was it with the Count of Ehrenstein. Busy with the thoughts which had succeeded to his dreams, he forgot not only his motives for sending for the young man at his side, but also his habitual reserve, and led from one feeling to another, as he discoursed imaginatively of the visions of the night, he was hurried on to admit sensations of regret which, sooner or later, visit every one of Adam's race, but which the pride that entered into us at the fall forbids us to acknowledge.

Ferdinand had walked on by his side, thoughtful and interested,

with his eyes, too, bent down upon the pavement of the rampart, and eager to hear more. But when the count paused, he unwittingly brought the confession, if it may so be called, to a conclusion, by asking a question which would naturally rise in any simple and straightforward heart, saying, "Is it not very easy to repair, my lord, that which has been done amiss?"

"No, youth, no!" answered the count, turning upon him, and speaking almost bitterly, "that is a foolish error. It is never possible to repair aught that has been done amiss. Each act, once performed, is irrevocable. It is more—it is a foundation stone upon which, under the lash of the stern task master, Fate, we must, whether we will or not, build up a part of the fabric of our life. Now do not go, silly boy, and, from what I have said, raise up in your fanciful brain a belief that I have committed great crimes, and bitterly repent them. It is with me as with all men who have power to think, and who try from the past to extract guidance for the future. I see small errors producing greater evils, I see pitiful mistakes, which were thought nothing at first, swelling with bitter consequences—but nothing more. Every man, Ferdinand,"—and he laid his hand upon his shoulder with a sort of monitory gesture,—“every man who has passed through a great part of life is like one who has climbed a mountain and is destined to descend on the other side, if he turns round to look at the country he has travelled, he sees it spread out beneath him, with all its roads and passes, rivers and valleys, laid out as in a map, and he will ever find that he has often lost his way, that there were paths which would have led him to his object shorter than those he has taken, that the objects on which he has fixed his eyes to guide him on were often wide of the right course, and that, in a word, he has not accomplished in the summer day of life one half he might have done, with less labour and by easier means—And now let us speak of other things. You would not say last night what you had seen in the old hall, now tell me what befel you there. We were then in the hour of fanciful conceits, when the imagination wanders and easily receives false impressions. We are now in the broad light of the real day, and you can better tell, and I can better understand, whatever you may have witnessed there."

"I did not wish to speak last night," my lord, replied Ferdinand, in a calm and easy tone, "because all the people about us have filled themselves with fears which would be quite as well away, and all I had to say would only have made them more afraid. I went straight to the hall, as you directed. I do not mean to say I would not rather have had a light, but neither flesh nor spirit shall turn me from doing what I have undertaken to perform. I found the door fastened, however, and after having lifted the latch, I shook it hard, but it did not give way. For a minute I thought of coming back to tell you, but then I fancied that you and the rest might doubt me, and I tried again. Just then, I think I heard a bolt drawn back, but, however, the door opened, and I went in. At first I could hardly see—"

"Why, the moon shone, and must have given plenty of light through the windows," replied the count.

"There was too much light, my good lord," answered Ferdinand. "I came out of the dark vestibule, and when I entered the hall, it was all in a blaze of light. The suits of old armour that stand against the

wall had each one gauntleted hand extended, and in it was a torch. It seemed, indeed, that there were more suits than usual, but I did not stay to count them, for as soon as I could see, I hurried on, passing the table where they were seated—"

"Who?" exclaimed the count—"who were seated?"

"Nay, my lord, I cannot tell you," answered Ferdinand, "some six or eight tall figures, each wrapt in a strange garment, like a shroud, dusty and sealed, as if they had lain long in the earth, covering the head and falling down to the eyes. My heart felt very heavy, and beat fast, and I dared not look narrowly at them, but I drew my sword and hurried on, mounting into the great chair to reach the banner, when just as I laid my hand upon it, the voices of those round the table said, 'Health to the Count of Ehrenstein! health to the living dead!' and looking round I saw that they had cups raised high, as if they were pursuing their unearthly wassail without seeing or noticing my presence. I felt somewhat faint and sick but I tore down the banner, breaking I fear, the rest that held it, and hurried out as fast as I could go. As I paused to take breath, I heard a loud clang behind, but what it was I do not know."

"We will see, we will see," said the count, sternly, "six or eight, did you say?"

"Ay, my good lord, at the least," replied Ferdinand.

"Can there be some trick in this?" rejoined the count, and fell into a fit of deep thought, which occupied him for several minutes. "And yet all the men were in the hall," he continued, evidently showing which way his suspicions turned. "I marked the absence of none except the horse-boys."

"They would not dare, my lord," replied Ferdinand, "there is scarce a man in the whole castle would venture thither in the broad day, and surely none at night."

"True, true," rejoined the count, "but yet they shall venture thither, if I live till supper time. What could this clang be that followed your coming out? We all heard it, even at that distance."

"I shall soon see, my lord, if it have left any trace behind it, for should you hold your intention of feasting in the hall to night, they shall not stop me from decking it forth as I have promised."

"You seem right willing to venture with these ghosts," said the count, whose mind was habitually suspicious.

"They have done me no harm as yet, my lord," answered Ferdinand boldly, well understanding what was passing in the count's mind. "When you have seen some such sight yourself, you will believe, but doubtless not till then. I would not myself, unless I had seen."

"Well, I will try," rejoined the count. "Come with me now, and perhaps we may discover what was the cause of this clatter that shook the whole castle as you were returning."

He spoke somewhat scornfully, and Ferdinand made no reply, but followed as his lord led on with hasty strides, as if either impatient to see the state of the hall with his own eyes, or fearful that his resolution would fail before his intention was fulfilled. On their way they passed through the lesser hall, where their meals were now usually taken, and thence through a long stone passage, which crossed the entrance from the great gates, down a broad flight of steps, and into the vestibule by one of the smaller doors opposite to that at the great hall. There the

count paused for a moment, as if he hesitated, then putting his hand upon the latch he lifted it, and flung back the ponderous mass of wood work, which yielded at once to his hand. With an eager and straining gaze his eye ran round the wide vaulted chamber, which was vacant of every living thing, but still the sight that it presented offered strange confirmation of the strange tale that Ferdinand had told. The twelve suits of old armour, no longer in the mode and fashion of the time, which had been for many years ranged along the wall opposite to the windows, upon wooden standards that kept them in an erect position, were now cast prone upon the pavement, and the lances, swords, and axes, which had been arranged in fanciful devices between them, were likewise strewn upon the ground, as if they had been flung down by an earthquake. The old banners remained waving overhead, but that which had formerly hung over the chair of state, and which the count had sent Ferdinand to fetch on the preceding night, was no longer to be seen. The chair, which had been the only piece of furniture left in the hall stood there still, with its cushion of crimson velvet, affording a strange contrast to the air of desolation presented by the whole of the rest of the scene—the broken casements, the mouldering banners, the rusty suits of armour cast down, and the disjunct pavement, with the green grass growing up between the crevices of the stone.

The count took a step across the threshold, and then stopped short, repeating several times, "This is very strange!" To have supposed that Ferdinand himself had cast the armour down was out of the question, for it would have taken him half an hour to do it, and the first impression upon the count's mind was evidently one of awe, if not of terror. But still there seemed to be doubts, or else he thought fit to assume them, to cover the emotions that he really felt, for after remaining for several minutes in the same position, he turned suddenly round to his young companion, inquiring, "Where sat these things you saw? Here is neither board nor bench for them to hold their revels."

Ferdinand's face was very grave, and even sad, but he replied at once walking some ten paces forward to a spot on the left-hand side of the hall "Here they were seated, my lord, or appeared to be so."

The count followed him, and gazed upon the ground. "They have left no traces of their presence," he said, at length, and then looking up to the vacant space where his banner had formerly hung, he asked "And did you really take that thing you brought me from that place? The rest does not seem broken."

"I thought I heard it break, my lord," replied the young man, walking on towards the chair, but then, stopping as he came up to it, he said, "Here are the marks of my feet, my lord, in the dust upon the cushion."

"Well, well, I do not doubt you," said the count, who had followed, and then, crossing his arms upon his chest, he fell into thought again, from which he did not rouse himself for a long time. In the end he exclaimed with a start, "He shall not drive me hence, I have done him no wrong, and with a slow pace he trod his way back towards the door. 'There that will do,' he continued, as Ferdinand followed him out, "I do not want you more; say nothing of what has happened to any one, and go fly your hawk, or wheel your horse, till breakfast-time I will speak to you further afterwards."

When the hour of breakfast came, and the household were assembled in the hall, the count again called Ferdinand up to his own table, and seemed to regard him with much more favour than he had ever done before. But the young man remarked that his lord's eye wandered round the chamber in which they sat, and then rested on the groups of his followers and attendants, as if calculating whether, with the numbers which were to be added that day to the party there assembled, the hall where they then were would contain them all. A fairer object of contemplation, indeed, was before the young man's eyes, for he was seated opposite to the Lady Adelaide, on Sickendorff's left hand. She was a little paler, perhaps, than on the preceding morning, but that was the only trace which her temporary sickness seemed to have left. She was more than commonly gay, indeed, though there was a thoughtful and a feeling tone mingled with her cheerfulness, making it like the song of a lark, in which, though blithe and happy on the whole, may be heard sad minor tones by any ear that listens for them.

When the meal was over, the count rose, saying, "Come with me, Ferdinand. Come hither, Adelaide." And walking forth, he led the way to the corridor above, into which the different apartments occupied by himself, his daughter, and her maids, opened, either directly or through their several ante rooms. There, after taking a turn backwards and forwards, he turned to his two young companions, who had followed, speaking with their looks, and said, "To you two I must trust the arrangements of the great hall for our guests this evening. It is vain to ask those dastardly men below, who are frightened at mere shadows, and the other hall will not hold one half,—that is clear enough."

"Oh, ask them not, my dear father," answered Adelaide, "I and Ferdinand can do it all, and we have no fears."

"Good faith, dear lady," rejoined Ferdinand, "though I fear not, yet I somewhat doubt whether, unaided, we can accomplish it all, at least in time. The armour has somehow fallen down, many of the lozenges of glass require to be replaced, and, good faith, I hardly know how I am to manage that, all the rest we might accomplish easily enough."

"That shall be done for you," said the count, "if you and Adelaide can do the rest. I would not have my jesting friend and his gay followers come hither and say that they found the Castle of Ehrenstein in ruins, and its banquet-hall as if it never saw a feast. Do the best that you can to give it some air of cheerfulness, wreath the cressets and the corbels with flowers—there are many in the woods just now—and with green branches, strew the pavement over thickly with rushes, so that no flaws be seen. As I go, I will send one to repair the casements who would beard the devil himself."

"He must come from far, my lord," answered Ferdinand, "for all the people near have got this tale. I first heard it down at the abbey, and not one of the people of the village, I believe, would come up to save his soul."

"Not very far either," replied the count, "within a mile of the abbey, on the other side. You know Franz Cruessen, the great blacksmith? He'll not fear, I warrant. Why look you so surprised, youth?"

"Because, my lord, I one day heard you threaten to split his skull,"

said Ferdinand, "when he refused to shoe your horses, and certainly he never showed you any great reverence"

"It would take a sharp sword to split his skull," rejoined the count "A thick headed blockhead, as rude and as hard as the iron that he hammers, but if he answers my purpose, that is all I heed He that doesn't fear me within ten miles round is not likely to be easily frightened I must set forth in half an hour to meet my noble guest by the way, and as I go, I'll speak to the man, so that he be up before mid day Now, Adelaide, my child, go with your girls and gather flowers and tender branches, so that you may make the dull old hall look light and cheerful for there will we all sup to night, if the fiend himself says nay"

Thus saying, he left her standing with Ferdinand but they could only venture to exchange a few brief words, and then parted for the time on their several tasks

CHAPTER VIII

Ferdinand was busy at his work about a quarter of an hour after the Count of Ehrenstein had ridden forth with his train The castle was left even more empty than the day before, for Sackendorf and his party had gone with their lord, and none of the feudal retainers of the house had yet arrived Some grooms and horseboys in the stables, and eight or ten men on the walls or in the courts, were all that remained behind, except the young gentleman himself, and they were not at all disposed to aid or interrupt him by their presence in a place which they all viewed with dread, even when they passed it at a distance Many were their comments, indeed, upon his daring, and some of those comments were by no means favourable to their young lady's lover for while some of them wondered how Master Ferdinand was getting on, without venturing to go and see, others went the length of supposing that he must have either some amulet from the Holy Land, which was a charm against spirits, or a plain compact with the evil one which gave him a command over them for a time In the meanwhile Ferdinand worked away at his unaccustomed occupation, perhaps not quite so dexterously as if he had been an armourer's man, or a groom of the chambers to some great lord, but he did it cheerfully and without apprehension, for the gay sunbeams shone through the dim casements, and chequered the old mouldy pavement with a bright fretwork of light and shade His heart, too, felt very summery for there was hope within and the expectation of love, and every thing was done quickly too, for he fancied that he might not be long without the presence of one he loved, and thought that every moment thus busily employed might well purchase one of sweeter occupation His first task was to raise the different suits of armour from the ground, and fix them in their places again Nor was this an easy undertaking for in many cases the thongs and buckles had given way in the fall, and the several pieces were scattered about and had to be reunited Nevertheless he worked on zealously, stooping over the quaint old garments of steel lifting their ponderous masses, and ever and anon casting back from his face the thick glossy curls of his hair as they fell over his face He showed no sign of apprehension, notwithstanding the strange sights that he had seen on the two preceding

nights, he never turned to give the timid glance over his shoulder towards the door leading to the vaults, but more than once he looked towards the other entrance of the hall, and listened for any sound from the vestibule. At length, as he was raising one of the suits of harness, where the rusty gauntlet and vambrace were still stretched out as he had seen it on his previous visit, some white spots like droppings of wax upon the steel seemed to catch his eye, and to awaken a new and interesting train of ideas, for he paused in his work, and, with his hand to his brow, remained in deep thought for several minutes, with a smile upon his lip. As he thus stood, the sound of voices speaking near the door was heard, and it was gently pushed open, while the well known tones of Bertha exclaimed, "I would not go in for Neustadt, and you don't want me, either, dear lady, but I'll stay here, and watch against any ghosts on this side, but I'll open that other door, and have more light, for spirits don't like the daylight, and I don't like the dark."

"Well, stay there, stay there, then," answered Adelaide, "I can carry in the wreaths myself."

Ere she concluded, however, Ferdinand was by her side, and raising up the flowers and young branches, which Bertha and her mistress had brought thither, he carried them in, and laid them down upon the pavement of the hall. Bertha's merry eye was first turned, with a somewhat timid and apprehensive glance, towards the interior of the chamber, and then, with a meaning smile, to Ferdinand's countenance. As soon, however, as the lady had followed her lover in, the discreet damsel closed the door, murmuring to herself, "Well, love's the best charm against evil spirits, after all. Heigho, I wish I had somebody to love!"

By this time, Ferdinand's hand clasped that of Adelaide, but I have noticed before that a strange change had come over the fair girl since their meeting on the preceding day, and that change was more apparent now than ever. All doubt, all timidity seemed to be gone, there was no boldness, it is true, for modest gentleness seemed an inherent part of her nature, but the fear, the anxiety, the hesitation of unconfirmed and perilous love no longer had any influence over her. When Ferdinand's hand clasped hers, she laid the other upon it, gazing in his eyes, with a warm and affectionate light beaming in her own, and saying with a thoughtful, if not absent air, as if the question she put was as much to her own heart as to him, "You love me, dear Ferdinand—is it not so?" and you will ever love me, and never do ought to grieve me, nor let others grieve me, if you can help it?

"Can you doubt it, beloved?" cried Ferdinand, drawing her to him. "Is not my whole heart and being only love for you?"

"Nay, I do not doubt it," answered Adelaide, "I will not doubt it, yet I have heard tales of men vowing deep vows and breaking them—of their looking upon woman and woman's love but as a flower to be gathered and cast away—but I will not believe it, no, no, we have known and loved in childhood, and we will love still, I will trust you, dear Ferdinand, I will trust you, only promise me that, if the time should ever come when deep grief and pain menaces your Adelaide, and it is in your power, by any act, to avert it, you will do so, whatever be the consequences."

"Can you suppose I would hesitate?" exclaimed Ferdinand eagerly.

"But I do promise, dear one I vow by all I hold sacred, by all that is dearest to me, that you shall never ask me aught that can remove a grief from you without my doing it at once"

"Thank you, thank you," answered Adelaide, resting her face upon his shoulder, while he kissed her soft cheek, "then I am happy—then I am all yours I have longed for this moment to come Ferdinand, for I wished to say all that might be said, and, to tell the truth, it was for this opportunity that I undertook so readily the task we have here to perform"

"And are you really not afraid, dear Adelaide?" asked her lover "For certainly here I have seen fearful sights, though I think it must be a demon indeed that could harm you Have you no fear?"

"None, none in the world," she answered gaily "I set all spirits at defiance, Ferdinand, but the spirit of love, and it would have needed somewhat more than imaginary terrors to keep me away from you to day, when we have so fair an opportunity of saying all that we could wish to each other"

Nay, not all," answered Ferdinand, "there is no day, no hour, when I shall not have something more to say to you, if it be but to tell you again and again how I love you, how I thank you But there may be more much more to be said, dear Adelaide, there may be difficulties dangers unforeseen circumstances, and, even with Berthas aid it may be impossible to communicate them to you fully and freely without seeing you and speaking to you myself"

"Well, then, I will come to you," replied Adelaide, with a beaming smile, as if to banish all his apprehensions like mist before the sun, or if not you shall come to me I have no hesitation, I have no doubt now All yesterday, after we parted, I was full of gloomy thoughts and dark apprehensions I was like one wandering by night in a wood and losing his way, to whichever side he turns I was doubtful of myself, doubtful of you, doubtful of the past, doubtful of the future but that has vanished away, and I am all your own"

"And what dispelled it?" asked Ferdinand

"One word," answered Adelaide, "but you must not question me farther I say I will come to you, or you shall come to me, at any hour at my season that it may be needful I know I can trust you," she continued, gazing at him with a look grave and yet tender, and then raising her eyes towards the sky, "I do believe, Ferdinand that for the best gift under heaven's sun you would not wrong your Adelaide in word or thought, or deed, and it is that trust, as well as some necessity, that makes me promise you thus boldly to find means of seeing you whenever you desire it Should there be danger to either of us, but especially to you, let me know it at once even if it be in the dead of the night, I should not be frightened, Ferdinand, if I saw you standing beside me ay in the very spirit-walking time when mortal eyes are closed in sleep I am very sure, quite sure, that you would not come without some real need—that no light motive would bring you, to my risk and to yours, and therefore I am thus bold, for love and confidence makes me so"

"And I must ask no questions," said Ferdinand, "for your thoughts are changed indeed, dear one"

"None, none," answered Adelaide, with a gay laugh. "And now we must to our task, Ferdinand, for if they come and find it unper-

formed, they may inquire in their own thoughts how we have loitered so. Aid me to hang up these garlands, and to fix the green branches on the walls, and then I will go and seek the wreaths that Theresa is still weaving."

He did as she desired him, moving the great chair of state for her tiny feet to climb and hang the flowers on every prominent place that would hold them, and often he mounted thither too, and supported her lest she should fall, with the arm cast lightly round her waist and the hands, as they came in contact when stretched out to reach the projecting beam or cast the garland over the wood work often clasped together with the gentle pressure of warm love, and if, from time to time, they paused for a moment or two to speak of the things of their own hearts, their pleasant toil was resumed the instant after, and proceeded the more quickly from the happy spirit that was in both.

It was a dream of love and joy, and the flowers which Adelaide had brought were nearly all expended, when a rough voice was heard talking to Bertha without and Ferdinand sprang down lightly from the chair, and looked towards the door. It opened as he did so, and a man entered, on whose appearance I must pause for a moment, as we may see more of him hereafter.

CHAPTER IX

THE personage who broke in upon the conversation of Ferdinand and Adelaide must have been at least six or eight inches above the ordinary height of the human race. Nevertheless, though he undoubtedly looked a very tall man, and those who stood beside him felt themselves like pigmies, yet at first sight he did not seem so tall as he really was. Unlike most of those persons who deviate from the common standard, either above or below, there was no disproportion in his limbs nor want of symmetry—the neck was not long, like that of the crane—the form was not spare and meagre—the joints were not large and heavy—the knees did not knock together as he walked, if there was any thing out of proportion, it was that the chest and upper part of the frame was even too broad and bulky, and the head comparatively small. It was round and well shaped, with a capacious forehead, and the short brown hair curling round it, like that of the Farnesian Hercules. The features of the face were good, but somewhat short, and the expression stern and bold. There were no wrinkles in that countenance except a deep furrow between the eyes, and yet by those indescribable indications which convince us of a fact without our well knowing why one judged in a moment that he was between forty five and fifty years of age, though every thing in his whole aspect and carriage denoted undiminished vigour and activity. Here and there, indeed, in his beard and hair, might be traced a single white line, but that was all that spoke the passing of years.

The dress of this worthy personage was that of a handicraft-man of moderate wealth. His coat was of untanned leather slashed here and there upon the arms, as was the custom of the times, and he wore before him a great leathern apron, blackened and soiled, apparently with the labours of the forge. A little vanity of the kind the French call *coquetry* was observable in the covering of his head, which was a cap or bonnet of black felt, bordered with a lace of gold, the brim was

somewhat broad, slashed in the shape of one of the Greek mouldings, and turned back towards the crown, while a bunch of green feathers, taken not from the wing of the ostrich, but rather from that of some more homely bird stretched across the front, and leaned towards his left shoulder. His shoes, or rather half boots—for they came up to his ankle—were long and pointed at the toe, and under one arm he carried a number of pieces of lead and iron, while his right hand was armed with a sledge hammer, which, wielded by him, might have brained an elephant.

Behind the blacksmith came a lad, bearing a basket full of various utensils of his trade, who, in any other situation, would have appeared a good sized comely youth, but who, by his side, looked a mere dwarf, and such was the effect of the man's appearance, that Adelaide, who had never beheld Franz Creussen before, turned somewhat pale at the sight though Ferdinand welcomed him with a good humoured smile of recognition, perhaps a little vexed that he had come so soon, but not attributing any blame to him on that account.

"Ha, ha, Master Ferdinand!" cried the giant as soon as he saw him, "good morning to you, sir, I thought how it would be. Why don't you help the lady? she can never get that bunch of flowers up there—and at the same time striding forward and towering above Adelaide even as she stood raised upon the chair, he stretched out his long powerful arm and fixed the wreath upon the spot she could not reach.

"You thought how what would be, Franz?" asked Ferdinand, who had remarked a peculiar tone as the blacksmith spoke, and a glance of the eye from himself to Adelaide.

But Franz Creussen did not answer his question, going on in a rambling manner. "So there are ghosts here, the count tells me, and all the men and women but you two are afraid. Let the ghosts come hither and see if I will not split their skulls with my hammer."

"Why, Franz, I hardly thought you would come," answered Ferdinand, "I heard you once tell the count you would neither shoe his horses nor do work of any kind for him. I am glad to see you in a better humour."

"I would not have come," answered the blacksmith, "only he told me that all the people were afraid, and as I never yet saw a thing to be afraid of, I came to look if I could find it here. But I must set to work, Master Ferdinand, God bless us, how thou art grown! When I first saw thee, thou wert scarce half an ell high, and now thou art above my shoulder."

Ferdinand smiled, for though he was certainly above the blacksmith's shoulder he saw not much higher, and had no reason to believe he would ever rise above the height he had attained. Franz Creussen turned abruptly to his work, and, with the aid of his boy, soon unhinged the latticed part of the casement nearest the door, in which the largest fractures were perceptible. He then proceeded to another and another while Ferdinand continued to aid the fair girl in ornamenting the other side of the hall, and many a dear whispered word passed between them, as they hung the garlands, or shook the banners, or crowned the war crests of the old helmets with bunches of flowers. At length, as the blacksmith reached the fourth window, Adelaide's store was exhausted, and she said, "I must go and bring more, Ferdinand, Theresa, I dare say, has twined plenty by this time, and an

the meanwhile, if you could drive some nails between the stonework of the arches, we could span over the vault with green branches, and make the old hall look like a forest bower "

"I will get Franz to help me," answered her lover, "his arm, I should think, would drive a nail into the heart of the stone, if it were needful "

As soon as she was gone, however, Franz handed down the lattice of the fourth window to his apprentice, saying, "There carry that to the little court by the stables I will work there Then come for the others, boy " and as the youth departed, the stout man leaned upon his hammer and gazed after him till the door was closed

"Come, Franz, help me to drive some nails in here, to hold some boughs," said Ferdinand But Franz Creussen strode up to him, and grasping him tight by the shoulder with his heavy hand, he said, in a low voice, bending down his head "Be careful, be careful, young man

"Be careful of what " asked Ferdinand

"Pooh, nonsense," cried Franz Creussen "do you think others will not see what I see " and if they do, you may chance to go to bed one night shorter by the head "

Ferdinand was somewhat puzzled how to answer It was a case perhaps, in which insincerity is tolerated by all the rules of social polity, but he knew the man who spoke to him to be honest and true hearted, and one who had always displayed towards him peculiar kindness and regard, when he was almost at open enmity with all the rest of the Count of Ehrenstein's household After a moment's hesitation, however, he answered, "I know not what you have seen Franz to make you use such words, but I wish you would speak more plainly I do believe you love me, and would do all you can to serve me

"Ay, more than you know, Master Ferdinand," replied the black smith "Speak more plainly! Why, I have spoken plainly enough Who is it makes love to his lord's daughter and thinks that all other men are buzzards, and can only see by candlelight? I knew it would be so long ago, and told Father George so too, when he first put you here "

"But if Father George wishes it?" rejoined Ferdinand, looking up in his face

"Why, I suppose he knows best, then," answered the man, turning on his heel "but it's a dangerous game A neck's but a neck, and that's soon cut through, but he knows more than I do and I suppose he's right " and thus saying, he searched his basket for a number of large nails that it contained, and was soon busily driving them in between the joints of the stone-work

In a minute after, his boy returned to take away another of the frames, and as soon as he was gone, Franz Creussen turned to Ferdinand again, and said, "I'll tell you what, young gentleman, Father George knows best, and so you must follow his counsel But these monks, though they manage all the world, do not always manage it as they like best and if this matter should go wrong, and you should need help, you will always know where to find it as long as Franz Creussen lives In any time of need, come down to me if you can, and if you can't get out, which is not an unlikely case, get me down word, and the door will be strong indeed that Franz Creussen's arm cannot open."

"Thank you, Franz, thank you," answered Ferdinand, grasping his hand "But I would not have you peril yourself for me, I must take my fate as I find it, and no fears for myself will stop me"

"That's right, that's right," answered Franz Creussen, "Life would not be worth keeping if it always wanted watching But I don't fear peril either, good youth, and I can do more than you think, for there's many a man round about would follow my leathern apron as soon as a knight's banner, I can ride with as good a train, if I like it, as any baron in the land But all I tell you is, don't you wait too long If you find yourself in danger, come to Franz Creussen in time, the good count is quick in his despatch, didn't he strangle the poor fellow who, he thought—or said, whether he thought it or not—had stabbed his brother within twelve hours after he brought home the news of that brother's death"

'Indeed' exclaimed Ferdinand, "I was not aware he had done so"

Ay ay, answered the blacksmith "he did it, sure enough, you may see his bones, poor fellow, chained to the pillar against which they strangled him, down in the serfs burial vault, but that was before you came here of course so you can't know much of it"

'I was aware he had put him to death," replied Ferdinand "but did not know he had been so prompt in his execution"

'He was though, rejoined the blacksmith, "and for that reason be you prompt too, if you see signs of danger Come to Franz Creussen at once,—better to him than to the abbey, for though the monks hold their own well enough against the count, they do not like to muddle in other people's quarrels, and it is likely there will be long consultations, before the end of which the abbey might be stormed, or at the end of which you might be given up"

As he spoke the Lady Adelaide returned with a fresh supply of garlands and Franz Creussen turned away to drive in more nails to hang the branches on and, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, quitted the hall saying, with a laugh, "I'll go work at the casements in the court, I am better there than here, and you shall have timely notice when the count is coming up the hill"

'That man looked very strange,' said Adelaide, "and spoke strangely too Can he suspect any thing, Ferdinand? He frightens me"

'Oh do not fear him, dearest girl," replied her lover, "he is honest and true if ever one was so, and has a great love for me I must not conceal from you my beloved, that he does suspect, and has been warning me if any danger should arise, to fly to him speedily, or to send to him at once if I should be imprisoned He is much loved and much feared in the country round, and might give good and serviceable aid in case of need"

'Heaven forbid that it should ever be required!' cried Adelaide, clasping her two hands together, and gazing sadly down, but the moment after, the light rose in her eyes again, and she looked up with a bright smile, exclaiming, "I am doing what is right, and I will not fear, but we must be careful, dear Ferdinand We must not, for the mere happiness of the moment, call suspicions upon us that might endanger the happiness of our lives Let us to our task, let us to our task, and show them when they return that we have been right busy in that we undertook"

For the next three or four hours, with a brief interruption for the

mid day meal, the lady and her lover continued to employ themselves in decorating the old hall, and, aided by Franz Creussen and his lad, contrived completely to change the appearance of the place. Bertha, too, by seeing the other four continually go in and come out, by hearing the cheerful sounds of their voices from within, and by the presence of so many persons who seemed to have no fear, was at length encouraged to look in, and then to speak from the door to her mistress at the other end of the hall, and lastly to enter herself and assist with her own hands.

Every thing was nearly completed, but a few more boughs were required to be added, to form a sort of canopy over the chair of state, and to bring in the tables from the other halls, when the distant sound of a trumpet was heard, and Franz Creussen's boy learned from the feudal retainers, who had by this time assembled in considerable numbers that a large body of horsemen was coming over the opposite hill. Adelaide hastened away to prepare herself for the reception of her father's guests, but Ferdinand remained for a few minutes longer to finish, with hurried hands, all that remained to be done and then left the hall with Franz Creussen, who declared that he would now hasten home, adding in a sully tone, 'I will not stay to see them revel, who have no right to be here.'

At the door, however, Ferdinand turned to look back and see the general effect which had been produced by the labours of the day. A pleasant, though a somewhat strangely mingled sight it was, and certainly the change which had been produced was very great. The old arches, with their fretted roofs above—the grey stone work from which the tone of age and disuse could not be removed contrasted curiously with the gay garlands of bright summer flowers that crowned the chapters of the pillars, and hung in wavy lines along the walls, the green boughs too, with their regular irregularity forming a vault, as it were, within the vault, crossed in different directions by the banners, now shaken clear of the dust that had long covered them and the rushes with which the floor was thickly strewn, gave the old hall, as Adelaide had said, the appearance of a forest glade dressed out with flags for some chivalrous holyday, and as he stood and looked around, he felt sure that his lord would think they had laboured well during his absence, and, contented with his work, hastened to his chamber to remove the dust from his face and hands, and don his festival attire.

CHAPTER X

A body of some sixty armed vassals of the house of Ehrenstein were drawn up in the outer court of the castle. They were under different subordinate leaders, for, by the subdivision of land, in descending from one generation to another the exact number which had been originally assigned by tenure to different portions of the seignory had become somewhat confused, and also difficult to compute, for many small properties were now only bound to send half a man, and others one, two, or three and a half. As it was not so easy to divide a man as it had been found to divide the land that nourished him, each little community was usually called upon to send their aggregate number, to whom a chief was appointed to command them, under the lord of

Ehrenstein, or one of his officers As Ferdinand of Altenburg was the only person of note in the household of the count that now remained in the castle the villagers were, of course, under his guidance, and he endeavoured to array them in such a sort as to make the greatest possible display of force on the entrance of the lord of the castle with his guests The outer gates, however, were closed, although some of the retainers thought it not a little strange that the young gentleman should shut the doors upon the count himself But Ferdinand knew well his task, and after ordering a banner to be displayed upon the walls he approached the gates, and waited with some impatience, listening for the sounds from without At length the shrill blast of a trumpet upon the bridge, within a few yards of the spot where he stood, showed him that the count was near, and opening the wicket, he demanded aloud, "Who seeks to enter here?" The trumpeter replied in the same tone, "The Count of Ehrenstein Open the gates to your lord" And the young gentleman instantly commanded them to be flung back, that the cavalcade might enter It consisted, in the whole, of some sixty or seventy men, with a number of baggage horses following in the rear At the head of the first and principal group appeared the count himself, in the garments of peace, while on his left rode a fine looking man, somewhat past the middle age, partially armed His head was only covered with an ordinary velvet cap and plume, however, so that Ferdinand had a full opportunity of gazing at his features, which he did with a degree of interest for which he knew no cause He had heard of Count Frederick of Lemingen, indeed, as a gallant and skilful soldier, and a frank hearted and amiable man But he had seen many such, without feeling the same sort of curiosity which he now experienced The count's face was such as might well express his character—blithe and good humoured, though with a high, thoughtful brow, while two or three scars upon his lip and cheek showed that he had not acquired the glory of arms without tasting the perils and the pangs His hair, nearly white, falling from beneath his cap, would have seemed to show a more advanced period of life than the Count of Ehrenstein had attained, but, on the other hand, the guest was more upright and stately in person than his host, and rode his horse with a more martial air Behind these two appeared old Sickendorf and Karl of Mosbach, with two or three other knights of Count Frederick's train, and the first group was closed by a party which would have seemed very strange, and in most unnatural companionship to our eyes, though in those times it was of every day occurrence On the right was a priest in his ordinary riding apparel, bearing a dry branch of the Oriental palm in his hand, and on the left rode a tall, powerful personage, whose motley garb, and sort of Phrygian bonnet, surmounted by a bell instead of a tassel, bespoke him the jester of the high nobleman whom he followed He also was past the middle age, and his beard, which seemed once to have been of a rich dark brown, was now thickly mingled with white, his eyebrows were quite blanched, but his eye was keen and quick, and his teeth white and perfect The powerful horse that he bestrode he managed with ease, and even grace, and as he came forward, he sent a rapid and marking glance over every tower and battlement of the castle, and round all the retainers of the house of Ehrenstein, scrutinising each face, and then passing on Behind these two, and mounted upon a horse as tall as those that went before,

was a dwarf, excessively diminutive in size, and hideous in feature, form and complexion, he was decked out in all the gayest colours that could be found, which seemed to render his deformity but the more apparent, and his small black eyes twinkled from beneath his bent brows with a dark malicious expression as if in that small frame there were a vast store of hatred for all human things more favoured by nature than himself. Some pages in attendance, of good birth, followed, and then the men-at-arms.

Just beyond the arch of the gateway stood the Lady Adelaide with her women, looking more lovely, at least in the eyes of Ferdinand of Altenburg, than she had ever done before—the colour of her cheek heightened—and a light in her eye, that can only be given by love. As soon as Count Frederick saw her he spoke a few words to her father in a low voice, the Lord of Ehrenstein bowed his head, and his guest instantly sprang to the ground, and advancing gracefully to the lady, took her hand and pressed his lips upon it. The rest of the party also dismounted, and Count Frederick still holding Adelaide by the hand, and gazing upon her with a look of admiration and interest, was led to the lesser hall, where her father apologizing for being absent for a moment, left him to the entertainment of the fair lady for a time, and hurrying back into the court, called Ferdinand to him.

"Is all prepared in the hall?" he asked, with a low voice.

"Yes, my good lord," replied the young man proudly. "But you cannot go to see it yet, till it be lighted up. The evening is beginning to fall, and at supper time it will show as you could wish it—so sweetly has the Lady Adelaide decked it. It seems as if she were born a queen of flowers, and they do her bidding willingly."

The count smiled, but went on to say, "Then you had nothing to interrupt you—none of these strange sights again?"

"None, none, my lord," answered Ferdinand. "The only strange sight that visited us during the day was that giant Franz Clessen, but he did us good service, helped to reach up where we could not stretch our arms, and in the labouring part did more than any one—he was only just gone when you arrived."

"He passed us on the road, without a word," replied the count. "neither doffed his bonnet, nor made any sign of reverence. So all passed quietly."

"So peacefully and lightly, my good lord," answered Ferdinand, "that, standing there in the broad sunshine of the day, I could hardly believe that my eyes had not played me the knave last night, and cheated me with idle visions."

"Perhaps it was so," said the count, "and yet that banner—that was no vision, Ferdinand. However, we must forget such things and you must choose out twenty of the men to be with us in the hall to night. Lay my commands strictly on them to show no signs of fear and forbid all the rest even to whisper one word of these vain tales to any of the guests. I have spoken with Sickendorf and Mosbach already, but I trust more to you, Ferdinand, for they have doubts and fears that you are without neither, to say the truth, are they very courteous. Here Sickendorf has been brawling already with one of Count Frederick's chief followers. You must try and keep peace and quietness and see that hospitable courtesy be shown to all."

"I cannot meddle with Sickendorf and Mosbach, my lord,"

answered Ferdinand, "for they are knights, and I am none, and moreover are my elders, but all the rest I can easily command partly by love and partly by authority, if you will delegate some power to me to rule them as I think best, when you are not present."

"I will, I will, good youth" replied the count, "at supper time I will do it publicly, with thanks for what you have already done. You shall be my master of the household for the time, and in that character you must show not only every kind attention to Count Frederick himself, but to his favourite followers."

"There is sufficient good accommodation provided for his knights," my lord, answered Ferdinand, "I saw to that before I went to the hall. Every thing is ready for seven, and I see but five."

"Good faith there are others that he cares for more than his knights," answered the count. "There is the priest, ay, and the jester too. My old friend seems full of strange phantasies, and we must humour them. This fool whom he has with him saved his life in the Holy Land it seems, and though he is at times somewhat insolent, even to his lord—as all such knavish fools are—not only does he bear with him patiently but, ever keeping in mind this one service, sets him at table with his knights, and listens to him like an oracle. He and the priest must sit with us, and we may draw diversion from the man if nought else. Be sure that you are civil to him, my good youth for Count Frederick's friendship may stand me in good stead. Then there's a youth,—there he stands, talking with Mosbach, a down looked quick eyed lad who seems a favourite too."

"What is his name, my lord?" asked Ferdinand, turning his eyes in the direction of the group of which the count spoke.

"Martin of Dillberg," said his lord. "He is a gentleman by birth, it seems but of no very high nobility. Not like the Altenburgs," he continued with a smile and a flattering tone, "whose very blood is wealth. So now go, Ferdinand, and see that all be arranged as I have said for I must bid me back again, and lead this good lord to his apartments. You do the same for the others, and let the trumpet sound some minutes before supper, that we may all be gathered in the other hall."

Thus saying he left him, but in the meanwhile some words of interest had passed between Adelaide and Count Frederick, who had remained with her near one of the windows, while the few attendants who had followed them grouped together talking at the other end of the chamber.

"I have known your father long and well, my dear young lady," he said, as soon as they entered, "and I knew your uncle better still—a noble and high minded man he was, as sportful as a child yet with the courage and the conduct of a sage, and I must look upon you almost as a daughter. Thus, if I do so sometimes, and seem more familiar and more concerned about your happiness than our young acquaintance might warrant, you will forgive me."

"Kindness needs no forgiveness, my noble lord," replied Adelaide, thinking she remarked something peculiar in the prince's tone, though she knew not well what.

"Yes, for it may sometimes seem impertinent," answered Count Frederick. "But methinks, my child, if I can read the clear book of

your eyes aught, you are one who can see very speedily what are the motives of words or actions that to some might seem strange. I am preparing you for the demeanour of an odd old man—but I think I have said enough."

"I do not know, my lord," replied Adelaide, casting round her eyes in some doubt and confusion, "enough to awaken curiosity but not to satisfy it."

"Perhaps not enough to win confidence," replied Count Frederick, "yet as I never knew that it could be gained by words, I must leave deeds to speak for me, and will only tell you more that I have seen and spoken with a friend of yours, and that if you should need at any time aid and protection, you will have it from Frederick of Lemmingen."

"A friend of mine!" said Adelaide, in surprise.

"Yes, indeed," replied her companion, "and a good friend too, who told me that a time was coming when you might need support, and I promised to give it. But I must hear more myself before I can speak further. In the meantime, keep what I have said to your own bosom, but trust me as far as you will when you have need—What is it now, Herr Narren?" he continued, as his jester approached him. "What is it that you want?"

"What do I want?" said the man in motley. "Good faith, Uncle Frederick, my answer, to be pertinent must be as long as a dictionary. First, I want lands and lordships, and a purse well stored; then I want wit, at least so men tell me, and I judge myself that I want a pretty wife. Sure I ought to have one or the other, though both cannot go together, for a pretty wife takes away a man's wit, and a man who has wit has not a pretty wife. Then I want boots of untanned leather, brodered with gold, and a well darned doublet, which the heir of heaven knoweth right well I have not got—Give you good luck, fair lady, are you the daughter of this castle?"

"I am the daughter of its lord," replied Adelaide, with a smile.

"Then you are the daughter of the castle," answered the jester, "and its only begotten child."

"How do you prove that, Herr von Narren?" asked Count Frederick, seeming to enjoy very much the man's dull jokes.

"Now cogitate," replied the jester. "Is not the castle made of stone—all lords' hearts are made of stone too. He is the lord of the castle, and if she is the daughter of his heart, she is the daughter of a stone. The castle is made of stone—*ergo*, she is the daughter of the castle."

"It halts, it halts," cried Count Frederick, "your argument is lame of one foot."

"My father's heart has never been of stone to me," replied Adelaide, gently.

"Perhaps you never cut it, or you would have found it so, pretty blossom," said the jester, more gravely than was his wont, and then turning to Count Frederick, he was about to continue in his usual strain, when their host entered, and in courteous terms, and with the ceremonious manners of the day, besought his noble guest to follow him to the apartments which had been prepared for him. The party in the little hall then separated, and Adelaide retired to her own chamber, through passages and corridors now crowded with men carrying up the baggage with which the horses had been laden.

THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE *

THE goodly fellowship of tourists who wend their way to Germany at this period of the year, are generally in such a hurry to get there for fear any unforeseen accident, any sudden call of business, should oblige them to retrace their steps before they can "say they have seen the Rhine, that they seldom think of inquiring about anything else than this 'How soon shall we get to Cologne?'" and look neither to the right nor the left till they get there. And pretty considerably disappointed are they, as we imagine, when they do find themselves in its dirty narrow streets, very much resembling those of that Cockney Cologne—Gravesend, and rush incontinently to buy boxes of the "veritable eau de Cologne"—just as the Gravesend tourists buy bags of the veritable shrimps of that ancient and interesting watering place. And when they manage to poke their noses through the end of a long guttery gullet of a street, and sniff the breath of the brownish yellow Rhine, crawling sluggishly between its low banks, very incontinently do they begin to compare the opposite bank with that of Tilbury and to speculate upon the difference in breadth of the two rivers, and choking perhaps with the oleaginous cookery of the German Gasthoff, entertain for a moment something like a vain desire that they might be back again at the "Falcon" to refresh their memories of an old familiar spot, "too early seen unknown, and known too late." No doubt but next day, when they find themselves steaming up the river to Coblenz, and pay their respects to the Seven Mountains by the way, this disloyal feeling leaves them, and their faculties begin to open to a perception of the grand and picturesque, and by the time they have steamed back again they have got the panorama book by heart, and have nothing more to desire but to get comfortably home to the Hill of Ludgate, or Corn, or Denmark, or Hampstead, (which they begin to think rather meanly of,) and to tell the Joneses all they saw and all they didn't see.

And did we say that in all this fortnight's tour they saw nothing but Cologne and the Rhine? If so, we wronged them much. They saw everything that was to be seen at Antwerp, and Mechlin, and Brussels, and Liège,—perhaps even at Ghent and Bruges, cathedrals, town halls, pictures, lace, and so forth, and all inspected in a wonderful short space of time. It is really charming to see one of these inquiring tourists go through the accustomed processes, with an instinct as if he had been born to it, and accustomed to it all his life. Arrived at Antwerp, he is seized upon by a commissioner, a sort of licensed highwayman, who whilst he robs you himself, prevents your being robbed by anybody else. Having chosen his hotel, he calls for a "bang," *Anglice* a bath, and having therein fairly cleansed himself of all tincture of cockneyism, resigns himself as mildly as a new babe to his taskmaster, and in the brief space of an hour and a quarter which it wants to feeding time, is conducted to the cathedral, where he hoists himself up its six hundred and sixteen spiral steps, and peers through the five hundred and twenty pipes of the organ, takes a look at the famous

* A Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, with the Legends of the Walloon Country and the Ardennes, by Dudley Costello. London: Chapman and Hall.

Rubenses and then, *à presto!* to St Jacques, with its twenty four marble altars, and then to St Paul's, and seven other saints, besides museums, botanic gardens, town halls, &c, which appear to have been established for no other purpose than to increase the toil and petty cash expenditure of English travellers. And what it is at Antwerp, it is at Ghent, and Bruges and Brussels, and all the rest of them.

Instead of following the herd in this well beaten track, let us sneak off the road with Dudley Costello, who tells us of fresher fields and pastures green, on the banks of the little, modest, but wild and rugged Meuse, whose history is as wild and rugged as itself. Mr Costello recommends himself to us as a travelling companion by the motto which he has chosen from Chateaubriand, "Un voyageur est une espèce d'historien, son devoir est de raconter fidelement ce qu'il a vu ou ce qu'il a entendu dire," and accordingly, mingling anecdote and old legend with graphic description, we speed on our way with him.

We start up the stream from Liege, the busiest and wealthiest commercial town of Belgium and which has always been a place of note and importance in the history of these parts. "From a very early period the Liégeois," says Mr Costello, "like their Flemish brethren of Ghent and Bruges, are distinguished for an ardent love of liberty and a firm determination to maintain the rights and privileges which, as the city grew in importance, they wrung from their successive rulers. Alternately oppressed by the harsh control of their bishops who exercised a power both spiritual and temporal and the tyranny of the nobles, who constituted a numerous and formidable body, the history of Liege is, for several centuries, the recital of one continuous struggle—the struggle of the many against the few—the weak against the strong—whose parallel may be found in the history of feudal Europe in all save the terrific visitations which it endured at the hands of its merciless masters."

Hallam tells us that "no taxes were raised in Flanders, or indeed throughout the dominions of Burgundy, without consent of the three estates." And in a note we have the following curious particulars:—

"It was very reluctantly that the Flemings granted any money. Philip once begged for a tax on salt, promising never to ask anything more, but the people of Ghent, and, in imitation of them, the whole country, refused it. Upon his pretence of taking the cross, they granted him a subsidy, though less than he had requested, on condition that it should not be levied if the crusade did not take place, which put an end to the attempt. The States knew well that the duke would employ any money they gave him in keeping up a body of gens d'armes like his neighbour the King of France, and though the want of such a force exposed their country to pillage they were too good patriots to place the means of enslaving it in the hands of their sovereign."

What a picture does this one passage give of these troublous times, when the rough burghers of a border country preferred to stand the brunt of the fire and sword of their enemies, to placing the means of defence in the hands of a prince whom they did not choose to trust, when every man's hand was against every man and the now peaceful farm house and homestead were fortified for defence and aggression, as we see to this day.

It is in this point of view that the Valley of the Meuse, with its mouldering relics, but its still living impressions and memories of the

past, is so interesting to intellectual observers of the world, whilst its thousand legends, compounds of truth and falsehood, in the proportion of one to ninety nine are sufficient to entrance the lover of the marvellous. It is said by somebody that mountainous countries are the proper birthplaces of poetry, certainly they appear to be of romancing, and Mr Costello informs us that the predilection to this habit still exists to a large extent amongst the primitive inhabitants of the Meuse district.

At the Chateau of Freyr, (famous in diplomatic history, as the place where the famous Treaty of Commerce was signed between France and Spain in 1675,) "the gardener's son was our *cicerone*, and a youth of less intelligence it is perhaps difficult to meet with. His discourse, as he led us through the woods, was chiefly about serpents, and he questioned us very particularly in regard to the quantities which he had heard existed in England. He then dilated upon the adders of Freyr, which he said were as thick as a man's body, and very numerous! No doubt, if he had been pressed on the subject, he would have peopled the caverns with dragons, but we prudently abstained from asking more than the modern history of the grotto, leaving to other authorities the responsibility of deriving the name Freyr from the Scandinavian Venus, Friga."

Again, concerning this grotto, which was accidentally discovered about twenty five years ago, our author tells us—

'Some bones and two or three skulls are shown, but whether they are the relics of ancient sacrifices, the remains of venerable hermits, or the *disjecta membra* of refugees or murdered travellers, tradition is silent. Our guide said that an iron vessel and a poniard were also found when the grotto was first opened, but as his tendency was evidently towards the marvellous, we were willing to suppose them merely an accompaniment to his gigantic adders.'

Amongst other popular customs, now grown obsolete, Mr Costello gives a curious account of the Stilters of Namur, who used to fight in a kind of tournament in lists regularly marked out, and guided by a code of laws as punctilious as any in the range of chivalry.

But we must hasten to Dinant, which our author recommends as head quarters to those who would explore the Walloon country, and afterwards the Forest of Ardennes, as what Englishman ought not to do, who pretends to true allegiance to his great poet Shakespeare? For, to quote, *par parenthese*, the words of our author—

"It is here truly the scene as Shakespeare has painted it, a perfect picture of sylvan beauty. Except the 'green and gilded snake,' and the 'honest, with udders all drawn dry' that lay in wait for Orlando's elder brother, all the features of 'the Forest of Arden,' in 'As You Like It,' are drawn to the life. The truth of the description arises of course from the poet's quick sense of the beauties of nature, and his ready apprehension of all that unites to render forest scenery delightful, whether in England or beyond the Meuse. Nurtured in tradition, and steeped in the recollection of the days when he

'————— did lay him down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,'

the Forest of Ardennes was to him as real an object as the woods that bordered the Avon, and thus the scenery of his unrivalled comedy is as true as the personages with whom he has filled these wilds are instinct with life. At every step we meet with

'Oaks, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brooks that brawl along the wood,'

we cannot penetrate beyond the glades, without disturbing some 'careless herd, full of the pasture,' the 'dappled fools' that formed the subject of the moralising reverie of the 'melancholy Jaques,' we linger in many a spot where still seems to echo the song of the forester lord, nor can we refrain from chanting with him—

'Who doth ambition shun,' &c "

The situation of Dinant is in the highest degree picturesque "It is an extremely long and narrow town, consisting of little more than one street, which runs for nearly a mile from one extremity to the other, its breadth being in few places more than a hundred yards. Below the bridge the houses are built close to the river, and above it are separated only by a long quay, planted with trees, which serves for recreation as well as commerce."

The period of its greatest prosperity, was that of its downfall, and cruelly and signally did it fall!

"It was in the year 1466 that this fatal calamity befel when the spirit of hostility which the people of Dinant had always manifested against the house of Burgundy, and which was secretly fomented by their treacherous ally, Louis the Eleventh of France, declared itself so violently that way became the necessary consequence. It proved unhappily a war of extermination."

The account of this terrible conflict is given with graphic vigour by Mr. Costello, but of course we cannot pretend to go into the details—

'In four days (after the surrender) walls, towers, gates, and houses all were razed to the ground, the body of the cathedral being alone preserved. In place of a rich and flourishing city, nothing was now to be seen but a heap of ruins and ashes, and the poor women who, after the retreat of the Burgundians, returned sadly to the spot to seek out their lost abodes, were unable to recognize where they stood. Thus fell the unfortunate city of Dinant! Never since the destruction of Jerusalem had any city experienced so terrible a fate. As the old Chronicler observes, whose account we have followed, 'Ceux qui regardoient la place ou la ville avoit este, povoient dire ly just Dynant!'

Such the terrible doings of the "good old times" of chivalry and romance, which add so much a picturesque gloom to these old fields of feudal strife! At present the good people are in such a state of primitive simplicity, that if you want a saddle horse to explore the country, you must have him taken from the plough,—and that there is only one lady's side-saddle in the whole town. To those who have the genuine exploring spirit within them, however, this will offer no discouragement, particularly when they know that they are within reach of such places as the castle of Walsen, the modern chateau, "perched on the summit of a perpendicular rock above the deep waters of the Le-se, but far lower down than the ancient castle, the ruins of which are visible on another height about half a mile beyond." We have not room for the description of this delicious spot. We give, however, a characteristic sketch of the good cure of Montaigle—

"The curate in the village looked much too dark and dirty to tempt one to enter, so we waded on to the upper extremity, where the only building stood into which we thought it worth while to venture. It was apparently a farm house, and while we were making for admission a group of children, who were staring at us from an open door, a tall man, wearing the clerical costume, opened the door and courteously begged admittance. He was the curé of the village, and a better specimen of the simple country pastor it would be difficult to meet. He led us into his parlour, and immediately ordered refreshments upon us. 'Would we have coffee? No? Then, as he it is just dined (it was only twelve o'clock), we must take our share with him of a botle of Bordeaux—that could do no harm, on the contrary, as we felt damp, it would be the thing.' A sprightly-looking girl of fifteen, the curé's niece, instantly

disappeared but speedily returned with wine glasses, followed by a clean, good-natured looking old woman, bearing the promised bottle. She was the curé's mother, and took her seat beside the stove, while the good priest drew the cork and filled bumpers all round. It was impossible to refuse hospitality so earnestly proffered.

"The curé was a quiet good tempered man, about forty years of age, of plain, farmer like aspect, with contentment legibly written on his broad, shining face. His cure consisted of about five hundred souls, the duty he said was 'très facile,' for his parishioners were 'des manants bien doux,' and he passed his time in this quiet village much at his ease, except perhaps in the winter season, when the distances at which the different farms in his parish were separated, rendered his duty rather more severe. He was simple, untravelled, and unlettered, knowing little beyond his *métier de prêtre*, and at this season was occupying his leisure in making and setting springs for grives,—'*le meilleur oiseau qui existe, après le becasse*' He had been curé of *Sommeux* about ten years, and never left it except once a year to go to his native place, *Namur* where all his brothers and sisters lived. He said that the owners of the farms and *châteaux* all round were his friends, and that he led a very tranquil, happy life. It was easy to believe him.

Mr Costello's entertaining little volume, so full of alternate narrative and description, is, moreover, very beautifully embellished with wood engravings of romantic and remarkable spots.

THE FORTUNE OF EDENHALL

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

Of Edenhall the youthful lord,
While pealing clarions swell and fall,
Rises beside his festal board,
Loud calls he to his seneschal,
Now out with the Fortune of Edenhall

The seneschal unwilling hears
The oldest vassal of them all,
He tells, oppressed with boding fears,
The crystal cup from silken pall,
They call it the Fortune of Edenhall

"Now crown the cup at my command
With ruddy wine of Portugal,"
The old man pours with trembling hand,
And purple light streams over all,
Tis shed by the Fortune of Edenhall,

The young lord quaffed the ruddy wave,
He said—"This goblet, clear and tall,
A fairy to my grandsire gave,
Therein she wrote, 'If this shall fall,
I arewell then, O Fortune of Edenhall!'"

A drinking cup might well besem
The joyous race of Edenhall,
We love to quaff the generous stream,
And from the glass its music call—
Strike strife with the Fortune of
Edenhall!

At first it rings—mild, deep, and mello
Like nightingale's melodious call,

Then as the pealing thunders bellow,
Or angry mountain torrents brawl,
Resounds the Fortune of Edenhall

"This fragile glass a gallant race
Takes for a rocky pedestal,
Too long we bear with such disgrace
With this bold blow, whate'er befall,
I will try the Fortune of Edenhall,

And as the goblet bursts asunder,
Bursts the proud vault with sudden fall,
And from the cleft the flames rush under,
The revelling guests are scattered all
With the broken Fortune of Edenhall

The foe storms in with fire and sword,
Who in the night had climbed the wall,
Then murder'd fell the youthful
His hand still grasping in his
The shattered Fortune of Eder

On the next morn, in lonely grove,
Wanders the aged seneschal,
He seeks the ashes of his chief,
He seeks amidst the ruined hall
The wrecks of the Fortune of Ed

"The wall of stone," he said, "dust
The column's stately grace
Earth's pride, its joy and
And parched the

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The Tiara and the Turban is a fanciful title enough the intent of which however is sufficiently explained by that which follows — "or Impressions and Observations of Character within the dominions of the Pope and the Sultan. The author, Mr. Hill, is a man of a reflective turn of mind he does not pretend to take us into new scenes, but he views them in a light of his own, which gives them much of the effect of novelty. His spirit is a tolerant one, his theory is it seems, being, that as the physical constitution of man adapts itself under a wise Providence to all climates, the moral and guiding principle may retain its virtue in every variety of conventional institution. The calm pages of these two volumes are really a relief after the hasty and superficial style in which modern tourists too generally deliver themselves.

X Y Z, who presents us with a volume of letters from *Spain and Tinper*, written in 1840 and 1841, is a traveller of the mercurial character nevertheless the author's style is as intelligent as it is vivacious, full of gossip but everything — dress, dinners, travelling, politics, palaces, brigands, crime, punishments &c. &c. You cannot open a page without falling upon something to entertain. The letters from Lingur are particularly interesting giving us the best and recent picture of a country but little visited by travellers. At this we should wonder when we consider the hatred of the Moors for foreigners of the Christian faith in evidence of which the author relates several startling incidents. The very children are taught the following tolerant and humane sentiment:—"May the Christians be hung by the hook in the nose and in the back, on this earth and in h—l and the Jews be hung to all eternity!" It seems that "persons who are under the protection of the Emperor are safe at least in or near the seaport town and if any so guarded were to be injured the guard himself would pay the penalty with his life if his were lost." To wander far from the town however even with the escort does not seem to be considered advisable. It is curious "that the presence of women among a party of strangers, far from increasing the danger, lessens it. Mr. H. writes us, that as women are looked upon as something sacred by Mussulm men they would decidedly serve as a safeguard rather than the contrary. Nevertheless we are told that "pistols, without ball, have more than once been flashed in the face of Miss — the daughter of England as she is styled in the oriental phraseology — however, was considered by some a complimentary salute but I unhesitatingly say that once a loaded pistol had been fired at her and missed. However this is the following incident, which occurred during the residence of this family in — there is no doubt — "An European lady, while riding, was accosted by a horseback, thus — "Christian you are too beautiful to live cover your face the speaker shot her dead!"

ing, particularly as regards Ireland By O'Connor 2 vols
ing? Yes,—and, according to the author, the only true one
er for," he says in his preface "owing to the delay thus
as, how many casualties of various kind have occurred
of evil structure been fabricated how many wheels
and vicious principles, how many lines badly pre-
ously knotted, how many hooks ill turned and
of the first tier, all formed appearance of the
l wise, and salutary instructions and
world for years for so long was this
use) [oh the selfishness of the
evils however, may now be re-
tured and welded to perfection
h these practical details how-
selves dabbling knee deep in
obstinate jack Let us

ds the lines run out
that I would wheel
him what he was
c did, having

lathered himself with a boiled potatoe—and, such a razor ! By the time the operation was over, his face was scarified like a crimped salmon

O Gorman is very intelligent and entertaining in many of his gossiping disquisitions. He vehemently scouts the doctrine recently promulgated by a Scotch writer of the tadpole infancy of the salmon. He also complains bitterly of the strict monopoly which is exercised over the salmon fisheries in the Shannon and other great waters in Ireland, —where it seems ' it is even considered a compliment to suffer gentle men to fish on their own grounds. Jealous also is he of the dignity and *status* of his adopted sport and under the head "a philosophical chapter, and presumptuous criticism on some of the works of a tolerated and idolized brute," we have the following vindictive outburst —

"A worm at one end of a pole and a fool at the other"—This piece of smartness is for ever in the mouths of those paltry pretenders to wit, who affect to deride a most fascinating and scientific pursuit. The definition has been very falsely attributed to Dean Swift, who was himself an angler and of whom tradition relates, that he often fished in that delightful brook which ran through the bishop's demesne at Glasnevin, when on visits to his friend Dean Sheridan. It is really attributable to that great, corrupt, and unmanly literary brute, Dr Johnson, who, it is much to be lamented, did not make the tour of Ireland, where he might have acquired what he seems through life to have been very deficient in—good manners. He then retaliates upon the doctor by avowing that he "never could read his greatest work, *the Rambler*, for an hour together without getting the headache." He then puts in contrast the science and philosophy required of the angler on various trying occasions, as for instance — "hook gets beyond the barb into your hand, finger, or perhaps your nose or lip. How *Piscator* is to act in this emergency, together with many other matters pertaining to his vocation will be found at length in these volumes.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness by the Rev G W Montgomery is a small volume of most wholesome and useful influence consisting not merely of theoretic admonition but of practical illustration drawn from authentic sources of history and biography. It is a reprint from an American work, and the author is minister of the gospel residing at Auburn in the United States. Though necessarily making repeated reference to imitations of divine law, there is nothing sectarian or intolerant in the style of writing, the christianity of the author being of the true Catholic and comprehensive spirit. The subject is divided under distinct heads, as, the power of kindness contrasted with that of revenge, the disarming force of kindness, the effect of kindness in controlling and restoring the insane, and in softening and reproving the criminal, (kindness in this case being a show of sympathy quite consistent with the enforcement of all necessary punishment,) and in gaining the goodwill and confidence of the ignorant. The above are matters more of personal kindness, we have next a wider field under the head of national kindness wherein the reciprocity of good feeling between distinct ranks of a community and between nations is inculcated, and the practice of war depicted as a two fold evil, cursing equally the conqueror and the vanquished. This little volume is full of pertinent anecdote, and will afford entertainment as well as moral edification.

Closely allied with part of the above large subject, is a little brochure entitled *Torrington Hall* by Arthur Wallbridge the author of "Jest and Earnest." Torrington Hall is no other than an extensive establishment for the treatment of the insane founded and conducted near Bath by Dr Blissett. The doctor's treatment is founded upon a broad and original theory of the origin of insanity. According to the doctor's view, "the character of man is entirely the result of a peculiar organization (we should state that he is a believer in Phrenology) modified by peculiar external influences. This internal energy of organization, and external energy of influences continually acting and reacting upon each other, make up the characteristics of such being. Thus the formation of character is governed by natural laws, and is a scientific process which has been successfully conducted by those persons who have sufficiently studied the laws of the mind, and the modifying effect on animal organization of various external influences." —

Madness is esteemed merely a departure in *tendency and opinion* from the usual course of action usually understood to be that recognized as *crime* is the same departure in *action* from our notion of the origin and nature of *tendency or opinion*. The discrepancy, if intention. Admitting the doctor's analysis of the mind, and of the body, it would seem to follow

is a disruption or suspension of the functions of reason, resulting in incapacity to receive and make use of ideas which are the food of the mind just as much as a state of indigestion incapacitates from the wholesome use of physical aliment. That mind and body closely act and react upon each other, and that an abnormal state of either may be treated with success upon principles strictly analogous, we are prepared to admit; and this we believe, after all, is Dr. Estlin's real principle, though it is not satisfactorily expressed. In practice, he appears to have been most successful, as attested by the ocular observation of the author who gives an interesting detail of the arrangements and cheerful proceedings of this little colony, which, containing seven hundred inmates, is entirely self-supporting!

The contributions of our poets have been pretty numerous of late. We have nearly 120 new volumes of this class on our table, all advanced in various stages of leaf cutting. It is impossible to read them all through. But poetry, above all things, is a subject which we soon get a taste of, by which to judge of the desirableness of cutting deeper.

Charles Mackay is too well recommended to us by his graceful and romantic "Salmandrine," for us to hesitate long at the threshold of his new and beautiful little volume entitled *Legends of the Isles and other Poems*. There is a fervour and purpose about this writer, a healthiness of sentiment, and a hearty appetite for the beautiful and manly, which stamp him as a genuine poet. The *Legends of the Isles* comprise a variety of subjects all happily treated—"The Sea King's Burial," "The Eve of Flodden," "The Invasion of the Norsemen." St. Columba or the Counting of the Isles are but a few of them. Amongst the miscellaneous poems is one entitled "The Founding of the Bell" which, in spite of recollections of Schiller will bear reading and reading again. The author informs us in a note that he had not read Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," and that having the fancy on him to take up the theme he resolved not to read it till he had said his own say. There is sufficient of similarity and yet sufficient of difference in the two poems to render a perusal of both extremely interesting, and to rank the more recent one amongst the curiosities of literature.

Dramatic and other Sketches, by the Rev. James Wills have chiefly appeared only in Blackwood's Magazine, and other periodicals. The Dramatic Poems are "The Court of Darkness," "Last Days of Nero," and "The Daughters of Time." His style is ambitious, and generally correct, and there are several passages of beauty and power to reward a perusal.

A Dramatic Poem in three acts, and other Poems by Gilbert Mayfield. A strange mixture of the sentimental and the sensual. He begins by he stirs, whilst his boisterous guests (he is wealthy, and princely in) are carousing in various parts of his villa. To him however ed in flowing robes—her breast laid bare in voluptuous freedom. is want of gallantry. But the moral fit is on him, and he tells

"der, girl, as o'er the few past years
thy wanders, painting all thy deeds!"

However, and the end of the scene finds him "over-
'casting her arms with a sudden start of passion
he chamber to the banquet hall where "young
are already assembled. After this relapse
men are the order of each day, 'money ne
d out, he orders one vast feast, which he

"up his all,"

He dies a beggar and an outcast
as the author has especially ad-
the brightest laurels of poetry
moment. We are sorry that
in this ambitious contest.

